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THE INTERMINGLING OF RELIGIONS.

IN the November number of the Atlantic for 1870 some striking resemblances were pointed out between the Buddhist and Roman Catholic religions. This similarity, which has long been recognized, can be accounted for only in two ways: either Roman Catholics must have borrowed from Buddhists or Buddhists must have borrowed from them. The latter supposition has been generally adopted; the coincidences being traced to the teaching of Nestorian missionaries in India. Some say the Apostle Thomas carried Christianity into India, and that the resemblances are the fruits of his preaching. But there are many reasons why both these conclusions seem improbable.

Early in the fifth century Christians began to call Mary the "Mother of God." Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople, objected to the phrase, saying she had never been so considered by the Apostles, and that such a title was calculated to remind people of the genealogy of the heathen gods. This brought him into a very warm controversy; and he, being a devout believer in the divinity of Jesus, though

opposed to the adoration of Mary, took the ground that Jesus had two natures, one human, the other divine, and that Mary was mother only of the human portion. A Council of Bishops was called at Chalcedon to settle the disputed question, and they decided that Mary was the Mother of God. Nestorius and his followers maintained the ground they had taken, and were so hotly persecuted as heretics, that they fled to countries beyond the jurisdiction of the Christian Church. Many of them settled on the coast of Malabar, where over two hundred thousand of their descendants still remain, and are called Nazarenes by the Hindoos. One sect of them is known by the name of Christians of Saint Thomas, which probably gave rise to the idea that they were founded by the Apostle Thomas. Some have stated that his tomb is to be seen there; but many scholars say that the inscription indicates the burial-place of a Nestorian missionary named Thomas. But whoever was the original teacher of this ancient sect, there is certainly nothing in their customs or worship to remind one of the elaborate ceremonials of the

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Buddhist or of the Catholic Church. Living isolated from the Christian world, they have not been affected by the immense changes that have passed over Christianity in an interval of time certainly embracing more than a thousand years. They retain the primitive habits of the early centuries. They still celebrate the Love Feasts, called Agapæ, said to have been introduced in the time of the Apostles. There are no monasteries among them, and their priests are allowed to marry. With regard to the administration of the Lord's Supper, they incline to the ideas of Protestants. The cross is the only symbol in their churches, and they have an extreme hostility to pictures and images. When some Jesuit missionaries offered them an image of the Virgin Mary, they replied, "We are Christians, not idolaters."

If the Apostle Thomas ever travelled into India, it is difficult to imagine what could have induced him to teach the people to prostrate themselves before images, to establish monasteries, to say their prayers on rosaries, and believe in miracle-working relics. The Jews, among whom Thomas was educated, were accustomed to none of these things. They formed no part of the teaching of Jesus, in which we find none of the characteristic features of Oriental asceticism. His enemies reproached him that he "came eating and drinking," and that he did not impose frequent fasts upon his disciples. He sanctioned a wedding with his presence, and said nothing to indicate that celibacy was essential to holiness. We have no means of knowing whether his disciples were generally married men; but that Peter had a wife is implied by the Scripture, which informs us that her mother "lay sick of a fever."

It also seems unlikely that Nestorians, of any sect, should have introduced monasteries, rosaries, etc., into India, for they were separated from the Christian Church early in the fifth century, and the first monastery in Christendom was established by Saint Bene-

dict full a hundred years later; and this was followed by the introduction of rosaries to facilitate the recitation of prayers. In brief, these and many other customs of the Catholic Church cannot be historically traced to the Jews, or to Jesus, or to the Apostles, or to the Christian churches in the first centuries, or to Nestorius, who was cut off from the Christian Church because he objected to the worship of the Virgin.

But in ancient Hindostan, ages before the birth of Jesus, we do find models for these things. Their earliest Sacred Books teach that the soul of man, by entering a mortal body, had become separated from the Supreme Soul of the Universe, and that the only way to become one with God again was to mortify and abuse the body, and keep the soul constantly occupied with the contemplation of divine things. Some of the Hindoo devotees stood for years on one foot; others lived sunk up to their chins in deep narrow holes of the ground, dependent upon charity for the food that kept them alive. Simeon Stylites, the Christian devotee, made his body about as uncomfortable, by living thirty-seven years on the top of a high pillar that afforded merely room enough to stand upon. Long before our era there were communities of Hindoo hermits who took vows of celibacy, fasted to extremity, and spent their lives repeating prayers on strings of beads. Some of them were vowed to perpetual silence, and kept skulls constantly before them, to remind them of the emancipation of the soul by the dissolution of the body. They had very close imitators in the Catholic monks of La Trappe, who daily dug their own graves, and never spoke, except to salute each other, as they passed, with the words, "We must die."

An historical glance backward will help to explain many things that might otherwise seem unaccountable. At the time that Christianity began to assume the form of a distinct religion the world was in an unprecedented

state of activity, intercommunication, and change. The conquests of Julius Cæsar and Alexander the Great had brought remote nations into contact. The pathway of commerce was immensely extended, and philosophers and devotees from all points of the compass followed in her train. Two new forces were beginning to agitate the world, both of them animated by the zeal which characterizes reformers before their ideas become established. Buddha had striven to teach his countrymen that their religious ideas were too narrow and exclusive; that the road to holiness was open to all classes and conditions; to women as well as men, to foreign nations as well as to Hindoos. Expelled from Hindostan by reason of these doctrines, his disciples had spread over various Asiatic countries, and eighty thousand of their missionaries were perambulating the world. Among the Jews, who considered themselves the chosen people of Jehovah, in whose sight all other nations were unclean, had arisen a great reformer, who held communication with despised Samaritans and publicans, and taught that all men were brethren. His disciples were also driven from their native land, and spread into the neighboring kingdoms of Asia, among the Grecians in Europe, and throughout the Roman Empire, where their countrymen were already more numerous than in Palestine. And wherever these missionaries went they proclaimed the doctrine that God was equally the Father of all; that in his sight there was "neither Jew nor Gentile, bond or free, men or women; but all were one in Christ Jesus." To those who look upon all mankind as brethren, there is something beautiful in both these great tides of reform, enlarging the scope of human sympathies, and sweeping away the ancient barriers that had separated classes and peoples.

Antioch, where the first church of Christians was gathered in Gentile lands, was on the high road between Europe and Asia. Ephesus, one of the earliest head-quarters of the Christians,

was always swarming with foreigners, especially with Orientals. Rome, where a Christian church was very early gathered, was full of the spoils of many conquered nations, and of their theories also. Alexander the Great had built the new Egyptian city of Alexandria, to which he was very desirous to attract the learning and commerce of the world. For that purpose he encouraged the greatest freedom of discussion, and unbounded toleration of opinions. Thither flocked zealots and philosophers from all quarters, eager for controversy. Such a seething caldron of doctrines the world had never witnessed. Dion Chrysostom, who wrote in the beginning of the second century, informs us that Greeks and Romans, Syrians, Ethiopians, Arabians, Persians, and travellers from India were always to be found in that cosmopolitan city. In this focus of diverse ideas the Christians early planted a church. Jewish converts to Christianity were for a long time extremely tenacious of their old Hebrew traditions and customs; while Gentile converts, from various nations, manifested a great tendency to amalgamate the teaching of Jesus with the old ideas and ceremonies in which they had been educated. In the conflict of sects arising from this state of things it was almost inevitable that the teaching of Jesus and his Apostles should become more or less largely interfused with ideas from various religions; especially with those from Hindostan and Persia, which prevailed so extensively at that period.

These Oriental ideas have had such a very important influence, not only on the faith, but on the social conditions of men, that it is worth while to trace them briefly to their abstract source. Orientals conceived of the Supreme as the Central Source of Being, dwelling in passionless repose in regions of resplendent light. He did not create anything; but all spirits radiated from him, in successive series of emanations, from the highest seraphs down to the souls of men. Coeternal with

him was an antagonistic principle called Matter; a dark, inert mass, which gave birth to the Devil and all forms of evil. When some of the lower series of Spirits of Light approached the region of Matter, the Spirits of Darkness were attracted by their splendor and sought to draw them down among themselves. They succeeded; and thus mankind came into existence, with ethereal souls derived from God and material bodies derived from the Devil. The only way for these Spirits of Light, imprisoned in Matter, to get back to the Divine Source whence they emanated was to subdue the body by all sorts of abstinence and tormenting penance, while the soul was kept in steadfast contemplation on spiritual things.

The Jews had quite a different theory of creation. They conceived of God as an active Being, who made the body of man with his own hands and then breathed a soul into it. Thus regarding the body as divine workmanship, they had no contempt for it and did not consider its senses sinful.

When these different ideas, coming from afar, met front to front in the Christian churches, they gave rise to a motley amalgamation of doctrines. The most conspicuous specimen of this is to be found in the numerous sects classed under the general denomination of Gnostics. The name is derived from the Greek word "Gnosis," signifying wisdom; and it was bestowed on them because, however they might differ on other points, they all believed that by subjugation of the senses human souls might be restored to their original oneness with God, and thus become recipients of intuitive wisdom directly emanating from him. With few exceptions, all these Gnostics were of Gentile origin, and their doctrines bear the obvious stamp of Hindostan and Persia; though it is likely that they derived them from various intermediate sources. Many of their leaders were men of uncommon talent and learning, wedded to ancient theories, but sincerely attracted by the teaching

of Jesus. They troubled the Christian churches as early as the time of Paul, who alludes to them as "seducing spirits, forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats." Their theories proved very attractive, especially to scholars prone to abstract speculations. The celebrated Saint Augustine was for several years a Gnostic, and Christian converts were not unfrequently drawn aside into their erratic paths. They increased with such rapidity, that at one time their flood of Oriental ideas threatened to sweep away the Jewish foundations of Christianity. In the middle of the fifth century, the Bishop of Cyprus records that he found a million of them in his diocese, and succeeded in bringing them all within the fold of his church. How much it was necessary to compromise with their ideas in order to accomplish that object he does not inform us.

The different elements that were jostled into contact during this transition state of the world gave rise to much controversy that sounds odd enough to modern ears. The Jews were such an exclusive people, that Gentile nations had very little opportunity to become acquainted with their religious views, till they met together on the common ground of reverence for Jesus. Jehovah was to them an altogether foreign God; and having no traditional reverence for his name, they discussed his character as freely as we do that of Jupiter. It was a revolting idea to them that the Supreme Being could have formed anything out of Matter, which in their minds was associated with everything evil and unclean. And believing that all Spirits were evolved, without effort, from the Central Source, by the mere necessity of outflowing, they ridiculed the idea that God worked six days to make the world, and then had to rest from his labors. They declared that if Jehovah confined his care to one people, and was jealous when they gave glory to other gods, if his anger waxed hot when they disobeyed him, if he commanded them to slaughter their ene-

mies, and promised them mere earthly rewards for obedience to his laws, he could not possibly be the Supreme Being, for he was altogether free from passion. Some of the Gnostics admitted that Jehovah might belong to one of the inferior orders of Spirits, evolved from the Source of Light; others maintained that he must be an Evil Spirit, and that the Scriptures said to be inspired by him were obviously the work of the Devil. They all believed Jesus to be one of the Spirits of Light; but their ideas concerning the inherent wickedness of Matter led them to reject the idea that he could be born of a woman. They said he merely appeared to have a body, for the purpose of performing on earth the benevolent mission of helping Spirits out of the prison-house of Matter, and restoring them to their original oneness with God. Paul probably aimed a shaft at this doctrine, when he said, "Every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus is Christ come in the *flesh* is not of God." Asceticism, in a greater or less degree, characterized all the Gnostic sects. They despised all luxuries, ornaments, shows, and amusements; everything, in fact, which contributed to the pleasure of the senses. They abstained from wine and animal food, and ate merely sufficient to sustain life. They all regarded matrimony as incompatible with holiness; and some thought it a great sin, inasmuch as the reproduction of human bodies was entering into a league with Spirits of Darkness to help them to incarcerate Spirits of Light in the prison-house of Matter.

These ascetic ideas, so conspicuous in very ancient Hindoo writings, were, in one form or another, afloat almost everywhere at the time the Christian Church was in the process of formation out of a great variety of nations. By early emigration, or otherwise, they had come to prevail extensively in Egypt, where the deserts swarmed with hermits vowed to celibacy and severe mortification of the senses. In Grecian mythology, copied by the

Romans, there was no antagonism between Spirit and Matter. Those nations had never been taught that their bodies came from the Devil, and consequently they had no contempt for the senses. They revelled in physical enjoyment, and ascribed the same tendencies to their gods. Bacchus was their jovial companion, and Venus adored as the beautifier of life. But though the people were on such gay and sociable terms with their deities, philosophers had introduced from Egypt the sombre ideas of the Orient. Plato taught that Matter was the original Source of Evil, antagonistic to the Principle of Good. Plotinus, the most celebrated of his later followers, was ashamed of his body, though it is said to have been a remarkably beautiful one. He blushed for his parents that they had given birth to it, and any allusion to physical instincts or necessities was deeply mortifying to him. While Egyptian zealots and Grecian philosophers were strewing abroad the seed of ancient asceticism, Buddhist missionaries were also industriously propagating it. We are told that travellers from India were always in Alexandria, which was the great focus of Gnostic sects. Bardesanes, one of the leaders of the Gnostics in the second century, wrote an account of religious communities in India, the members of which merely endured life as an inevitable bondage, and sought, by devout contemplation and severe mortification of the senses, to rise above the prison-house of the body. Mani, who lived in the third century, and was perhaps the most remarkable of all the Gnostics, studied a book called "The Treasury of Mysteries, by Buddha, said to have been born of a Virgin." And it was a common doctrine with these sects that Zoroaster, Buddha, and Jesus were the same Spirit of Light appearing on earth in different places and forms, for the benevolent purpose of bringing back to oneness with God those stray Spirits which had become separated from him by being shut up in material bodies. These sects, standing between

the old religions and the new, were hotly persecuted by both. They finally vanished from the scene; but for several centuries their theories, under various modifications, reappeared to trouble the churches.

Every one knows that the Roman Catholic Church abounds in ceremonies and traditions of which no trace can be found in the Old Testament or the New. The teachers of that church say they are derived from the Christian Fathers, whose authority they deem sacred. The prominent preachers of Christianity during the first three centuries, called Fathers of the Church, were, almost without exception, converts from the Gentile religions, mostly Greek and Roman. The rejection of foreign customs had been religiously inculcated upon Jews; and those of them who accepted Jesus as their promised Messiah retained that extreme aversion to innovation which characterized them as a people. But Gentile converts, who were far more numerous, had received quite a different training. Grecians easily adopted the festivals and the gods of other nations; and Romans manifested still greater facility in that respect. They never attempted to convert the numerous nations they conquered. If they found among them religious festivals which seemed useful or agreeable, they adopted them; and if they took a liking to any of their deities, they placed their images in the Pantheon with their own gods.

These elastic habits of mind may have had considerable influence in producing that system of politic adaptation to circumstances observable in the Christian Church, especially after Constantine had made Christianity the established religion of the state. I believe it is Mosheim, who, in allusion to this process of adaptation to the customs of converted nations, says: "It is difficult to determine whether the heathens were most Christianized, or Christians most heathenized."

The Emperor Constantine was for forty years a worshipper of Apollo,

God of the Sun, whom he regarded as his tutelary deity, his own especial guardian and benefactor. Many things show that this long habit of trust and reverence was never quite obliterated from his mind. One of the earliest acts of his reign was to require the universal observance of the Sun's Day; for which purpose he issued a proclamation: "Let all the people rest on the venerated Day of the Sun." Saturday, the seventh day of the week, was the Sabbath of the Jews, and converts from Judaism to Christianity long continued to observe that as their holy day; but Christians were accustomed to meet together on the first day of the week, in memory of the resurrection of Jesus; and as that harmonized with the proclamation of the Emperor, and with an old custom in Grecian and Roman worship, the Sabbath of the Apostles was superseded by Sun-Day.

Festivals that were universally observed, and endeared to the populace by long habit and as occasions for social gatherings, were generally retained by the Christian Church, though the old forms were consecrated to new ideas. Almost all the ancient nations hailed the return of the sun from the winter solstice by a great festival on the 25th of December, during which they performed religious ceremonies in honor of the sun, feasted each other, and interchanged gifts. To have abolished this day would have been as unpopular among the masses of Gentile proselytes as the abolition of Thanksgiving day would be in New England. It was accordingly retained as the birthday of the "Sun of Righteousness," concerning whose real birthday history leaves us entirely in the dark.

The ancient Germans observed in the early spring a festival in honor of Ostera, who was probably their Goddess of Nature, or of the Earth. Scholars derive her name from Oster, which signifies rising. The festival was to hail the rising of Nature from her winter sleep. Oster-fires were kindled in honor of the returning warmth, and Oster-eggs were exchanged; the egg

being an ancient and very common symbol of fecundity, or germinating life. Teutonic converts to Christianity were allowed to keep up their old festival, but they were taught to do it in honor of the rising of Jesus, instead of the rising of Nature. Easter-fires are still kindled, and Easter-eggs, variously ornamented, are still exchanged in several Catholic countries. Almost all ancient nations had a great festival in the spring. The Jewish Passover occurred at that season. Converts from all nations were well satisfied to keep up their old holiday and accept its new significance.

Religious ceremonies in honor of departed ancestors were universal in the ancient world. Beside the prayers and offerings at tombs by private families, the Romans annually set apart a day for religious ceremonies in memory of all their deceased ancestors. This custom was perpetuated by the Catholic Church under the name of All Souls' day. The day kept by Romans in honor of their departed heroes and benefactors was transferred to the honor of the Christian martyrs under the name of All Saints' day.

Mortals, finding themselves surrounded by solemn mysteries, feeling the need of constant protection, and unable to comprehend the Infinite Being from whom existence is derived, have always manifested a strong tendency to bring God nearer to themselves by means of intermediate spiritual agents. Almost every ancient nation had some Mother Goddess, whose favor they sought to propitiate by prayers and offerings. As Osiris and Isis were believed to take especial care of Egypt, so other countries had each some spiritual protector especially devoted to its interests. It was the same with cities; each was presided over by some deity, as Athens was by Pallas. Trades and individuals had each a tutelary deity, on whose care they especially relied, as the Emperor Constantine did on the God of the Sun. To us these ideas have become mere poetic imagery, mere playthings

of the fancy; but it was quite other, wise with our brethren of the ancient world. They verily believed that Naiads did take care of the rivers, and Oreads of the mountains; that Neptune did regulate the waves and storms of the ocean; that Apollo did inspire poets and orators; that Bacchus did fill the grapes with exhilarating juice; that Pan did watch over shepherds and their flocks. To propitiate these numerous Guardian Spirits they placed their images and altars in temples and houses, vineyards and fields, and sought to secure their favor by sacrifices, oblations, and prayers. Gratitude for benefits received was expressed by offerings suited to the occasions. Warriors who had conquered in battle dedicated to Pallas or Bellona spears and shields made of brass or gold. Those who escaped from shipwreck placed in the temple of Neptune oars and models of ships made of wood, ivory, or gold. Beautiful drinking-vessels were dedicated to Bacchus, as thank-offerings for productive vineyards. Successful poets and orators adorned the temples of Apollo and the Muses with crowns and harps of ivory inlaid with gold. Individuals commemorated the birth of children, or recovery from sickness, or escape from danger, by offerings to their tutelary deities, more or less costly according to their wealth, such as garlands, cups of gold or silver, sculptured images, embroidered mantles, and other rich garments. Every five years the people of Athens expressed their gratitude to Pallas for protecting their city by carrying to her temple, in grand procession, a white robe embroidered all over with gold. Pictures were often hung in the temples representing some scene or event which excited peculiar thankfulness to the gods. When people changed their employments or modes of life, it was customary to dedicate implements or articles of furniture to some appropriate deity. When beautiful women grew old, they placed their mirrors in the temple of Venus. Shepherds dedicated to Pan the pipes with

which they had been accustomed to call their flocks, and fishermen offered their nets to the Nereids. The particular occasion which induced the offering was sometimes inscribed on the article; and where that was not convenient, the story was written on a tablet and hung up with it. The pillars and walls of the temples were covered with these votive tablets.

When Christianity superseded the old religions, the ancient ideas and forms took new names. By a gradual process of substitution, the Saints of the Catholic Church glided into the place of the old guardian deities. Nations that had been accustomed to worship the Goddess of Nature as a Mother Goddess easily transferred their offerings and prayers to the Virgin Mary, their Spiritual Mother. Every country had its own tutelary Saint, as Saint George of England, Saint Denis of France, Saint James of Spain, and Saint Patrick of Ireland. Each city also had its chosen protector, as Saint Genevieve of Paris, Saint Mark of Venice, and Saint Ambrose of Milan. Every class and trade was under the care of some Saint. Saint Nicholas, whose name has been shortened to Santa Claus, took care of children and of the helpless generally; Saint Martha, of cooks and housekeepers; Saint Eloy, of goldsmiths and workers in metals; Saint Crispin, of shoemakers; Saint Blaise, of wool-combers; Saint Jerome, of scholars and learned men; Saint Ursula, of schools and teachers; Saint Magdalen, of frail and penitent women; and Saint Martin, of penitent drunkards. Families and individuals were also under special guardianship. The Medici family were under the protection of Saint Cosmo and Saint Damian. Children in Catholic countries generally receive the name of the Saint on whose Festival-Day they are born; and that Saint is ever after honored by them as their especial protector through life.

The walls and pillars of Catholic churches are as much covered with votive offerings and tablets as were

the ancient temples. The jewels and rich garments thus dedicated could not be easily counted. Ferdinand, king of Spain, embroidered a petticoat for the Virgin with his own royal hands; and so elaborately was it ornamented, that it occupied him several years. Wealthy people who wish to propitiate this "Queen of Heaven," or to thank her for some benefit received, often present her with robes and mantles of silk or velvet, richly embroidered, and sometimes adorned with precious gems. But the most common gifts are dresses glittering with tinsel and spangles; while the poorest peasants bring her their simple offerings of ribbons and garlands. Some images of the Virgin are all ablaze with the offerings of her wealthy worshippers, such as golden coronets, diamond rings, costly necklaces and bracelets, and jewelled belts.

Pictures are a common form of votive offerings. In these paintings the donor is usually represented as kneeling before the Virgin, with his own Patron Saint near him, while other Saints, appropriate to the occasion, introduce him to her notice. Pictures intended to express thanks for military success are dedicated to the Madonna under her title of "Our Lady of Victory"; and the kneeling worshipper is introduced to her notice by Saint Michael, Saint George, and Saint Maurice, who are the Patron Saints of soldiers. Pictures to avert epidemic diseases are dedicated to the Madonna under her title of "Our Lady of Mercy." In such cases the suppliant is introduced by Saint Sebastian and Saint Roch, they being protectors against pestilence, and guardians of hospitals. In chapels dedicated to prayers for the dead are many votive pictures representing angels pleading with the Virgin for mercy to the deceased, while lower down are seen other angels drawing liberated souls out of purgatory.

The numerous deities of Greece and Rome were distinguished by symbols, signifying their characters or achievements. Jupiter was represented with a thunderbolt, Neptune with a trident,

Minerva with an owl, Apollo with a lyre, and Mercury with a rod twined with serpents. The host of Christian Saints are also distinguished by emblems indicating well-known traditions. Saint Peter is represented with two keys, Saint Agnes with a lamb, Saint John with a sacramental cup, Saint Catherine with a wheel, Saint Lucia with a lamp. Some of these Saints are of universal popularity, others are local favorites. In various subordinate degrees they share the honors paid to the Virgin. Churches and chapels are dedicated to them, adorned with their pictures and symbols, and with their images in marble or ivory, clay or chalk. The walls are hung with votive tablets, written or printed, describing their miraculous intervention to avert dangers or cure diseases. If a cripple has had the use of a limb restored, he hangs up in the church of some Saint a written record of the miracle, often accompanied by an image of an arm or a leg, made of marble, ivory, or wax. Saint Agnes, who is the guardian of youth and innocence, has her altars covered with votive garlands and images of lambs. Saint Margaret, who presides over birth, shares with the Madonna many votive offerings of baby-dolls, more or less richly dressed.

Thus is human life in all its phases presented to the notice and protection of tutelary saints, as it formerly was to tutelary deities. It is curious to trace the manner in which the multifarious traditions of these saints have grown up.

Professor Max Müller, in one of his lectures, describes a singular migration from the records of Eastern Saints into those of the Western. Johannes Damascenus, who was a famous Christian theologian a thousand years ago, had passed his youth in the court of the Caliph Almanzor, where his father held a position of trust. There he stored his mind with Asiatic lore, and the Life of Buddha was among the books he read. His imagination was captivated by the account of that prince, whose tenderness of heart had led him to renounce his rank and de-

vote himself to prayers for his fellow-creatures and to the alleviation of their misery. Damascenus wove the main points of the story into a religious novel entitled "Balaam and Josaphat." A later age accepted it as the veritable history of a Christian Saint; and thus Buddha became regularly canonized under the name of Saint Josaphat, whose festival is observed by the Greek Church on the 16th of August, and by the Roman Catholic Church on the 27th of November.

Whether there was the same facility in adopting widely extended and deeply rooted doctrines, that was manifested in the adoption of old customs and legends, is an open question. In ambitious minds, a desire to extend the power and increase the wealth of the Church would prove a very strong temptation to compromise with the preconceived ideas of influential converts; and even devout, unselfish men might be drawn into it by a benevolent wish to bring peoples into a better form of religion by such processes as were readiest at hand. Paul, whose life was spent in Gentile lands, seems to have lost much of Jewish exclusiveness, and to have acquired something of Grecian and Roman facility of adaptation to circumstances. To the church at Corinth he wrote: "Unto the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are without the Law [of Moses] as without the Law, that I might gain them that are without the Law. To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak: I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."

Such intermingling of various elements is by no means peculiar to the Christian Church. It is according to the laws of human nature. The same mosaic of patterns and colors can be found throughout the world's history, in all changes of Church or State, by whomsoever seeks the separate stones that form the picture. The modern theory that nothing is created entirely new, but that every form of being is the development of some antecedent

form, may or may not be true in natural science, but it is certainly true of all spiritual progress.

When mortals find a kernel of truth, they seek to appropriate it as exclusively their own; and whatsoever kernel is picked up by others is declared to be a stone, from which no bread of life can ever be produced. But the great harvest-field of the world is managed on different principles by the Father of All. While men are planting in narrow enclosures, he sends forth seed upon the winds; he scatters them on great floods, whose waters subside and leave them in rich alluvial soil; and birds of the air, unconscious of anything but their own subsistence, are his agents to scatter them abroad all over the earth. And when we think we have the harvest all to ourselves, lo! we find the same grain waving in far-off fields.

Undeniably there is a strong resemblance between the Buddhist and Roman Catholic churches; and whether India is the borrower or the lender does not affect the assertion that John Chinaman and Patrick O'Dublin have an equal right to the free exercise of their religion under our impartial laws. All we have to do, in either case, is to spread abroad as much light as possible, that all men may have a chance to distinguish between the true and the spurious. Having done this duty, we must leave the result to time.

Enlightened travellers would doubtless find in Buddhist countries a vast deal that seemed like very puerile and absurd superstitions and gross immorality under the garb of religion; but a similar impression would be produced on their minds by a sojourn in Italy or Spain. The Catholic Church abounds in holy sayings and examples, and because it is a Christian church they do not excite our surprise; but when we find similar things among the Buddhists, we ask with astonishment whence they could possibly have come; forgetful that "God is the Father of all," and that "every good gift cometh from him." The Commandments of

the Buddhists are very similar to our own. There are commands not to kill, not to steal, not to lie, not to be licentious, and not to utter slanders; and to these are added, "Thou shalt not drink wine, nor any intoxicating liquors." "Thou shalt not excite quarrels by repeating the words of others." "Thou shalt not speak of injuries." The following are among the maxims of Buddhist Saints: "Glory not in thyself, but rather in thy neighbor." "Be lowly in thy heart, that thou mayest be lowly in thy acts." "Judge not thy neighbor." "Be equally kind to all men." "Use no perfumes but the sweetness of thy thoughts." In some respects Buddhism can show a cleaner record than Christianity. It has had no such institution as the Inquisition, and has never put men to death for heretical opinions. They treat with reverence whatsoever is deemed holy by other men. When the king of Siam was told that an image in his court was Saint Peter, he immediately said to his little boy, "Do obeisance to it, my son; it is one of the holy men." When the Jesuit missionaries Huc and Gabet explained to one of the Lamas that they were from France, he replied: "What matter where you are from? All men are brothers. Men of prayer belong to all countries. They are strangers nowhere. Such is the doctrine taught by our Holy Books." He took up their breviary; and when they informed him what it was, he raised it reverentially to his forehead, saying, "It is your book of prayer. We ought always to honor and respect prayer."

Though the Founder of Christianity preached a Gospel of Peace, the religion that took his name was far from being peaceful in its progress, after the first three centuries. Into Armenia, Norway, and Germany Christianity was introduced at the point of the sword. Conquered armies had no alternative but baptism or slaughter. And the number of Jews, Romans, and heretics who were slain to bring about the unity of the Christian Church is too large for calculation. Though Buddh-

ism spread through many countries, I have found no record that it was in a single instance established by force.

The fact is, the more we know of our brethren in the East, the more the conviction grows upon us that Buddha was a great reformer and a benevolent, holy man. The present state of the world is in some respects similar to its condition at the commencement of our era. Electricity and steam bring remote countries into acquaintance with each other. Old traditions are everywhere relaxing their hold upon the minds of men. From all parts of the world come increasing manifestations of a tendency toward eclecticism. Men find there are gems hidden among all

sorts of rubbish. These will be selected and combined in that Church of the Future now in the process of formation. We shall not live to see it; but we may be certain that, according to the laws of spiritual growth, it will retain a likeness to all the present, as the present does to all the past. But it will stand on a higher plane, be larger in its proportions, and more harmonious in its beauty. Milan Cathedral, lifting its thousand snow-white images of saints into the clear blue of heaven, is typical of that Eclectic Church, which shall gather forms of holy aspiration from all ages and nations, and set them on high in their immortal beauty, with the sunlight of heaven to glorify them all.

L. Maria Child.

TWO.

LAST night I dreamed that there were two
Lithe, golden-hearted girls like you, —
And loved them both. What could I do?

They both had just this wavy hair,
This pretty dress, looped here and there,
Your tone of voice, laugh, gesture, air.

One drew me with your modest eyes,
The other with your sweet replies;
And both were full of sorceries,

And so alike I could not guess,
When one had gone, which loveliness
Lingered to deepen my distress,

But her I loved, and nothing loth
Whichever one! and pledged my troth;
And so was true and false to both.

Awaking, it was well to find
Nature had not, howe'er inclined,
Made two of your distracting kind!

T. B. Aldrich.

KAWEAH'S RUN.

AFTER trying hard to climb Mount Whitney without success, and having returned to the plains, I enjoyed my two days' rest in hot Visalia, where were fruits and people, and where I at length thawed out the last traces of alpine cold, and recovered from hard work and the sinful bread of my fortnight's campaign. I considered it happiness to spend my whole day on the quiet hotel veranda, accustoming myself again to such articles as chairs and newspapers, and watching with unexpected pleasure the few village girls who flitted about during the day, and actually found time after sunset to chat with favored fellows beneath the wide oaks of the street-side. Especially interesting seemed the rustic sister of whom I bought figs at a garden gate, thinking her, as I did, *comme il faut*, though recollecting later that her gown was of forgotten mode, and that she carried a suggestion of ancient history in the obsolete style of her back hair. Everybody was of interest to me, not excepting the two Mexican mountaineers who monopolized the agent at Wells, Fargo, & Co.'s office, causing me delay. They were transacting some little item of business, and stood loafing by the counter, mechanically jingling huge spurs and shrugging their shoulders as they chatted in a dull, sleepy way. At the door they paused, keeping up quite a lively dispute, without apparently noticing me as I drew a small bag of gold and put it in my pocket. There was no especial reason why I should remark the stolid, brutal cast of their countenances, as I thought them not worse than the average Californian greaser; but it occurred to me that one might as well guess at a geological formation as to attempt to judge the age of mountaineers, because they get very early in life a fixed expression; which is deepened by continual rough weathering and undisturbed ac-

cumulations of dirt. I observed them enough to see that the elder was a man of middle height, of wiry, light figure and thin hawk visage; a certain angular sharpness making itself noticeable about the shoulders and arms, which tapered to small, almost refined, hands. A mere fringe of perfectly straight black beard followed the curve of his chin, tangling itself at the ear with shaggy unkempt locks of hair. He wore an ordinary stiff-brimmed Spanish sombrero, and the inevitable greasy red sash performed its rather difficult task of holding together flannel shirt and buckskin breeches, besides half covering with its folds a long narrow knife.

His companion struck me as a half-breed Indian, somewhere about eighteen years of age, his beardless face showing deep brutal lines, and a mouth which was a mere crease between hideously heavy lips. Blood stained the rowels of his spurs; an old felt hat, crumpled and ragged, slouched forward over his eyes, doing its best to hide the man.

I thought them a hard couple, and summed up their traits as stolidity and utter cruelty.

I was pleased that the stable-man who saddled Kaweah was unable to answer their inquiry as to where I was going, and annoyed when I heard the hotel-keeper inform them that I started that day for Millerton.

Leaving behind people and village, Kaweah bore me out under the grateful shade of oaks, among rambling settlements and fields of harvested grain, whose pale Naples-yellow stubble and stacks contrasted finely with the deep foliage, and served as a pretty groundwork for stripes of vivid green which marked the course of numberless irrigating streams. Low cottages, overarched with boughs and hemmed in with weed jungles, margined my

road. I saw at the gate many children who looked me out of countenance with their serious, stupid stare; they were the least self-conscious of any human beings I have seen.

Trees and settlements and children were soon behind us, an open plain stretching on in front without visible limit,—a plain slightly browned with the traces of dried herbaceous plants, and unrelieved by other objects than distant processions of trees traced from some cañon gate of the Sierras westward across to the middle valley, or occasional bands of restless cattle, marching solemnly about in search of food. It was not pleasant to realize that I had one hundred and twenty miles of this lonely sort of landscape ahead of me, nor that my only companion was Kaweah; for with all his splendid powers and rare qualities of instinct, there was not the slightest evidence of response or affection in his behavior. Friendly toleration was the highest gift he bestowed on me, though I think he had great personal enjoyment in my habits as a rider. The only moments that we ever seemed thoroughly *en rapport* were when I crowded him down to a wild run, using the spur and shouting at him loudly, or when in our friendly races homeward toward camp, through the forest, I put him at a leap where he even doubted his own power. At such times I could communicate ideas to him with absolute certainty. He would stop, or turn, or gather himself for a leap, at my will, as it seemed to me, by some sort of magnetic communication; but I always paid dearly for this in long, tiresome efforts to calm him.

With the long level road ahead of me, I dared not attack its monotony by any unusual riding, and having settled him at our regular travelling trot,—a gait of about six miles an hour,—I forgot all about the dreary expanse of plain, and gave myself up to quiet reverery. About dusk we had reached the King's River Ferry.

An ugly, unpainted house, perched upon the bluff, and flanked by barns

and outbuildings of disorderly aspect, overlooked the ferry. Not a sign of green vegetation could be seen, except certain half-dried willows standing knee-deep along the river's margin, and that dark pine zone lifted upon the Sierras in the eastern distance.

It is desperate punishment to stay through a summer at one of these plain ranches, there to be beat upon by an unrelenting sun, in the midst of a scorched landscape, and forced to breathe sirocco and sand; yet there are found plenty of people who are glad to become master of one of these ferries or stage stations, their life for the most part silent, and as unvaried as its outlook, given over wholly to permanent and vacant loafing.

Supper was announced by a business-like youth, who came out upon the veranda and vigorously rung a tawny bell, although I was the only auditor, and, likely enough, the only person within twenty miles.

I envy my horse at such times; the graminiverous have us at a disadvantage, for one revolts at the *cuisine*, although disliking to insult the house by quietly shying the food out the window. I arose hungry from the table, remembering that some eminent hygeist has averred that by so doing one has achieved sanitary success.

As I walked over to see Kaweah at the corral, I glanced down the river, and saw, perhaps a quarter of a mile below, two horsemen ride down our bank, spur their horses into the stream, swim to the other side, and struggle up a steep bank, disappearing among bunches of cottonwood-trees near the river.

So dangerous and unusual a proceeding could not have been to save the half-dollar ferriage. There was something about their seat, and the cruel way they drove home their spurs, that, in default of better reasons, made me think them Mexicans.

The whole Tulare plain is the home of nomadic ranchers, who, as pasturage changes, drive their herds of horses and cattle from range to range; and

as the wolves prowled about for prey, so a class of Mexican highwaymen rob and murder the ranchers from one year's end to the other.

I judged the swimmers were bent on some such errand, and lay down on the ground by Kaweah to guard him, rolling myself in my soldier's great-coat, and slept with saddle for a pillow.

Once or twice the animal waked me up by stamping restively, but I could perceive no cause for alarm, and slept on comfortably until a little before sunrise, when I rose, took a plunge in the river, and hurriedly dressed myself for the day's ride; the ferryman, who had promised to put me across the river at dawn, was already at his post, and after permitting Kaweah to drink a deep draught, I rode him out on the ferry-boat, and was quickly at the other side.

The road for two or three miles ascends the right bank of the river, approaching in places quite closely to the edge of its bluffs. I greatly enjoyed my ride, watching the Sierra sky-line high and black against a golden circle of dawn, and seeing it mirrored faithfully in still reaches of river, and pleasing myself with the continually changing foreground, as group after group of tall motionless cottonwoods were passed. The willows, too, are pleasing in their entire harmony with the scene, and the air they have of protecting bank and shore from torrent and sun. The plain stretched off to my left into dusky distance, and ahead, in a bare smooth expanse, dreary by its monotony, yet not altogether repulsive in the pearly obscurity of the morning. In midsummer these plains are as hot as the Sahara through the long blinding day; but after midnight there comes a delicious blandness upon the air, a suggestion of freshness and upspringing life, which renews vitality within you.

Kaweah showed the influence of this condition in the sensitive play of ears and toss of head, and in his free, spirited stride. I was experimenting on

his sensitiveness to sounds, and had found that his ears turned back at the faintest whisper, when suddenly his head rose, he looked sharply forward toward a clump of trees on the river-bank, one hundred and fifty yards in front of us, where a quick glance revealed to me a camp-fire and two men hurrying saddles upon their horses, — a gray and a sorrel.

They were Spaniards, — the same who had swum King's River the afternoon before, and, as it flashed on me finally, the two whom I had studied so attentively at Visalia. Then I at once saw their purpose was to waylay me, and made up my mind to give them a lively run. The road followed the bank up to their camp in an easterly direction, and then, turning a sharp right angle to the north, led out upon the open plain, leaving the river finally.

I decided to strike across, and threw Kaweah into a sharp trot.

I glanced at my girth and then at the bright copper upon my pistol, and settled myself firmly in the saddle.

Finding that they could not saddle quickly enough to attack me mounted, the older villain grabbed a shotgun, and sprung out to head me off, his comrade meantime tightening the cinches.

I turned Kaweah farther off to the left, and tossed him a little more rein, which he understood and sprung out into a gallop.

The robber brought his gun to his shoulder, covered me, and yelled in good English, "Hold on, you — !" At that instant his companion dashed up leading the other horse. In another moment they were mounted, and after me, yelling, "Hu-hla" to the mustangs, plunging in the spurs, and shouting occasional volleys of oaths.

By this time I had regained the road, which lay before me traced over the blank objectless plain in vanishing perspective. Fifteen miles lay between me and a station; Kaweah and pistol were my only defence, yet at that moment I felt a thrill of pleas-

ure, a wild moment of inspiration, almost worth the danger to experience.

I glanced over my shoulder and found that the Spaniards were crowding their horses to the fullest speed; their hoofs rattling on the dry plain were accompanied by inarticulate noises, like the cries of bloodhounds. Kaweah comprehended the situation. I could feel his grand legs gather under me, and the iron muscles contract with excitement; he tugged at the bit, shook his bridle-chains, and flung himself impatiently into the air.

It flashed upon me that perhaps they had confederates concealed in some ditch far in advance of me, and that the plan was to crowd me through at fullest speed, giving up the chase to new men and fresh horses; and I resolved to save Kaweah to the utmost, and only allow him a speed which should keep me out of gunshot. So I held him firmly, and reserved my spur for the last emergency. Still, we fairly flew over the plain.

For the first twenty minutes the road was hard and smooth and level; after that gentle, shallow undulations began, and at last, at brief intervals, were sharp narrow *arroyos* (ditches eight or nine feet wide). I reined Kaweah in, and brought him up sharply on their bottoms, giving him the bit to spring up on the other side; but he quickly taught me better, and gathering, took them easily, without my feeling it in his stride.

The hot sun had arisen. I saw with anxiety that the tremendous speed began to tell painfully on Kaweah. Foam tinged with blood fell from his mouth, and sweat rolled in streams from his whole body, and now and then he drew a deep-heaving breath. I leaned down and felt of the cinch to see if it had slipped forward, but, as I had saddled him with great care, it kept its true place, so I had only to fear the greasers behind or a new relay ahead. I was conscious of plenty of reserved speed in Kaweah, whose powerful run was already distancing their fatigued mustangs.

As we bounded down a roll of the plain a cloud of dust sprung from a ravine directly in front of me, and two black objects lifted themselves in the sand. I drew my pistol, cocked it, whirled Kaweah to the left, plunging by and clearing them by about six feet; a thrill of relief came as I saw the long white horns of Spanish cattle gleam above the dust.

Unconsciously I restrained Kaweah too much, and in a moment the Spaniards were crowding down upon me at a fearful rate. On they came, the crash of their spurs and the clatter of their horses' feet distinctly heard; and as I had so often compared the beats of chronometers, I unconsciously noted that while Kaweah's breath, although painful, came with regular power, the mustang's respiration was quick, spasmodic, and irregular. I compared the intervals of the two mustangs, and found that one breathed better than the other, and then upon counting the best mustang with Kaweah, found that he breathed nine breaths to Kaweah's seven. In two or three minutes I tried it again, finding the relation ten to seven; then I felt the victory, and I yelled to Kaweah. The thin ears shot back flat upon his neck; lower and lower he lay down to his run; I flung him a loose rein, and gave him a friendly pat on the withers. It was a glorious burst of speed; the wind rushed by and the plain swept under us with dizzying swiftness. I shouted again, and the thing of nervous life under me bounded on wilder and faster, till I could feel his spine thrill as with shocks from a battery. I managed to look round, — a delicate matter at speed, — and saw, far behind, the distanced villains, both dismounted, and one horse fallen.

In an instant I drew Kaweah in to a gentle trot, looking around every moment, lest they should come on me unawares. In a half-mile I reached the station, and I was cautiously greeted by a man who sat by the barn door, with a rifle across his knees. He had seen me come over the plain, and had

also seen the Spanish horse fall. Not knowing but he might be in league with the robbers, I gave him a careful glance before dismounting, and was completely reassured by an expression of terror which had possession of his countenance.

I sprang to the ground and threw off the saddle, and after a word or two with the man, who proved to be the sole occupant of this station, we fell to work together upon Kaweah, my cocked pistol and his rifle lying close at hand. We sponged the creature's mouth, and, throwing a sheet over him, walked him regularly up and down for about three quarters of an hour, and then, taking him upon the open plain, where we could scan the horizon in all directions, gave him a thorough grooming. I never saw him look so magnificently as when we led him down to the creek to drink; his skin was like satin, and the veins of his head and neck stood out firm and round like whip-cords.

In the excitement of taking care of Kaweah I had scarcely paid any attention to my host, but after two hours, when the horse was quietly munching his hay, I listened attentively to his story.

The two Spaniards had lurked round his station during the night, guns in hand, and made an attempt to steal a pair of stage-horses from the stable, but, as he had watched with his rifle, they finally rode away.

By his account, I knew them to be my pursuers; they had here, however, ridden two black mustangs, and had doubtless changed their mount for the sole purpose of waylaying me.

About eleven o'clock, it being my turn to watch the horizon, I saw two horsemen making a long *détour* round the station, disappearing finally in the direction of Millerton. By my glass I could only make out that they were men riding in single file on a sorrel and a gray horse; but this, with the fact of the long *détour* which finally brought them back into the road again, convinced me that they were my enemies. The uncomfortable probability of their

raising a band, and returning to make sure of my capture, filled me with disagreeable foreboding, and all day long, whether my turn at sentinel duty or not, I did little else than range my eye over the valley in all directions.

Twice during the day I led Kaweah out and paced him to and fro, for fear his tremendous exertion would cause a stiffening of the legs; but each time he followed close to my shoulder with the same firm, proud step, and I gloried in him.

Shortly after dark I determined to mount and push forward to Millerton, my friend, the station-man, having given me careful directions as to its position; and I knew from the topography of the country, that, by abandoning the road and travelling by the stars, I could not widely miss my mark; so about nine o'clock I saddled up Kaweah, and, mounting, bade good by to my friend.

The air was bland, the heavens cloudless and starlit; in the west a low arch of light out of which had faded the last traces of sunset color; in the east a silver dawn shone mild and pure above the Sierras, brightening as the light in the west faded, till at last one jetty crag was cut upon the disk of rising moon.

Upon the light gray tone of the plain every object might be seen, and as I rode on the memory of danger passed away, leaving me in full enjoyment of companionship with the hour and with my friend Kaweah, whose sturdy, easy stride was in itself a delight. There is a charm peculiar to these soft, dewless nights. It seems the perfection of darkness, in which you get all the rest of sleep while riding, or lying wide awake on your blankets. Now and then an object, vague and unrecognized, loomed out of dusky distance, arresting our attention, for Kaweah's quick eye usually found them first; dead carcasses of starved cattle, a blanched skull, or stump of aged oak, were the only things seen, and we gradually got accustomed to these, passing with no more than a glance.

At last we approached a region of low rolling sand-hills, where Kaweah's tread became muffled, and the silence so oppressive that I was glad to arrive at the summit of the zone of hills, and looking out upon the wide, shallow valley of the San Joaquin, a plain dotted with groves, and lighted here and there by open reaches of moonlit river.

I looked up and down, searching for lights which should mark Millerton. I had intended to strike the river above the settlement, and should now, if my reckoning was correct, be within half a mile of it.

Riding down to the river-bank I dismounted, and allowed Kaweah to quench his thirst. The cool mountain water, fresh from the snow, was delicious to him. He drank, stopped to breathe, and drank again and again. I allowed him also to feed a half-moment on the grass by the river-bank, and then remounting headed down the river, and rode slowly along under the shadow of trees, following a broad, well-beaten trail which led, as I believed, to the village.

While in a grove of oaks jingling spurs suddenly sounded ahead, and directly I heard voices. I quickly turned Kaweah from the trail, and tied him a few rods off, behind a thicket, then crawled back into a bunch of buckeye bushes, disturbing some small birds, which took flight. In a moment two horsemen, talking Spanish, neared, and as they passed I recognized their horses and then the men. The impulse to try a shot was so strong that I got out my revolver, but upon second thought put it up. As they rode on into the shadow, the younger, as I judged by his voice, broke out in a delicious melody,—one of those passionate Spanish songs with a peculiar throbbing cadence, which he emphasized by sharply ringing his spurs.

These Californian scoundrels are invariably light-hearted; crime cannot overshadow the exhilaration of outdoor life, remorse and gloom are banished like clouds before this perennially sunny climate.

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As the soft full tones of my bandit died in distance, I went for Kaweah, and rode rapidly westward in the opposite direction, bringing up soon in the outskirts of Millerton, just as the last gamblers were closing up their little games, and about the time the drunk were conveying one another home. Kaweah being stabled, I went to the hotel, an excellent and orderly establishment, where a colored man of mild manners gave me supper and made me at home by gentle conversation, promising at last to wake me early, and bidding me good night at my room door with the tones of an old friend. I think his soothing spirit may partly account for the genuinely profound sleep into which I quickly fell, and which held me fast bound, until his hand on my shoulder and "Half past four, sir," called me back, and renewed the currents of consciousness.

After we had had our breakfast, Kaweah and I forded the San Joaquin, and I at once left the road, determined to follow a mountain trail which led toward Mariposa. The trail proved a good one to travel, of smooth, soft surface, and pleasant in its diversity of ups and downs, and with rambling curves which led through open regions of brown hills, whose fern and grass were ripened to a common yellow-brown, then among park-like slopes, crowned with fine oaks, and occasional pine woods, the ground frequently covering itself with clumps of such shrubs as chaparral, and the never-enough-admired manzanita. Yet I think I never saw such facilities for an ambuscade. I imagined the path went out of its way to thread every thicket, and the very trees grouped themselves with a view to highway robbery.

I soon, though, got tired looking out for my Spaniards, and became assured of having my ride to myself when I studied the trail, and found that Kaweah's were the first tracks of the day.

Riding thus in the late summer along the Sierra foot-hills, one is constantly impressed with the climatic peculiarities of the region. With us in the

East, plant life seems to continue until it is at last put out by cold, the trees appear to grow till the first frosts ; but in the Sierra foot-hills growth and active life culminate in June and early July, and then follow long months of warm, stormless autumn, wherein the hills grow slowly browner, and the whole air seems to ripen into a fascinating repose, a rich, dreamy quiet, with distance lost behind pearly hazes, with warm tranquil nights, dewless and silent. This period is opulent in yellows and russets and browns, in great overhanging masses of oak, whose olive hue is warmed into umber depth, in groves of serious pines, red of bark, and cool in the dark greenness of their spires. Nature wears an aspect of patient waiting for a great change ; ripeness, existence beyond the accomplishment of the purpose of life, a long, pleasant, painless waiting for death, — these are the conditions of the vegetation ; and it is vegetation more than the peculiar appearance of the air which impresses the strange character of the season. It is as if our August should grow rich and ripe, through cloudless days and glorious warm nights, on till February, and then wake as from sleep, to break out in the bloom of May.

I was delighted to ride thus alone and expose myself, as one uncovers a sensitized photographic plate, to be influenced ; for this is a respite from scientific work, when through months you hold yourself accountable for seeing everything, for analyzing, for instituting perpetual comparison, and as it were sharing in the administering of the physical world. No tongue can tell the relief to simply withdraw scientific observation, and let Nature impress you in the dear old way with all her mystery and glory, with those vague, indescribable emotions which tremble between wonder and sympathy.

Behind me in distance stretched the sere plain where Kaweah's run saved me. To the west, fading out into warm blank distance, lay the great valley of San Joaquin, into which, de-

scending by sinking curves, were rounded hills, with sunny brown slopes softened as to detail by a low clinging bank of milky air. Now and then out of the haze to the east indistinct rosy peaks, with dull, silvery snow-marblings, stood dimly up against the sky, and higher yet a few sharp summits lifted into the clearer heights seemed hung there floating. Quite in harmony with this was the little group of Dutch settlements I passed, where an antique-looking man and woman sat together on a veranda sunning their white hair, and silently smoking old porcelain pipes.

Nor was there any element of incongruity at the *rancheria*, where I dismounted to rest shortly after noon. A few sleepy Indians lay on their backs dreaming ; the good-humored stout squaws, nursing papposes, or lying outstretched upon red blankets. The agreeable harmony was not alone from the Indian summer in their blood, but in part as well from the features of their dress and facial expression. Their clothes, of Caucasian origin, quickly fade out into utter barbarism, toning down to warm dirty umbers, never failing to be relieved, here and there, by ropes of blue and white beads, or head-band and girdle of scarlet cloth. I saw one woman, of splendid mould, soundly sleeping upon her back, a blanket covering her from the waist down in ample folds, her bare body and large full breasts kindled into bronze under streaming light ; the arms flung out wide and relaxed ; the lips closed with grave compression, and about the eyes and full throat an air of deep, eternal sleep. She might have been a casting in metal but for the rich hot color in her lips and cheeks.

Toward the late afternoon, trotting down a gentle forest slope, I came in sight of a number of ranche buildings grouped about a central open space. A small stream flowed by the outbuildings, and wound among chaparral-covered spurs below. Considerable crops of grain had been gathered into a corral, and a number of horses were quiet-

ly straying about. Yet with all the evidences of considerable possessions, the whole place had an air of suspicious mock-repose. Riding into the open square, I saw that one of the buildings was a store, and to this I rode, tying Kaweah to the piazza post.

I thought the whole world slumbered when I beheld the sole occupant of this country store, a red-faced man in pantaloons and shirt, who lay on his back upon a counter fast asleep, the handle of a revolver grasped in his right hand. It seemed to me if I were to wake him up a little too suddenly he might misunderstand my presence and do some accidental damage ; so I stepped back and poked Kaweah, making him jump and clatter his hoofs, and at once the proprietor sprang to the door, looking flustered and uneasy.

I asked him if he could accommodate me for the afternoon and night, and take care of my horse ; to which he replied, in a very leisurely manner, that there was a bed, and something to eat, and hay, and that if I was inclined to take the chances I might stay.

Being in mind to take the chances, I did stay, and my host walked out with me to the corral, and showed me where to get Kaweah's hay and grain.

I loafed about for an hour or two, finding that a Chinese cook was the only other human being in sight, and then concluded to pump the landlord. A half-hour's trial thoroughly disgusted me, and I gave it up as a bad job. I did, however, learn that he was a man of Southern birth, of considerable education, which a brutal life and depraved mind had not sufficed fully to obliterate. He seemed to care very little for his business, which indeed was small enough, for during the time I spent there not a single customer made his appearance. The stock of goods I observed on examination to be chiefly fire-arms, every manner of gambling apparatus, and liquors ; the few pieces of stuffs, barrels, and boxes of groceries appeared to be disposed rather as ornaments than for actual sale.

From each of the man's trousers

pockets protruded the handle of a deringer, and behind his counter were arranged in convenient position two or three double-barrelled shot-guns.

I remarked to him that he seemed to have a handily arranged arsenal, at which he regarded me with a cool, quiet stare, polished the handle of one of his derringers upon his trousers, examined the percussion-cap with great deliberation, and then with a nod of the head intended to convey great force, said, "You don't live in these parts," — a fact for which I felt not unthankful.

The man drank brandy freely and often, and at intervals of about half an hour called to his side a plethoric old cat named "Gospel," stroked her with nervous rapidity, swearing at the same time in so *distrait* and unconscious a manner that he seemed mechanically talking to himself.

Whoever has travelled on the West Coast has not failed to notice the fearful volleys of oaths which the oxen-drivers hurl at their teams, but for ingenious flights of fancy profanity I have never met the equal of my host. With the most perfect good-nature and unmoved countenance he uttered florid blasphemies, which, I think, must have taken hours to invent. I was glad when bedtime came, to be relieved of his presence, and especially pleased when he took me to the little separate building in which was a narrow single bed. Next this building on the left was the cook-house and dining-room, and upon the right lay his own sleeping apartment. Directly across the square, and not more than sixty feet off, was the gate of the corral, which, when moved, creaked on its rusty hinges in the most dismal manner.

As I lay upon my bed I could hear Kaweah occasionally stamp ; the snoring of the Chinaman on one side, and the low mumbled conversation of my host and his squaw on the other. I felt no inclination to sleep, but lay there in half-dozed, quite conscious, yet withdrawn from the present.

I think it must have been about eleven o'clock when I heard the clatter of a couple of horsemen, who galloped up to my host's building and sprang to the ground, their Spanish spurs ringing on the stone. I sat up in bed, grasped my pistol, and listened. The peach-tree next my window rustled. The horses moved about so restlessly that I heard but little of the conversation, but that little I found of personal interest to myself.

I give as nearly as I can remember the fragments of dialogue between my host and the man whom I recognized as the elder of my two robbers.

"When did he come?"

"Wall, the sun might have been about four hours."

"Has his horse give out?"

I failed to hear the answer, but was tempted to shout out, "No!"

"Gray coat, buckskin breeches."
(My dress.)

"Going to Mariposa at seven in the morning."

"I guess I would n't, round here."

A low muttered soliloquy in Spanish wound up with a growl.

"No, Antone, not within a mile of the place."

"'Sta buen'."

Out of the compressed jumble of the final sentence I got but the one word, "buckshot."

The Spaniards mounted, and the sound of their spurs and horses' hoofs soon died away in the north, and I lay for half an hour revolving all sorts of plans. The safest course seemed to be to slip out in the darkness and fly on foot to the mountains, abandoning my good Kaweah; but I thought of his noble run, and it seemed to me so wrong to turn my back on him, that I resolved to unite our fate. I rose cautiously, and, holding my watch up to the moon, found that twelve o'clock had just passed, then taking from my pocket a five-dollar gold piece, I laid it upon the stand by my bed, and in my stocking-feet, with my clothes in my hands, started noiselessly for the corral. A fierce bull-dog, who had shown

no disposition to make friends with me, bounded from the open door of the proprietor to my side. Instead of tearing me, as I had expected, he licked my hands and fawned about my feet.

Reaching the corral gate, I dreaded opening it at once, remembering the rusty hinges, so I hung my clothes upon an upper bar of the fence, and, cautiously lifting the latch, began to push back the gate, inch by inch, an operation which required me eight or ten minutes; then I walked up to Kaweah and patted him. His manger was empty; he had picked up the last kernel of barley. The creature's manner was full of curiosity, as if he had never been approached in the night before. Suppressing his ordinary whinnying, he preserved a motionless, statue-like silence. I was in terror lest by a neigh, or some nervous movement, he should waken the sleeping proprietor and expose my plan.

The corral and the open square were half covered with loose stones, and when I thought of the clatter of Kaweah's shoes I experienced a feeling of trouble, and again meditated running off on foot, until the idea struck me of muffling the iron feet. Ordinarily Kaweah would not allow me to lift his fore-feet at all. The two blacksmiths who shod him had done so at the peril of their lives, and whenever I had attempted to pick up his hind feet he had warned me away by dangerous stamps; so I approached him very timidly, and was surprised to find that he allowed me to lift all four of his feet without the slightest objection. As I stooped down he nosed me over, and nibbled playfully at my hat. In constant dread lest he should make some noise, I hurried to muffle his fore-feet with my trousers and shirt, and then, with rather more care, to tie upon his hind feet my coat and drawers.

Knowing nothing of the country ahead of me, and fearing that I might again have to run for it, I determined at all cost to water him. Groping about the corral and barn, and at

last finding a bucket, and descending through the darkness to the stream, I brought him a full draught, which he swallowed eagerly, when I tied my shoes on the saddle-pommel, and led the horse slowly out of the corral gate, holding him firmly by the bit, and feeling his nervous breath pour out upon my hand.

When we had walked perhaps a quarter of a mile I stopped and listened. All was quiet, the landscape lying bright and distinct in full moonlight. I unbound the wrappings, shook from them as much dust as possible, dressed myself, and then mounting, started northward on the Mariposa trail with cocked pistol.

In the soft dust we travelled noiselessly for a mile or so, passing from open country into groves of oak and thickets of chaparral.

Without warning, I suddenly came upon a smouldering fire close by the trail, and in the shadow descried two sleeping forms, one stretched on his back snoring heavily, the other lying upon his face, pillowing his head upon folded arms.

I held my pistol aimed at one of the wretches, and rode by without wakening them, guiding Kaweah in the thickest dust.

It keyed me up to a high pitch. I turned around in the saddle, leaving Kaweah to follow the trail, and kept my eyes riveted on the sleeping forms, until they were lost in distance, and then I felt safe.

We galloped over many miles of trail, enjoying a sunrise, and came at last to Mariposa, where I deposited my gold, and then went to bed and made up my lost sleep.

Clarence King.

JUNE DAYS IN VENICE.

VENICE, Wednesday, June 2, 1869.

DEAR PEOPLE: There is so much to tell you about, here, that I see plainly, my only way will be to keep a sort of journal; and if, so doing, I make my letter into a book, I hope enough of the color of the days will get into its pages to repay you for struggling through them. We finished up our May with a christening! Venetian twins, in the church of San Giovanni e Paolo, called in the guide-book vernacular (if there be such a thing as vernacular for men who write guide-books, bless them!) "the Westminster Abbey of Venice."

We had wandered about among the tombs of the Doges, and the statues of generals, and the altars, and the candles, and the pictures, and the scaffoldings, and the workmen with mortar, and the begging men and boys and old women, till we were perfectly exhausted, and did not care whether Venice ever had a Doge or not, or if the

beggars died of starvation at our feet; and we were just going off, when we saw a woman hurrying into the church with a glass box in her arms. P——, who had seen them before, exclaimed, "O! O! there is to be a baby baptized!" and we almost ran towards the woman. A baby indeed! there were two babies, rolled up tight, like mummies, to their very throats; little knit caps on their heads, which were about as big and red as baldwin apples, and rolled about from side to side as if the stems would n't last long. The box was, perhaps, a foot and a half or two feet long, and a foot high; a wooden framework with knobs at the corners, like bed-post tops; the sides of glass, and holes around the edges in the wood-work to let in the air. The babies were twins and were just one day old! The woman set the box down on a bench by the wall as indifferently as if it had been a bundle of old clothes, and walked away. There they lay, the two poor little gasping

things, all alone, in this huge church with effigies of dead Doges and great equestrian statues all about them. I never supposed anything so uncanny could happen to one in the first forty-eight hours after getting into the world, even if one had the luck to land in Venice! P—— and I stood and watched the poor little creatures; they hardly seemed human, though their eyes were really bright, and they were unusually wide-awake looking babies for their time of life. One of them was quite uncomfortable, and gasped often as if it would cry, if the bandages were not too tight; the other, which had a red string in its cap, and by that token I thought was the older of the two, seemed to look upon the grimaces of his brother with positive philosophical scorn. He would look him steadily in the eye for a minute, and his mouth seemed quite pursed up with contempt for such babyishness. Presently the woman came back, and with her a priest, slouchy and unneat, with a purple vestment slipped on over his old coat, a little ragged boy carrying a candle, and a stout, handsome fellow, evidently a workman, whom I took to be the father. It turned out afterward that he was only the godfather, which relieved my mind of some anxiety, because I did not at all like the stolid uninterested way in which he looked down on the baby's face while he held it. The father was in the sacristy through the whole ceremony, and did not so much as peep out. The woman who brought the babies was evidently a servant, and there was no attempt at holiday attire about her; in fact the whole atmosphere of the thing would have led you to suppose that baptism of twins was an every-day thing to them all, and it was as much as ever they could do to spare time for it. Fancy the group,—the priest, the little boy with the candle, the heavy godfather holding the baby, the listless servant, and two eager and horrified American women looking on! An old beggar-woman hobbled up too, and stood near. The other poor baby,

meantime, was left alone in its glass-walled bed, half-way down the church, the door ajar, and nobody to watch! Such a chance to steal a baby! The priest mumbled and galloped over a Latin service; once in a few minutes the little boy said something, which sounded like "Nan! Nan!" the priest put a great pinch of salt into the poor little thing's mouth, breathed on it, put oil in its ears, on its breast, and on the back of its neck; the godfather holding it bolt upright with the poor little one-day-old spine bending and lopping in all directions! The sacristan spilt some of the oil, and the priest almost laughed out; then they all laughed; and the servant took twin No. 1 back to the case, and brought up No. 2. But we did not stay to see the ceremony over again, it was too horrible.

To-day we have had a picturesque day; first the school of San Rocco, three rooms full of Tintoretto's pictures, about which, since I do not like many of them and am not competent to speak, I hold my tongue.

Next we went to the church of San Crisostomo; and here is a picture by Giovanni Bellini, with which one can form an intimate friendship. I should like to spend mornings with these saints; Saint Jerome, high up on a rock, with his book; poor harassed Saint Augustine, in his mitre and vestments on the right; and on the left Saint Christopher, with the loveliest baby boy astride on his shoulders, holding on tight by one little hand to Christopher's black hair. O, it is delicious! but then it won't sound so, and it is stupid to take up your time with empty names of things.

When we left San Crisostomo we supposed we were going directly home. Surely, we had seen enough for one day; but as we turned into a narrow canal, we found all the houses decorated with flags, and the flags trimmed with black. "O Signora," said Luigi, "there is a great funeral in the church on that street!" Now a funeral was the very thing we had wanted to see!

We had seen how Venetians began, and we had curiosity as to their end! We had asked Luigi, the day before, if he could not find a funeral for us, and he had replied, quite sadly, that funerals were just now out of season. Nobody died in Venice in the spring! We did not wonder that nobody wanted to; but still it seemed a little queer, looked at from a statistical point of view, that nobody did.

However, here was a funeral, ready to his hand, and a grand one too. We hurried down the little street; every house had the national flag hanging from a window, and the staff wreathed with crape. People were all hurrying in the same direction; in a few moments we saw a bridge crowded with men and women, all looking eagerly down the canal. "O," said we, "we are just in time; the funeral *cortège* is coming up in gondolas!" So we pushed and elbowed in among them, and looked down the canal too. Nothing to be seen, and while we were looking, the crowd dissolved and left us. That is the most mysterious thing about an Italian crowd; it gathers dense and black and resolute, in five seconds, from nowhere; and in five seconds more it has gone like a cloud, and no trace of it is left; and why it went or why it came you will never know; neither does it know itself.

Again and again I have asked a man or a woman why they were waiting, and they have answered with a laugh, "Because there are many people here!"

The church was near, and we ran there, hoping to catch the funeral yet. The walls were hung with black; great pyramids of white flowers on the altar, a mass going on, and many people kneeling; so we sat down. In a few minutes two men came behind us, with a ladder, and began to take down the black hangings. This looked unpromising, and at last we did what it would have been sensible to do at first, — asked if there were a funeral to take place there. It had happened at nine o'clock in the morning, and now, I suppose, they were saying masses for the

soul. The men flew about, tearing down the black cambric with most unseemly haste, and scattering dust on everybody's head; and we walked away quite crestfallen.

It was a most picturesque little street, about six feet wide, and set thick with stores on each side; there were bread stores, with piles of all imaginable shapes and colors of bread on the open window-sills (everybody keeps store on the window-sill or the doorstep here), and provision stores, with great baskets of boiled beets, round and flat like pancakes, and young potatoes, size of nutmegs, also boiled ready to eat, were on every corner. Stockings and lace collars and china toys and yellow handkerchiefs hung and swung and stood and waved to right and left of the beets and potatoes. A big butcher was asleep in his little cupboard of a store, and on his window-sill stood six round earthen cups of what I think must have been the dreadful blood puddings I have heard of; it looked simply like blood cooled, with stiffened bubbles on top. It made you faint to think that it could be put there to sell to human beings. Then came a fish *trattoria*, a scene for Rembrandt to paint, a dark cavern of a shop, lit only from one door and window in front; a stone furnace in the rear, from which came a fiery glow; two men with arms bared to the shoulder, standing in this fire-light frying fish. Crockery plates set up in rows, on stone ledges above the fire; and flat wicker-work platters of fish, round, long, flat, whole, sliced, curled, straight, floured, and peppered, ready to fry, standing in tottering piles in the window. This was a picture, and I stayed so long to look at it I nearly got lost going back to the gondola alone. Then I bought out of another window a big round cracker, which I hoped was made out of unbolted wheat, but it proved sour and uneatable, like everything else we find here, except the dazzling white fine bread of the hotels, which is sweet simply because it is lifeless, and has no more nutrition in it than so much cobweb.

As we rowed home, Luigi told us all about the funeral. He had been gossiping with the street in our absence, and had found out that it was the funeral of a Countess Somebody, who had been very patriotic, had run great risks in the times of the wars, had been three times in the Austrian prisons, and had lost most of her property in consequence. She was much beloved by the people; hence the flags and the kneeling crowds at the mass. Some day he is to take us to see the house in which she died; though why we want to see it I cannot imagine.

Sunday, the 6th. — O, if I could but catch these swift days and clip their wings! Dear people, will you not all come to Venice in spring, some year of your years, and have our Luigi for gondolier, and be as content as we? All I can write you is dusty, dry. You do not know in the least what I have seen. For instance, on the Thursday which followed the Wednesday of the good Countess's funeral, did I not spend a whole forenoon in the rooms of Rieti, a Jew, with spectacles, who hires a palace to keep store in, and who fattens on the decay of Venetian families, buying up every shred of thing which they have to sell, and setting the relics, one above another, in these palace rooms, to be sold again to American men and women? And would not the catalogue of the beautiful and weird and uncanny old things I saw there fill a volume? Chairs and tables and chests and sideboards and mirrors, from time of Doges down! Glass and china and tapestry, work-boxes and crickets and candlesticks and fans and busts and grave-stones! Yes, old grave-stones there were; and hall lamps, and an old medicine-chest out of which came dusty scent of poisons which helped to thin out the eleventh century, I am sure! The old leather case was dropping and crumbling to pieces, and the green baize lining seemed half turned to fungus. It was most curiously studded with silver nails, and surely belonged to a physician of degree.

There are six of these stores of antiquity and works of art here, and we have been to four of them; for my lucky friends have a house, and a room to be refurnished. I feel now as if I had had "the run" of all the Venetian palaces from the tenth to the sixteenth century. I have lifted off the lids of their soup-tureens, tried the hinges and handles of their sideboards, and pulled out all their secret drawers. I only wish I had a thousand dollars to spend to-morrow morning in small articles which would never be missed out of these bewildering confusions. I would buy for one of you a stool whose seat should be crimson, and should be held up by a black Moor, a cunning little fellow six years old, called Abdallah, I "calculate," and clothed as to the loins in a tunic of green and silver. Should you mind sitting on him? He looks very happy, and shows all his teeth. For another, you who give little dinners, I would buy a fish, a china fish, to hold your salmon; the platter is gay with flowers; the fish is purple, — mullet, perhaps; at any rate it is purple and silver, and a lemon at top of him, for a handle, and by the lemon you lift off his upper half, and there will be your salmon; and what Doge ever had so good a fish out of it before you? For you who have made a million since I came away, — ah! for you, my dear, there is a set of furniture in ebony inlaid with white ivory tablets, and the tablets covered with fantastic designs and patterns, like fine etchings. Such a little wardrobe of drawers as stands on a table of this set, three feet high, doors always to be kept open, and twenty little drawers ready to hold all your letters! If you like it better, there is a set of brown nutwood inlaid more elaborately with ivory, not an inch left plain, and all sorts of carved ivory figures set in the impossible places. These are four things out of thousands; but I can tell you no more, because in the afternoon we went to Torcello, and that is better worth talking over.

I am tempted to put in a little guide-

book about Torcello, because I knew so little about it myself before coming here, that I think some of you may be equally ignorant. But I remember that I promised never to do guide-book at all, and so I will not yield to the temptation. You will know that it is an island, and that before Venice was Torcello, and had churches and bishops and palaces; it will be easier for you to believe all this than it is for me, though, to be sure, I have seen the cathedral and one church and a bit of one palace; but for all the rest I find no real faith in my heart. Nothing in all Rome, not even the loneliest old aqueduct-stones in the farthest silence of the Campagna, ever gave me such sense of desolation, of forgotten life, as the atmosphere of this little island. We sailed to it through sunshine, swiftly too, for we had taken an extra rower. The lagoon was astir with fishing-people, and the smoke of work went up from Murano as we passed it, and bells rang from old towers on two other islands as we drew near Torcello. We had been told that many of the great barges which we had seen at sunset coming down the Grand Canal, loaded with cherries and salads and artichokes and all sorts of good garden things, were bringing vegetables from Torcello; so we thought we were going to a thrifty suburb of Venice, to find some old churches we knew, and we supposed to breathe the air of to-day.

We had not glided ten steps into the silent Torcello canal, before we felt the hush of a burial-place. So low lay the fields, lapping up the slow green water, that it seemed as if we might slip over at any minute, and be floating above the grass. The silence was indescribable. Old stone bridges spanned the canal; and as we rowed under them, the grass nodded down to us from the sides and the top. Had human feet ever brushed it? We grew afraid. The white honeysuckle was in blossom, and raspberry-bushes with pink flowers made long thickets of hedge over which here and there a scarlet pome-

granate looked, as if holding court; bits of old stone-work gleamed out among these wild growths, hardly more than a doorstep at a time, a corner-stone, or a few inches of wall, all so sunk, so bedded in the green, that, but for knowing that a city and palaces had stood there, we should have thought them no more than natural stones. After a time we found a house or two; then an old bell-tower rising up suddenly and ghost-like in the waste, walled in, as if it were the keep of the powers and principalities of the air. Then we came on a little brood of ducklings; they looked more human than you could conceive; and then, after another turn, on a custom-house. This took our breath away. I do not know yet what it meant. If I were the right sort of traveller, I should have found out. But its stone steps answered for us to land on, and nobody stopped either us or the ducks, who stepped on shore with us; and we all crept along together. I felt somehow as if they were so much safer than we.

An old woman whom I *almost* believe to have been alive showed us the old church of Santa Fosca and the cathedral. I can't tell you about them. Nobody could. The church is a dome on top of a Greek cross, and a portico with tumbling pillars all around it. The cathedral stands close by, — almost joins the church, and has a floor of mosaic, which makes St. Mark's look new; high marble reading-desks, and around the semicircular apse, behind the high altar, marble seats rising up in tiers, one above the other, like the Coliseum. In the middle is the bishop's chair, and all so old that it looked crumbling, though it never can crumble; and it is not so very old, after all, not more than a thousand years; but it feels, for some inexplicable reason, older than anything I ever saw. Fresh annunciation lilies were on every altar; their odor filled the air, and drowned out the smell of fungus; the old woman's shoes clapped, clapped at the heel with every step she took, and echoed in the dark corners.

Down in the crypt there was a poor old wooden Christ, all cobwebs and dust,—a most pitiful thing. As we walked by she kissed it, and drew her withered hands down the legs to the feet, with a lingering touch of tenderness and passionate devotion, which I never saw equalled, and which made my eyes wet for some minutes. It must be that which has kept her alive in Torcello,—this haggard, hungry old soul. The air is poison there. It was that which drove the people away, and put this melancholy end to the city; only a few people live there now, who are too poor to live anywhere else, and cannot perhaps resist the temptation of ground to cultivate; for green things thrive and produce in Torcello, though all the children look as if they had just left their beds for the first time after some terrible illness. They crowded round us and begged, more by their hollow eyes than by their words. I sat down in a great rough stone chair, which stands in an open space before the cathedral, and in front of the old bit of a stone house in which the bishop lived, and gave all the children bon-bons which I had cribbed from our hotel dinner. A questionable charity, I know, but I had no pennies; and beggars have such digestions in Italy, one feels less scruple about giving them unwholesome sweets.

One little girl, six or seven years old, with great gaunt brown eyes and a weight of tangled auburn-black hair, grasped hers firm in her little hand, and never opened it. The other children were tearing open the bright papers and munching down the candy like monkeys. She looked at them wistfully, but did not offer to touch hers. I explained to her that it was good to eat, and tried to make her taste it; at last, after I had asked her a dozen times why she did not eat it, she whispered so I could but just catch the words, she was so frightened, that she kept it for her little brother. Did n't I turn my pocket wrong side out, and find one more for

that little angel? and did n't she bite into it in about the shortest second? And do you think I believe in original depravity? As I turned back for my last look at the desolate, grass-grown piazza and the cathedral and the church and the bell-tower, the children were all scrambling to get up into the stone chair (they call it Attila's chair, because he never sat in it, I suppose); three were already in, two more climbing up, and a poor little two-year-old tugging away at one of the six legs hanging down in front, and trying in vain to lift himself up by it.

Yesterday I was heroic, stayed in the house, and wrote all the forenoon. In the afternoon we rowed over to the Enchanted Island, that is, the Lido; the girls and Mrs. and Miss T—went into the water in Venetian bathing-dresses, hired for two francs, and swam about as if they had been Brides of the Adriatic all their lives. I sat on an upper stair and watched them and the sea; mostly the sea, which was pale soft gray in the distance, and green close at my feet. There were many people rowing back and forth on it, and some of their sails were orange, and some looked rose-pink against the sky. Why do not all sailors have orange and pink sails, I wonder? It is all a sail needs to make it as beautiful as a cloud, and it signifies so much more.

Sunday, 13th.—This Sunday was the anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution by Italy, and all the houses were bright with flags; the square of Saint Mark's was gay with red and green and white, and in the evening there was to be music on the canal. We commissioned Luigi to buy an Italian flag for our gondola, to show our sympathy with freedom, and anticipated a fine night on the water. Alas! At six o'clock the sky was black, and it thundered mutteringly in the east; however, we would not be kept in, even by its beginning to sprinkle as we took our seats in the gondola; actually under umbrellas we rowed up to the Rialto, and displayed our

flag. Some of the gondoliers saluted us as we passed, and they all looked pleased and smiled.

The band was playing on a great barge in front of the prefect's house, and a few determined people were creeping about under umbrellas as we were; but it was a failure. The sky grew blacker and the drops bigger, and against our wills we went home. To be out in the rain, in Venice, is too much to be borne by the stoutest soul. To be between two fires is always accounted a bad thing in battle; but to be between two waters is as bad. Going home we passed a grave-looking American family, singing psalm-tunes in their gondola. It sounded very pleasant, but I could not resist the suspicion that it was a kind of a sop to their consciences for being out on the Grand Canal so near sunset of a Sunday.

Last Wednesday went for looking over photographs in the morning, and for three or four not especially interesting churches in the afternoon, but you know, without my taking time to say it, that simply to go from one place to another, in this wonderful sea-city, is a delight in itself. If it waited for me to say where we should go, we should never go anywhere. It never seems to me to make the least difference. I feel as if the gondola knew and would go of itself. I should sink down if I were alone and give no orders to the invisible Luigi. Luckily for me, N—— and P—— are more wise. N—— is our guide, and has always something to propose for each day, which is just the best thing to do. Thanks to her, we have in this four weeks seen Venice most thoroughly. On Thursday we spent the whole morning in the Academy, with the beloved pictures. I feel that I am so entirely ignorant of art, that I have hardly right to say what I think about any picture. But I am sure of one thing, — pictures and poems are one. All the pictures I have seen, which have impressed me, are poems; and I see that even to my ignorance it becomes clearer and clearer in what measure

they are written. Also, I see, that it is as silly to like, or even to be ready to like, *all* the pictures painted by one man, simply because they are his, as it is to believe that one's favorite poet could not write a poor thing.

I am wondering about many things in these days, of which I have nobody here to ask, and no books to help me. I am sure that if one knew literature and art well enough, close parallels could be drawn out between poems and pictures; and I wonder if there would not be historical agreements too? Some of you who know, write and tell me what you think about this. Now I find Carpaccio to be a man who painted ballads! All his pictures have the ring and the movement, with the light touch. There is a series of them in the Academy which tells the story of Saint Ursula. I sit and read it over and over and over, as you can "How they brought the good News to Ghent." He does not forget what the little page said, nor that on that day the maiden was ill at ease; or that while the ambassadors asked the king for the hand of his daughter, outside of the gate sat an old stern woman who liked not these foreign wooings, and muttered that ill would come. Every picture is a complete ballad in itself; as you look at them you involuntarily walk with steps set to the sound of a singer.

Then there is Bellini, whose pictures are gentle and tender and are like quaint sacred songs. Always he puts at base of the pictures little angels or babies sitting with crossed legs, and playing on lutes the accompaniment to the song. Most of his pictures are called "Madonna with two Saints," "Madonna with four Saints," "Madonna and Child," etc., etc. I always think of them as "The true Song of the Day when Catharine and Agatha met Mary and the child Jesus," or "The Greeting of Saint Agnes to the Infant Lord," or "The Words of Saints Jerome and Christopher to Augustine the Monk." But for all this, Bellini has painted many Madonnas whose faces are like faces of wood; and one

frightful picture of his has in the clouds over the Madonna's head, seven-cherub heads of fiery scarlet-like lobster ! There are two pictures in the Academy by a Martino da Udine, a rare man of Bellini's day and school, who has left only few things. One of these is the "Angel of the Annunciation," the other is a Madonna, both single figures, severe, alone, no accessories, but an air of Heaven about the one, and of sanctified earth in the other, which it is good to see. I know lines in George Herbert which are like these pictures. Titian's single heads and single figures are like sonnets, either solemn and slow, with the whole of the man's life concentrated into that day's voice, or vivid, fiery like the passionate outpouring of one moment ! His "Presentation of the little Virgin at the Temple" is the picture I like best of all the pictures I have seen yet (except the "Last Communion of Saint Jerome," by Domenichino, in Rome). It is a grand epic poem. There is the whole of Jerusalem and the worship of the Temple in the figures of the high-priests—all Jewry in the crowd below, and all Christianity and redemption in the figure of the little Virgin. All my life, blue will be more sacred to me by reason of this little Virgin's gown ! And as for red, it has always been to me like the key-note of a universe of hidden things ; like a very spell in the air ; and now I know that Titian had been taken inside of its mystery and signed with its sign. Every day I see men in the Academy sitting down calmly to copy Titian's red ! and I wonder at their being suffered to go about without keepers.

From the Academy we went to the house of two old Venetian ladies, sisters of an artist whom P—— and N—— knew when they were here before, and who made a copy of one of Bellini's pictures for them. She was sick and deformed and poor, but had great talent as a copyist, and had worked with great industry, for all the rooms of the little house were hung with her drawings and paintings. She

died some two years ago ; and these two poor old sisters were so gratified and touched at her being remembered and sought out by strangers for whom she had painted, that it was hard to know what to say to them, (especially if you did not know many words of their language !) But the sight of the house, and their way of living, was most interesting. After all, one such interior picture is worth scores of common outside views ; they must once have "seen better days," everything in their manner and surroundings showed this. They have now no servant, and one sister could not see us this morning. We knew by the stir and the odors that she was cooking their dinner ; and who but she could it have been who snatched and hid the string of onions which, when we arrived, was hanging on the hat-rack in the front hall, by side of an old cotton umbrella, and when we went away was no longer there ? The sister we saw was seventy years old ; her eyes were faded and her lips very shaky : but she must once have been handsome ; and the woman had not by any means died out of her old heart, for when I recognized, as her portrait, the face of a handsome woman of not more than thirty-five, among her sister's paintings on the walls of the little parlor, her wrinkled cheeks flushed with pleasure, and she smiled, a little as she might have smiled the day the picture was painted.

She wore, just as such pitiful "genteel" old ladies do at home, and I suppose all the world over, skimpy black clothes, gray with age, and a forlorn dusty black lace thing on the back of her head ; they always look more like palls than like caps, on that kind of old lady. They asked high prices for their sister's pictures, and I am afraid they will not sell all of them. The girls bought a lovely little picture of a picturesque Palace on the Grand Canal, at which we look almost every afternoon. They could hardly have found a more vivid bit of Venice, to carry away with them, than this little sketch by the poor dead Raffaella.

In the afternoon we went into the house of another Venetian family. Such a contrast! This family's name is Giovanelli; and the Prince Giovanelli married a Contarini; and of the Contarinis, five have been Doges! and the house in which this Giovanelli and Contarini live is the most splendid palace in Venice. Did we not do well to go to the poor old sisters first? It was like the one bit of red which Titian throws in at last in the distance of his pictures which brings all the other colors out. But you see plainly that of this palace I cannot tell you much, because there is a limit to a letter, though you may think I don't know it; neither did I half tell you about the other little home. I shall remember it quite as long as the grand one. Mrs. Contarini Giovanelli is the only palace owning lady that I have envied. I would not have taken one of the superb palaces in Genoa as a gift, if I were to be compelled to stay in their great ghostly rooms. But this Giovanelli palace, superb as it is, is cosy. Think of that! a cosy palace! a boudoir of blue, blue damask from ceiling to floor, and a ceiling like a hollow shell, and a rounding blue satin sofa, on which she sits and mends her husband's shirts. How do I know? By this token, that in a costly glass toy, on a little table before the sofa, and among a thousand dollars or so worth of other trifles in the way of baskets and statuettes and boxes, were three old shirt-bosom buttons! close to her work-basket, which might have been yours or mine, it was so neat and simple. Their bedroom is regal, — ebony and yellow damask: but — ah, the but, even in a palace! On this gorgeous ebony stood, in easy reach from one of the yellow satin beds, *cold cream* and a bottle of *magnesia*! Heartburn, you see, even for a descendant of Doges, in this dream of a palace. I, who never had heartburn, and would die before I took *magnesia*, chuckled and passed on.

A crimson room, satin tapestry, on walls with raised velvet figures; a yel-

low and white room, the tapestry woven to fit, with the coat of arms wrought in here and there, a picture-gallery hung with claret velvet, and holding rare pictures. Titian, and Veronese, and Bellini, and Dürer, and Van Dyck, and Rembrandt; a dining-room with carvings and purple velvet, and china which was a study in itself; a sitting-room with a grand piano, and a marvellous bird-cage of gay lattice-work alternating with transparencies on which were painted morning-glories and honeysuckles! In the cage, seven little Japanese birds, drab and scarlet and gray; on the piano, cigars of several sorts, ready for the prince after dinner. This is a skeleton glimpse for you of the Giovanelli's ways of living.

I shall never forget the glow on the faces of some of Titian's portraits of Doges, which hang in the crimson room: not all the heat of the red tapestry of Lyons can dull the glow of the orange and red mantles, or approach the kindling fire in the faces.

"Is there a library?" said we.

"No," said the courteous and elegant creature, called servant, who had showed us his master's house. And somehow I instantly felt as if it had been quite impertinent to ask, and as if, perhaps, after all, books were a superfluous indulgence. The prince must read, for he is "Syndic of Venice" and "Senator of Italy"; but not a book did we see, except some ornamental ones to match the crimson furniture.

Yesterday, two more churches, — San Zaccaria, which is the first church in Venice I have liked; and San Giorgio degli Schiavoni, a little one-room, upper-chamber sort of a church, in an out-of-the-way quarter, where are nine quaint old pictures by my favorite ballad-man Carpaccio; sung when he was young; with too many adjectives, but ringing, ringing like all the rest. I shall grow to remember his things better than any others if I study them much more; that also is like the hold a ballad gets on you; it haunts your down-sitting and uprising as no other verse can.

H. H.

MARBLE OR DUST?

A CHILD, beside a statue, said to me,
 With pretty wisdom very sadly just,
 "That man is Mr. Lincoln, mamma. He
 Was made of marble: we are made of dust."

One flash of passionate sorrow trembled through
 The dust of which I had been dimly made,
 One fierce, quick wish to be of marble too,—
 Not something meaner, that must fall and fade.

"To be forever fair and still and cold,"
 I faintly thought, with faint tears in my sight,
 "To stand thus face to face with Time, and hold
 Between us that uncrumbling charm of white ;

"To see the creatures formed of slighter stuff
 Waver in little dead-leaf whirls away,
 Yet know that I could wait and have enough,—
 Enough of frost and dew, of dark and day.

"I would be marble? Wherefore? Just to miss
 The tremors of glad pain that dust must know?
 The grief that settles after some dead kiss?
 The frown that was a smile not long ago?

"Do I forget the stone's long loneliness?
 The dumb impatience all wan watching brings?
 The looking with blind eyes, in vague distress,
 For Christ's slow Coming, and the End of Things?

"No, boy of mine, with your young yellow hair,
 Better the dust you scatter with your feet
 Than marble, which can see not you are fair,—
 Than marble, which can feel not you are sweet.

"Ay, or than marble which must meet the years
 Without my light relief of murmurous breath,
 Without the bitter sweetness of my tears,
 Without the love which dust must have for Death."

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

WATCH AND WARD.

IN FIVE PARTS: PART THIRD.

V.

ROGER'S quarrel with his young companion, if quarrel it was, was never repaired. It had scattered its seed; they were left lying, to be absorbed in the conscious soil or dispersed by some benignant breeze of accident, as destiny might appoint. But as a manner of clearing the air of its thunder, Roger, a week after Fenton's departure, proposed she should go with him for a fortnight to town. Later, perhaps, they might arrange to remain for the winter. Nora had been longing vaguely for the relief of a change of circumstance; she assented with great good-will. They lodged at a hotel, — not the establishment at which they had made acquaintance. Here, late in the afternoon, the day after their arrival, Nora sat by the window, waiting for Roger to come and take her to dinner, and watching with the intentness of country eyes the hurrying throng in the street; thinking too at moments of a certain blue bonnet she had bought that morning, and comparing it, not uncomplacently, with the transitory bonnets on the pavement. A gentleman was introduced; Nora had not forgotten Hubert Lawrence. Hubert had occupied for more than a year past a pastoral office in the West, and had recently had little communication with his cousin. Nora he had seen but on a single occasion, that of his visit to Roger, six months after her advent. She had grown in the interval, from the little girl who slept with the "Child's Own Book" under her pillow and dreamed of the Prince Avenant, into a stately maiden who read the "Heir of Redcliffe," and mused upon the loves of the clergy. Hubert, too, had changed in his own degree. He was now thirty-one years of age and his character had

lost something of a certain boyish vagueness of outline, which formerly had not been without its grace. But his elder grace was scarcely less effective. Various possible half-shadows in his personality had melted into broad, shallow lights. He was now, distinctly, one of the light-armed troops of the army of the Lord. He fought the Devil as an irresponsible skirmisher, not as a sturdy gunsman planted beside a booming sixty-pounder. The clerical cloth, as Hubert wore it, was not unmitigated sable; and in spite of his cloth, such as it was, humanity rather than divinity got the lion's share of his attentions. He loved doubtless, in this world, the heavenward face of things, but he loved, as regards heaven, the earthward. He was rather an idler in the walks of theology and he was uncommitted to any very rigid convictions. He thought the old theological positions in very bad taste, but he thought the new theological negations in no taste at all. In fact, Hubert believed so vaguely and languidly in the Devil that there was but slender logic in his having undertaken the cure of souls. He administered his spiritual medicines in homœopathic doses. It had been maliciously said that he had turned parson because parsons enjoy peculiar advantages in approaching the fair sex. The presumption is in their favor. Our business, however, is not to pick up idle reports. Hubert was, on the whole, a decidedly light weight, and yet his want of spiritual passion was by no means in effect a want of motive or stimulus; for the central pivot of his being continued to operate with the most noiseless precision and regularity, — the slim, erect, inflexible *Ego*. To the eyes of men, and especially to the eyes of women, whatever may have been the moving cause, the outer man-

ifestation was supremely gracious. If Hubert had no great firmness of faith, he had a very pretty firmness of manner. He was gentle without timidity, frank without arrogance, clever without pedantry. The common measure of clerical disallowance was reduced in his hands to the tacit protest of a generous personal purity. His appearance bore various wholesome traces of the practical lessons of his Western pastorate. This had been disagreeable; he had had to apply himself, to devote himself, to compromise with a hundred aversions. His talents had been worth less to him than he expected, and he had been obliged, as the French say, to *payer de sa personne*, — that person for which he entertained so delicate a respect, — in a peculiarly unsympathetic medium. All this had given him a slightly jaded, overwheeled look, certain to deepen his interest in female eyes. He had actually a couple of wrinkles in his fair seraphic forehead. He secretly rejoiced in his wrinkles. They were his crown of glory. He had suffered, he had worked, he had been bored. Now he believed in earthly compensations.

"Dear me!" he said, "can this be Nora Lambert?"

She had risen to meet him, and held out her hand with girlish frankness. She was dressed in a light silk dress; she seemed altogether a young woman. "I have been growing hard in all these years," she said. "I have had to overtake those *pieds énormes*." The readers will not have forgotten that Hubert had thus qualified her lower members. Ignorant as she was, at the moment, of the French tongue, her memory had instinctively retained the words, and she had taken an early opportunity to look out *pied* in the dictionary. *Enorme*, of course, spoke for itself.

"You must have caught up with them now," Hubert said, laughing. "You're an enormous young lady. I should never have known you." He sat down, asked various questions about Roger, and adjured her to tell him, as

he said, "all about herself." The invitation was flattering, but it met only a partial compliance. Unconscious as yet of her own charm, Nora was oppressed by a secret admiration of her companion. His presence seemed to open a sudden vista in the narrow precinct of her young experience. She compared him with her cousin, and wondered that he should be at once so impressive and so different. She blushed a little, privately, for Fenton, and was not ill-pleased to think he was absent. In the light of Hubert's good manners, his admission that he was no gentleman acquired an excessive force. By this thrilling intimation of the diversity of the male sex, the mental pinafore of childhood seemed finally dismissed. Hubert was so frank and friendly, so tenderly and gallantly patronizing, that more than once she felt herself drifting toward an answering freedom of confidence; but on the verge of effusion, something absent in the tone of his assent, a vague fancy that, in the gathering dusk, he was looking at her all at his ease, rather than listening to her, converted her bravery into what she knew to be deplorable little-girlishness. On the whole, this interview may have passed for Nora's first lesson in the art, indispensable to a young lady on the threshold of society, of talking for half an hour without saying anything. The lesson was interrupted by the arrival of Roger, who greeted his cousin with almost extravagant warmth, and insisted on his staying to dinner. Roger was to take Nora after dinner to a concert, for which he felt no great enthusiasm; he proposed to Hubert, who was a musical man, to occupy his place. Hubert demurred awhile; but in the mean time Nora, having gone to prepare herself, reappeared, looking extremely well in the blue crape bonnet before mentioned, with her face bright with anticipated pleasure. For a moment Roger was vexed at having resigned his office: Hubert immediately stepped into it. They came home late, the blue bonnet nothing the worse for wear, and the young girl's face

illuminated by a dozen intense impressions. She was in a fever of gayety; she treated Roger to a representation of the concert, and made a great show of voice. Her departing childishness, her dawning tact, her freedom with Roger, her half-freedom with Hubert, made a charming mixture, and insured for her auditors the success of the entertainment. When she had retired, amid a mimic storm of applause from the two gentlemen, Roger solemnly addressed his cousin, "Well, what do you think of her? I hope you have no fault to find with her feet."

"I have had no observation of her feet," said Hubert; "but she will have very handsome hands. She's a very nice creature." Roger sat lounging in his chair with his hands in his pockets, his chin on his breast, and a heavy gaze fixed on Hubert. The latter was struck with his deeply preoccupied aspect. "But let us talk of you rather than of Nora," he said. "I have been waiting for a chance to tell you that you look very poorly."

"Nora or I, — it's all one. Hubert, I live in that child!"

Hubert was startled by the sombre energy of his tone. The old polished placid Roger was in abeyance. "My dear fellow," he said, "you're altogether wrong. Live for yourself. You may be sure she'll do as much. You take it too hard."

"Yes, I take it too hard. It wears upon me."

"What's the matter? Is she troublesome? Is she more than you bargained for?" Roger sat gazing at him in silence, with the same grave eye. He began to suspect Nora had turned out a losing investment. "Is she — a — vicious?" he went on. "Surely not with that sweet face!"

Roger started to his feet impatiently. "Don't misunderstand me!" he cried. "I've been longing to see some one — to talk — to get some advice — some sympathy. I'm fretting myself away."

"Good heavens, man, give her a thousand dollars and send her back
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to her family. You've educated her."

"Her family! She has no family! She's the loneliest as well as the sweetest, wisest, best of creatures! If she were only a tenth as good, I should be a happier man. I can't think of parting with her; not for all I possess!"

Hubert stared a moment. "Why, you're in love!"

"Yes," said Roger, blushing. "I'm in love."

"Come!"

"I'm not ashamed of it," rejoined Roger, softly.

"It was no business of Hubert's certainly; but he felt the least bit disappointed. "Well," he said, coolly, "why don't you marry her?"

"It's not so simple as that!"

"She'll not have you?"

Roger frowned impatiently. "Reflect a moment. You pretend to be a man of delicacy."

"You mean she's too young? Nonsense. If you are sure of her, the younger the better."

"Hubert," cried Roger, "for my unutterable misery, I have a conscience. I wish to leave her free, and take the risk. I wish to be just, and let the matter work itself out. You may think me absurd, but I wish to be loved for myself, as other men are loved."

It was a specialty of Hubert's that in proportion as other people grew hot, he grew cool. To keep cool, morally, in a heated medium was, in fact, for Hubert a peculiar satisfaction. He broke into a long light laugh. "Excuse me," he said, "but there is something ludicrous in your attitude. What business has a lover with a conscience? None at all! That's why I keep out of it. It seems to me your prerogative to be downright. If you waste any more time in hair-splitting, you'll find your young lady has taken things in the lump!"

"Do you really think there is danger?" Roger demanded, pitifully. "Not yet awhile. She's only a child. Tell me, rather, *is* she only a child?"

You've spent the evening beside her: how does she strike a stranger?"

While Hubert's answer lingered on his lips, the door opened and Nora came in. Her errand was to demand the use of Roger's watch-key, her own having mysteriously vanished. She had begun to take out her pins and had muffled herself for this excursion in a merino dressing-gown of sombre blue. Her hair was gathered for the night into a single massive coil, which had been loosened by the rapidity of her flight along the passage. Roger's key proved a complete misfit, so that she had recourse to Hubert's. It hung on the watch-chain which depended from his waistcoat, and some rather intimate fumbling was needed to adjust it to Nora's diminutive time-piece. It worked admirably, and she stood looking at him with a little smile of caution as it creaked on the pivot. "I would n't have troubled you," she said, "but that without my watch I should oversleep myself. You know Roger's temper, and what I should suffer if I were late for breakfast!"

Roger was ravished at this humorous sally, and when, on making her escape, she clasped one hand to her head to support her released tresses, and hurried along the corridor with the other confining the skirts of her inflated robe, he kissed his hand after her with more than jocular good-will.

"Ah! it's as bad as that!" said Hubert, shaking his head.

"I had no idea she had such hair," cried Roger. "You're right, it's no case for shilly-shallying."

"Take care!" said Hubert. "She's only a child."

Roger looked at him a moment. "My dear fellow, you're a hypocrite."

Hubert colored the least bit, and then took up his hat and began to smooth it with his handkerchief. "Not at all. See how frank I can be. I recommend you to marry the young lady and have done with it. If you wait, it will be at your own risk. I assure you I think she's charming, and if I'm not mistaken, this is only a

hint of future possibilities. Don't sow for others to reap. If you think the harvest is n't ripe, let it ripen in milder sunbeams than these vigorous hand-kisses! Lodge her with some proper person and go to Europe; come home from Paris a year hence with her trousseau in your trunks, and I'll perform the ceremony without another fee than the prospect of having an adorable cousin." With these words Hubert left his companion pensive.

His words reverberated in Roger's mind; I may almost say that they rankled. A couple of days later, in the hope of tenderer counsel, he called upon our friend Mrs. Keith. This lady had completely rounded the cape of matrimony, and was now buoyantly at anchor in the placid cove of well-dowered widowhood. I have heard many a young unmarried lady exclaim with a bold sweep of conception, "Ah me! I wish I were a widow!" Mrs. Keith was precisely the widow that young unmarried ladies wish to be. With her diamonds in her dressing-case and her carriage in her stable, and without a feather's weight of encumbrance, she offered a finished example of satisfied ambition. Her wants had been definite; these once gratified, she had not presumed further. She was a very much worthier woman than in those hungry virginal days when Roger had wooed her. Prosperity had agreed equally well with her beauty and her temper. The wrinkles on her brow had stood still, like Joshua's sun, and a host of good intentions and fair promises seemed to irradiate her person. Roger, as he stood before her, not only felt that his passion was incurably defunct, but allowed himself to doubt that this *veuve consolée* would have made an ideal wife. The lady, mistaking his embarrassment for the forms of smouldering ardor, determined to transmute his devotion by the subtle chemistry of friendship. This she found easy work; in ten minutes the echoes of the past were hushed in the small-talk of the present. Mrs. Keith was on the point of sailing for Europe,

and had much to say of her plans and arrangements, — of the miserable rent she was to get for her house. "Why should n't one turn an honest penny?" she said. "And now," she went on, when the field had been cleared, "tell me about the young lady." This was precisely what Roger wished; but just as he was about to begin his story there came an irruption of visitors, fatal to the confidential. Mrs. Keith found means to take him aside. "Seeing is better than hearing," she said, "and I'm dying to see her. Bring her this evening to dinner, and we shall have her to ourselves."

Mrs. Keith had long been for Nora an object of mystical veneration. Roger had been in the habit of alluding to her, not freely nor frequently, but with a certain implicit homage which more than once had set Nora wondering. She entered the lady's drawing-room that evening with an oppressive desire to please. The interest manifested by Roger in the question of what she should wear assured her that he had staked a nameless something on the impression she might make. She was not only reassured, however, but altogether captivated, by the lavish cordiality of her hostess. Mrs. Keith kissed her on both cheeks, held her at her two arms' length, gave a twist to the fall of her sash, and made her feel very plainly that she was being inspected and appraised; but all with a certain flattering light in the eye and a tender matronly smile, which rather increased than diminished the young girl's composure. Mrs. Keith was herself so elegant, so finished, so fragrant of taste and sense, that before an hour was over Nora felt that she had borrowed the hint of a dozen indispensable graces. After dinner her hostess bade her sit down to the piano. Here, feeling sure of her ground, Nora surpassed herself. Mrs. Keith beckoned to Roger to come and sit beside her on the sofa, where, as she nodded time with her head, she softly conversed under cover of the music. Prosperity, as I have intimated, had acted on her moral

nature very much as a medicinal tonic — quinine or iron — acts upon the physical. She was in a comfortable glow of charity. She itched gently, she hardly knew where, — was it in heart or brain? — to render some one a service. She had on hand a small capital of sentimental patronage for which she desired a secure investment. Here was her chance. The project which Roger had imparted to her three years before seemed to her, now she had taken Nora's measure, to contain such pretty elements of success that she deemed it a sovereign pity it should not be rounded into blissful symmetry. She determined to lend an artistic hand. "Does she know it, that matter?" she asked in a whisper.

"I have never told her."

"That's right. I approve your delicacy. Of course you're sure of your case. She's altogether lovely, — she's one in a thousand. I really envy you; upon my word, Mr. Lawrence, I'm jealous. She has a style of her own. It's not quite beauty; it's not quite cleverness. It belongs neither altogether to her person, nor yet to her mind. It's a sort of 'tone.' Time will bring it out. She has pretty things, too; one of these days she may take it into her head to be a beauty of beauties. Nature never meant her to hold up her head so well for nothing. Ah, how wrinkled and becappped it makes one feel! To be sixteen years old, with that head of hair, with health and good connections, with that amount of good-will at the piano, it's the very best thing in the world, if they but knew it! But no! they must leave it all behind them; they must pull their hair to pieces, they must get rid of their complexions; they must be twenty, they must have lovers, and go their own gait. Well, since it must come, we must attend to the profits: they'll take care of the lovers. Give Nora to me for a year. She needs a woman, a wise woman, a woman like me. Men, when they undertake to meddle with a young girl's education, are veriest old grandmothers. Let me take her to

Europe and bring her out in Rome. Don't be afraid; I'll guard your interests. I'll bring you back the finest girl in America. I see her from here!" And describing a great curve in the air with her fan, Mrs. Keith inclined her head to one side in a manner suggestive of a milliner who describes in the bosom of futurity the ideal bonnet. Looking at Roger, she saw that her point was gained; and Nora, having just finished her piece, was accordingly summoned to the sofa and made to sit down at Mrs. Keith's feet. Roger went and stood before the fire. "My dear Nora," said Mrs. Keith, as if she had known her from childhood, "how would you like to go with me to Rome?"

Nora started to her feet, and stood looking open-eyed from one to the other. "Really?" she said. "Does Roger—"

"Roger," said Mrs. Keith, "finds you so hard to manage that he has made you over to me. I forewarn you, I'm a terrible woman. But if you are not afraid, I shall scold you and pinch you no harder than I would a daughter of my own."

"I give you up for a year," said Roger. "It's hard, troublesome as you are."

Nora stood wavering for a moment, hesitating where to deposit her excess of joy. Then graciously dropping on her knees before Mrs. Keith, she bent her young head and exhaled it in an ample kiss. "I'm not afraid of you," she said, simply. Roger turned round and began to poke the fire.

The next day Nora went forth to buy certain articles necessary in travelling. It was raining so heavily that, at Roger's direction, she took a carriage. Coming out of a shop, in the course of her expedition, she encountered Hubert Lawrence, tramping along in the wet. He helped her back to her carriage, and stood for a moment talking to her through the window. As they were going in the same direction, she invited him to get in; and on his hesitating, she added that she hoped their interview was not to end there,

as she was going to Europe with Mrs. Keith. At this news Hubert jumped in and placed himself on the front seat. The knowledge that she was drifting away gave a sudden value to the present occasion. Add to this that in the light of Roger's revelation after the concert, this passive, predestined figure of hers had acquired for the young man a certain rich interest. Nora found herself strangely at ease with her companion. From time to time she strove to check the headlong course of her girlish *épanouissement*; but Hubert evidently, with his broad superior gallantry, was not the person to note to a hair's value the pitiful more or less of a school-girl's primness. Her enjoyment of his presence, her elation in the prospect of departure, made her gayety reckless. They went together to half a dozen shops and talked and laughed so distractedly over her purchases, that she made them sadly at haphazard. At last their progress was arrested by a dead-lock of vehicles in front of them, caused by the breaking down of a horse-car. The carriage drew up near the sidewalk in front of a confectioner's. On Nora's regretting the delay, and saying she was ravenous for lunch, Hubert went into the shop, and returned with a bundle of tarts. The rain came down in sheeted torrents, so that they had to close both the windows. Circled about with this watery screen, they feasted on their tarts with extraordinary relish. In a short time Hubert made another excursion, and returned with a second course. His diving to and fro in the rain excited them to extravagant mirth. Nora had bought some pocket-handkerchiefs, which were in that cohesive state common to these articles in the shop. It seemed a very pretty joke to spread the piece across their knees as a tablecloth.

"To think of picnicking in the midst of Washington Street!" cried Nora, with her lips besprinkled with flakes of pastry.

"For a young lady about to leave her native land, her home, and friends, and

all that's dear to her," said Hubert, "you seem to me in very good spirits."

"Don't speak of it," said Nora. "I shall cry to-night; I know I shall."

"You'll not be able to do this kind of thing abroad," said Hubert. "Do you know we're monstrously improper? For a young girl it's by no means pure gain, going to Europe. She comes into a very pretty heritage of prohibitions. You have no idea of the number of improper things a young girl can do. You're walking on the edge of a precipice. Don't look over or you'll lose your head and never walk straight again. Here, you're all blindfold. Promise me not to lose this blessed bondage of American innocence. Promise me that, when you come back, we shall spend another morning together as free and delightful as this one!"

"I promise you!" said Nora; but Hubert's words had potently foreshadowed the forfeiture of sweet possibilities. For the rest of the drive she was in a graver mood. They found Roger beneath the portico of the hotel, watch in hand, staring up and down the street. Preceding events having been explained to him, he offered to drive his cousin home.

"I suppose Nora has told you," he began, as they proceeded.

"Yes! Well, I'm sorry. She's a charming girl."

"Ah!" Roger cried; "I knew you thought so!"

"You're as knowing as ever! She sails, she tells me, on Wednesday next. And you, when do you sail?"

"I don't sail at all. I'm going home."

"Are you sure of that?"

Roger gazed for a moment out of the window. "I mean for a year," he said, "to allow her perfect liberty."

"And to accept the consequences?"

"Absolutely." And Roger folded his arms.

This conversation took place on a Friday. Nora was to sail from New York on the succeeding Wednesday; for which purpose she was to leave Boston with Mrs. Keith on the Mon-

day. The two ladies were of course to be attended to the ship by Roger. Early Sunday morning Nora received a visit from her friend. The reader will perhaps remember that Mrs. Keith was a recent convert to the Roman Catholic faith; as such, she performed her religious duties with peculiar assiduity. Her present errand was to propose that Nora should go with her to church and join in offering a mass for their safety at sea. "I don't want to undermine your faith, you know; but I think it would be so nice," said Mrs. Keith. Appealing to Roger, Nora received permission to do as she pleased; she therefore lent herself with fervor to this pious enterprise. The two ladies spent an hour at the foot of the altar,—an hour of romantic delight to the younger one. On Sunday evening Roger, who, as the day of separation approached, became painfully anxious and reluctant, betook himself to Mrs. Keith, with the desire to enforce upon her mind a solemn sense of her responsibilities and of the value of the treasure he had confided to her. Nora, left alone, sat wondering whether Hubert might not come to bid her farewell. Wandering listlessly about the room, her eye fell on the Saturday-evening paper. She took it up and glanced down the columns. In one of them she perceived a list of the various church services of the morrow. Last in the line stood this announcement: "At the ——— Church, the Rev. Hubert Lawrence, at eight o'clock." It gave her a gentle shock; it destroyed the vision of his coming in and their having, under the lamp, by the fire, the serious counterpart of their frolicsome *tête-à-tête* in the carriage. She longed to show him that she was not a giggling child, but a wise young lady. But no; in a bright, crowded church, before a hundred eyes, he was speaking of divine things. How did he look in the pulpit? If she could only see him! And why not? She looked at her watch; it stood at ten minutes to eight. She made no pause to reflect; she only felt that she must hurry. She rang the bell and ordered a carriage,

and then, hastening to her room, put on her shawl and bonnet,—the blue crape bonnet of the concert. In a few moments she was on her way to the church. When she reached it, her heart was beating fast; she was on the point of turning back. But the coachman opened the carriage door with such a flourish, that she was ashamed not to get out. She was late; the church was full, the hymn had been sung, and the sermon was about to begin. The sexton with great solemnity conducted her up the aisle to a pew directly beneath the pulpit. She bent her eyes on the ground, but she knew that there was a deep expectant silence, and that Hubert, in a white cravat, was upright before the desk, looking at her. She sat down beside a very grim-visaged old lady with bushy eyebrows, who stared at her so hard, that to hide her confusion she buried her head and improvised a prayer; upon which the old lady seemed to stare more intently, as if she thought her very pretentious. When she raised her head, Hubert had begun to speak; he was looking above her and beyond her, and during the sermon his level glance never met her own. Of what did he speak and what was the moral of his discourse? Nora could not have told you; yet not a soul in the audience surely, not all those listening souls together, were more devoutly attentive than she. But it was not on what he said, but on what he was, or seemed to be, that her perception was centred. Hubert Lawrence had an excellent gift of oratory. His voice was full of penetrating sweetness, and in the bright warm air of the compact little church, modulated with singular refinement, it resounded and sank with the cadence of ringing silver. His speech was silver, though I doubt that his silence was ever golden. His utterance seemed to Nora the perfection of eloquence. She thought of her brief exaltation of the morning, in the incense-thickened air of the Catholic church; but what a straighter flight to heaven was this! Hubert's week-day face was a summer cloud, with a lining

of celestial brightness. Now, how the divine truth overlapped its relenting edges and seemed to transform it into a dazzling focus of light! He spoke for half an hour, but Nora took no note of time. As the service drew to a close, he gave her from the pulpit a rapid glance, which she interpreted as a request to remain. When the congregation began to disperse, a number of persons, chiefly ladies, waited for him near the pulpit, and, as he came down, met him with greetings and compliments. Nora watched him from her place, listening, smiling and passing his handkerchief over his forehead. At last they relieved him, and he came up to her. She remembered for years afterward the strange half-smile on his face. There was something in it like a pair of eyes peeping over a wall. It seemed to express so fine an acquiescence in what she had done, that, for the moment, she had a startled sense of having committed herself to something. He gave her his hand, without manifesting any surprise. "How did you get here?"

"In a carriage. I saw it in the paper at the last moment."

"Does Roger know you came?"

"No; he had gone to Mrs. Keith's."

"So you started off alone, at a moment's notice?"

She nodded, blushing. He was still holding her hand; he pressed it and dropped it. "O Hubert," cried Nora, suddenly, "*now* I know you!"

Two ladies were lingering near, apparently mother and daughter. "I must be civil to them," he said; "they have come from New York to hear me." He quickly rejoined them and conducted them toward their carriage. The younger one was extremely pretty, and looked a little like a Jewess. Nora observed that she wore a great diamond in each ear; she eyed our heroine rather severely as they passed. In a few minutes Hubert came back, and, before she knew it, she had taken his arm and he was beside her in her own carriage. They drove to the hotel in silence; he went up stairs with her.

Roger had not returned. "Mrs. Keith is very agreeable," said Hubert. "But Roger knew that long ago. I suppose you have heard," he added; "but perhaps you've not heard."

"I've not heard," said Nora, "but I've suspected —"

"What?"

"No; it's for you to say."

"Why, that Mrs. Keith might have been Mrs. Lawrence."

"Ah, I was right, — I was right," murmured Nora, with a little air of triumph. "She may be still. I wish she would!" Nora was removing her bonnet before the mirror over the chimney-piece; as she spoke, she caught Hubert's eye in the glass. He dropped it and took up his hat. "Won't you wait?" she asked.

He said he thought he had better go, but he lingered without sitting down. Nora walked about the room, she hardly knew why, smoothing the table-covers and rearranging the chairs.

"Did you cry about your departure, the other night, as you promised?" Hubert asked.

"I confess that I was so tired with our adventures, that I went straight to sleep."

"Keep your tears for a better cause. One of the greatest pleasures in life is in store for you. There are a hundred things I should like to say to you about Rome. How I only wish I were going to show it you! Let me beg you to go some day to a little place in the Via Felice, on the Pincian, — a house with a terrace adjoining the fourth floor. There is a plasterer's shop in the basement. You can reach the terrace by the common staircase. I occupied the rooms adjoining it, and it was my peculiar property. I remember I used often to share it with a poor little American sculptress who lived below. She made my bust; the Apollo Belvedere was nothing to it. I wonder what has become of her! Take a look at the view, — the view I woke up to every morning, read by, studied by, lived by. I used to alternate my periods of sight-seeing with fits of passionate study.

In another winter I think I might have learned something. Your real lover of Rome oscillates with a kind of delicious pain between the city in itself and the city in literature. They keep forever referring you to each other and bandying you to and fro. If we had eyes for metaphysical things, Nora, you might see a hundred odd bits of old ambitions and day-dreams strewn that little terrace. Ah, as I sat there, how the Campagna used to take up the tale and respond to my printed page! If I know anything of the lesson of history (a man of my profession is supposed to), I learned it in that empurpled air! I should like to know who's sitting in the same school now. Perhaps you'll write me a word."

"I'll piously gather up the crumbs of your feasts and make a meal of them," said Nora. "I'll let you know how they taste."

"Pray do. And one more request. Don't let Mrs. Keith make a Catholic of you." And he put out his hand.

She shook her head slowly, as she took it. "I'll have no Pope but you," she said.

The next moment he was gone.

VI.

Roger had assured his cousin that he meant to return home, and indeed, after Nora's departure, he spent a fortnight in the country. But finding he had no patience left for solitude, he again came to town and established himself for the winter. A restless need of getting rid of time caused him to resume his earlier social habits. It began to be said of him that now he had disposed of that queer little girl whom he had picked up heaven knew where (whom it was certainly very good-natured of Mrs. Keith to take off his hands), he was going to look about him for a young person whom he might take to his home in earnest. Roger felt as if he were now establishing himself in society in behalf of that larger personality into which his narrow singleness

was destined to expand. He was paving the way for Nora. It seemed to him that she might find it an easy way to tread. He compared her attentively with every young girl he met; many were prettier, some possessed in larger degree the air of "brightness"; but none revealed that deep-shrined natural force, lurking in the shadow of modesty like a statue in a recess, which you hardly know whether to denominate humility or pride.

One evening, at a large party, Roger found himself approached by an elderly lady who had known him from his boyhood and for whom he had a vague traditional regard, but with whom of late years he had relaxed his intercourse, from a feeling that, being a very worldly old woman, her influence on Nora might be pernicious. She had never smiled on the episode of which Nora was the heroine, and she hailed Roger's reappearance as a sign that this episode was at an end, and that he meant to begin to live as a man of taste. She was somewhat cynical in her shrewdness, and, so far as she might, she handled matters without gloves.

"I'm glad to see you have found your wits again," she said, "and that that forlorn little orphan — Dora, Flora, what's her name? — has n't altogether made a fool of you. You want to marry; come, don't deny it. You can no more remain unmarried than I can remain standing here. Go ask that little man for his chair. With your means and your disposition and all the rest of it, you ought by this time to be setting a good example. But it's never too late to mend. *Fai votre affaire*. Have you been introduced to Miss Sandys? Who is Miss Sandys? There you are to the life! Miss Sandys is Miss Sandys, the young lady in whose honor we are here convened. She is staying with my sister. You must have heard of her. New York, but good New York; so pretty that she might be as silly as you please, yet as clever and good as if she were as plain as I. She's everything a man can want. If you've not

seen her it's providential. Come; don't protest for the sake of protesting. I have thought it all out. Allow me! in this matter I have a real sixth sense. I know at a glance what will do and what won't. You're made for each other. Come and be presented. You have just time to settle down to it before supper."

Then came into Roger's honest visage a sort of Mephistophelian glee, — the momentary intoxication of duplicity. "Well, well," he said, "let us see all that's to be seen." And he thought of his Peruvian Teresa. Miss Sandys, however, proved no Teresa, and Roger's friend had not overstated her merits. Her beauty was remarkable; and strangely, in spite of her blooming maturity, something in her expression, her smile, reminded him forcibly of Nora. So Nora might look after ten or twelve years of evening parties. There was a hint, just a hint, of customary triumph in the poise of her head, an air of serene success in her carriage; but it was her especial charm that she seemed to melt downward and condescend from this altitude of loveliness with a benignant and considerate grace; to drop, as it were, from the zenith of her favor, with a little shake of invitation, the silken cable of a long-drawn smile. Roger felt that there was so little to be feared from her that he actually enjoyed the mere surface glow of his admiration; the sense of floating unmelted in the genial zone of her presence, like a polar ice-block in a summer sea. The more he observed her, the more she seemed to foreshadow his prospective Nora; so that at last, borrowing confidence from this phantasmal identity, he addressed her with unaffected friendliness. Miss Sandys, who was a woman of perceptions, seeing an obviously modest man swimming, as it were, in this mystical calm, became interested. She divined in Roger's manner an unwonted force of admiration. She had feasted her fill on uttered flattery; but here was a good man whose appreciation left compliments far behind. At the end of ten minutes

Roger frankly proclaimed that she reminded him singularly of a young girl he knew. "A young girl, forsooth," thought Miss Sandys. "Is he coming to his *fadaises*, like the rest of them?"

"You're older than she," Roger added, "but I expect her to look like you some time hence."

"I gladly bequeath her my youth, as I come to give it up."

"You can never have been plain," said Roger. "My friend, just now, is no beauty. But I assure you, you encourage me."

"Tell me about this young lady," his companion rejoined. "It's interesting to hear about people one looks like."

"I should like to tell you," said Roger, "but you would laugh at me."

"You do me injustice. Evidently this is a matter of sentiment. A bit of genuine sentiment is the best thing in the world; and when I catch myself laughing at a mortal who confesses to one, I submit to being told that I have grown old only to grow silly."

Roger smiled approval. "I can only say," he answered, "that this young friend of mine is, to me, the most interesting object in the world."

"In other words, you're engaged to her."

"Not a bit of it."

"Why, then, she is a deaf-mute whom you have rendered vocal, or a pretty heathen whom you have brought to Sunday school."

Roger laughed exuberantly. "You've hit it," he said; "a deaf-mute whom I have taught to speak. Add to that, that she was a little blind, and that now she recognizes me with spectacles, and you'll admit that I have reason to be proud of my work." Then after a pause he pursued, seriously: "If anything were to happen to her —"

"If she were to lose her faculties —"

"I should be in despair; but I know what I should do. I should come to you."

"O, I should be a poor substitute!"

"I should make love to you," Roger went on.

"You would be in despair indeed. But you must bring me some supper."

Half an hour later, as the ladies were cloaking themselves, Mrs. Middleton, who had undertaken Roger's case, asked Miss Sandys for her impressions. These seemed to have been highly propitious. "He is not a shining light perhaps," the young lady said, "but he has the real moral heat that one so seldom meets. He's in earnest; after what I have been through, that's very pleasant. And by the way, what is this little deaf and dumb girl in whom he is interested?"

Mrs. Middleton stared. "I never heard she was deaf and dumb. Very likely. He adopted her and brought her up. He has sent her abroad — to learn the languages!"

Miss Sandys mused as they descended the stairs. "He's a good man," she said. "I like him."

It was in consequence, doubtless, of this last remark that Roger, the next morning, received a note from his friend. "You have made a hit; I shall never forgive you, if you don't follow it up. You have only to be decently civil and then propose. Come and dine with me on Wednesday. I shall have only one guest. You know I always take a nap after dinner."

The same post that brought Mrs. Middleton's note brought him a letter from Nora. It was dated from Rome, and ran as follows: —

"I hardly know, dearest Roger, whether to begin with an apology or a scolding. We have each something to forgive, but you have certainly least. I have before me your two poor little notes, which I have been reading over for the twentieth time; trying, in this city of miracles, to work upon them the miracle of the loaves and fishes. But the miracle won't come; they remain only two very much be-thumbed epistles. Dear Roger, I have been extremely vexed and uneasy. I have fancied you were ill, or, worse, — that out of sight is out of mind. It's not with me, I assure you. I have written you *twelve* little letters. They

have been short only cause I have been horribly busy. To-day I declined an invitation to drive on the Campagna, on purpose to write to you. The Campagna, — do you hear? I can hardly believe that, five months ago, I was watching the ripe apples drop in the orchard at C——. We are always on our second floor on the Pincian, with plenty of sun, which you know is the great necessity here. Close at hand are the great steps of the Piazza di Spagna, where the beggars and models sit at the receipt of custom. Some of them are so handsome, sunning themselves there in their picturesqueness, that I can't help wishing I knew how to paint or draw. I wish I had been a good girl three years ago and done as you wished, and taken drawing-lessons in earnest. Dear Roger, I never neglected your advice but to my cost. Mrs. Keith is extremely kind and determined I shall have not come abroad to 'mope,' as she says. She does n't care much for sight-seeing, having done it all before; though she keeps pretty well *au courant* of the various church festivals. She very often talks of you and is very fond of you. She is full of good points, but that is her best one. My own sight-seeing habits don't at all incommode her, owing to my having made the acquaintance of a little old German lady who lives at the top of our house. She is a queer wizened oddity of a woman, but she is very clever and friendly, and she has the things of Rome on her fingers' ends. The reason of her being here is very sad and beautiful. Twelve years ago her younger sister, a beautiful girl (she has shown me her miniature), was deceived and abandoned by her betrothed. She fled away from her home, and after many weary wanderings found her way to Rome, and gained admission to the convent with the dreadful name, — the Sepolte Vive. Here, ever since, she has been immured. The inmates are literally buried alive; they are dead to the outer world. My poor little Mademoiselle Stamm followed her and took up her dwelling here, to be

near her, though with a dead stone wall between them. For twelve years she has never seen her. Her only communication with Lisa — her conventual name she does n't even know — is once a week to deposit a bouquet of flowers, with her name attached, in the little blind wicket of the convent-wall. To do this with her own hands, she lives in Rome. She composes her bouquet with a kind of passion; I have seen her and helped her. Fortunately flowers in Rome are very cheap, for my friend is deplorably poor. I have had a little pleasure, a great pleasure rather, I confess it has been. For the past two months I have furnished the flowers, and I assure you we have had the best. I go each time with Mademoiselle Stamm to the wicket, and we put in our bouquet and see it gobbled up into the speechless maw of the cloister. It's a dismal amusement, but I confess it interests me. I feel as if I knew this poor Lisa; though, after all, she may be dead, and we may be worshipping a shadow. But in this city of shadows and memories, what is one shadow the more? Don't think, however, that we spend all our time in this grim fashion. We go everywhere, we see everything; I could n't be in better hands. Mrs. Keith has doubts about my friend's moral influence; she accuses her of being a German philosopher in petticoats. She is a German, she wears petticoats; and having known poverty and unhappiness, she is obliged to be something of a philosopher. As for her metaphysics, they may be very wicked, but I should be too stupid to understand them, and it's less trouble to abide by my own — and Mrs. Keith's! At all events, I have told her all about you, and she says you are the one good man she ever heard of: so it's not for you to disapprove of her! My mornings I spend with her; after lunch I go out with Mrs. Keith. We drive to the various villas, make visits upon all kinds of people, go to studios and churches and palaces. In the evenings we hold high revel. Mrs. Keith knows

every one ; she receives a great many people, and we go out in proportion. It's a most amusing world. I have seen more people in the last six weeks than I ever expected to in a lifetime. I feel so old — you would n't know me ! One grows more in a month in this wonderful Rome than in a year at home. Mrs. Keith is very much liked and admired. She has lightened her mourning and looks much better ; but, as she says, she will never be herself till she gets back to pink. As for me, I wear pink and blue and every color of the rainbow. It appears that everything suits me ; there's no spoiling me. You see it's an advantage not to have a complexion. Of course, I'm out. — a thousand miles out. I came out six weeks ago at the great ball of the Princess X. How the Princess X. — poor lady ! — came to serve my turn, is more than I can say ; but Mrs. Keith is a fairy godmother ; she shod me in glass slippers and we went. I fortunately came home with my slippers on my feet. I was very much frightened when we went in. I curtsied to the Princess ; and the Princess stared good-naturedly ; while I heard Mrs. Keith behind me whispering, 'Lower, lower !' But I have yet to learn how to curtsy to condescending princesses. Now I can drop a little bow to a good old cardinal as smartly as you please. Mrs. Keith has presented me to half a dozen, with whom I pass, I suppose, for an interesting convert. Alas, I'm only a convert to worldly vanities, which I confess I vastly enjoy. Dear Roger, I am hopelessly frivolous. The shrinking diffidence of childhood I have utterly cast away. I speak up at people as bold as brass. I like having them introduced to me, and having to be interested and interesting at a moment's notice. I like listening and watching ; I like sitting up to the small hours ; I like talking myself. But I need hardly to tell you this, at the end of my ten pages of chatter. I have talked about my own affairs, because I know they will interest you. Profit by my good example, and tell me all about

yours. Do you miss me ? I have read over and over your two little notes, to find some little hint that you do ; but not a word ! I confess I would n't have you too unhappy. I am so glad to hear you are in town, and not at that dreary, wintry C—. Is our old C— life at an end, I wonder ? Nothing can ever be the same after a winter in Rome. Sometimes I'm half frightened at having had it in my youth. It leaves such a chance for a contrasted future ! But I shall come back some day with you. And not even the Princess X. shall make me forget my winter seat by the library fire at C—, my summer seat under the great apple-tree."

This production seemed to Roger a marvel of intellectual promise and epistolary grace ; it filled his eyes with grateful tears ; he carried it in his pocket-book and read it to a dozen people. His tears, however, were partly those of penitence, as well as of delight. He had had a purpose in staying his own hand, though heaven knows it had ached to write. He wished to make Nora miss him and to let silence combine with absence to plead for him. Had he succeeded ? Not too well, it would seem ; yet well enough to make him feel that he had been cruel. His letter occupied him so intensely that it was not till within an hour of Mrs. Middleton's dinner that he remembered his engagement. In the drawing-room he found Miss Sandys, looking even more beautiful in a dark high-necked dress than in the glory of gauze and flowers. During dinner he was in excellent spirits ; he uttered perhaps no epigrams, but he gave, by his laughter, an epigrammatic turn to the ladyish gossip of his companions. Mrs. Middleton entertained the best hopes. When they had left the table she betook herself to her arm-chair, and erected a little hand-screen before her face, behind which she slept or not, as you please. Roger, suddenly bethinking himself that if Miss Sandys had been made a party to the old lady's views, his alacrity of manner might compromise him, checked his vivacity,

and asked his companion stiffly if she played the piano. On her confessing to this accomplishment, he of course proceeded to open the instrument, which stood in the adjoining room. Here Miss Sandys sat down and played with great resolution an exquisite composition of Schubert. As she struck the last note he uttered some superlative of praise. She was silent for a moment, and then, "That's a thing I rarely play," she said.

"It's very difficult, I suppose."

"It's not only difficult, but it's too sad."

"Sad!" cried Roger, "I should call it very joyous."

"You must be in very good spirits! I take it to have been meant for pure sadness. This is what should suit your mood!" and she attacked with great animation one of Strauss's waltzes. But she had played but a dozen chords when he interrupted her. "Spare me," he said. "I may be glad, but not with that gladness. I confess that I *am* in spirits. I have just had a letter from that young friend of whom I spoke to you."

"Your adopted daughter? Mrs. Middleton told me about her."

"Mrs. Middleton," said Roger, in downright fashion, "knows nothing about her. Mrs. Middleton," and he lowered his voice and laughed, "is not an oracle of wisdom." He glanced into the other room at their hostess and her complaisant screen. He felt with peculiar intensity that, whether she was napping or no, she was a sadly superficial — in fact a positively immoral — old woman. It seemed absurd to believe that this fair wise creature before him had lent herself to a scheme of such a one's making. He looked awhile at her deep clear eyes and the firm sweetness of her lips. It would be a satisfaction to smile with her over Mrs. Middleton's machinations. "Do you know what she wants to do with us?" he went on. "She wants to make a match between us."

He waited for her smile, but it was heralded by a blush, — a blush porten-

tous, formidable, tragical. Like a sudden glow of sunset in a noonday sky, it covered her fair face and burned on her cloudless brow. "The deuce!" thought Roger. "Can it be, — can it be?" The smile he had invoked followed fast; but this was not the order of nature.

"A match between *us*!" said Miss Sandys. "What a brilliant idea!"

"Not that I can't easily imagine falling in love with you," Roger rejoined; "but — but —"

"But you're in love with some one else." Her eyes, for a moment, rested on him intently. "With your *protégée*!"

Roger hesitated. It seemed odd to be making this sacred confidence to a stranger; but with this matter of Mrs. Middleton's little arrangement between them, she was hardly a stranger. If he had offended her, too, the part of gallantry was to avow everything. "Yes, I'm in love!" he said. "And with the young lady you so much resemble. She does n't know it. Only one or two persons know it, save yourself. It's the secret of my life, Miss Sandys. She is abroad. I have wished to do what I could for her. It's an odd sort of position, you know. I have brought her up with the view of making her my wife, but I've never breathed a word of it to her. She must choose for herself. My hope is that she'll choose me. But heaven knows what turn she may take, what may happen to her over there in Rome. I hope for the best; but I think of little else. Meanwhile I go about with a sober face, and eat and sleep and talk, like the rest of the world; but all the while I'm counting the hours. Really, I don't know what has started me up in this way. I don't suppose you'll at all understand my situation; but you are evidently so good that I feel as if I might count on your sympathies."

Miss Sandys listened with her eyes bent downward, and with great gravity. When he had spoken, she gave him her hand with a certain passionate abruptness. "You have them!" she

said. "Much good may they do you! I know nothing of your friend, but it's hard to fancy her disappointing you. I perhaps don't altogether enter into your situation. It's novel, but it's extremely interesting. I hope before rejecting you she'll think twice. I don't bestow my esteem at random, but you have it, Mr. Lawrence, absolutely." And with these words she rose. At the same moment their hostess suspended her siesta, and the conversation became general. It can hardly be said, however, to have prospered. Miss Sandys talked with a certain gracious zeal which was not unallied, I imagine, to a desire to efface the trace of that superb blush I have attempted to chronicle. Roger brooded and wondered; and Mrs. Middleton, fancying that things were not going well, expressed her displeasure by abusing every one who was mentioned. She took heart again for the moment when, on the young lady's carriage being announced, the latter, turning in farewell to Roger, asked him if he ever came to New York. "When you are next there," she said, "you must make a point of coming to see me. You'll have something to tell me."

After she had gone Roger demanded of Mrs. Middleton whether she had imparted to Miss Sandys her scheme for their common felicity. "Never mind what I said, or did n't say," she replied. "She knows enough not to be taken unawares. And now tell me—" But Roger would tell her nothing. He made his escape, and as he walked home in the frosty star-light, his face wore a broad smile of the most shameless elation. He had gone up in the market. Nora might do worse! There stood that beautiful woman knocking at his door.

A few evenings after this Roger called upon Hubert. Not immediately, but on what may be called the second line of conversation, Hubert asked him what news he had from Nora. Roger replied by reading her letter aloud. For some moments after he had finished Hubert was silent.

"One grows more in a month in this wonderful Rome," he said at last, quoting, "than in a year at home."

"Grow, grow, grow, and heaven speed it!" said Roger.

"She's growing, you may depend upon it."

"Of course she is; and yet," said Roger, discriminatingly, "there is a kind of girlish freshness, a childish simplicity, in her style."

"Strongly marked," said Hubert, laughing. "I have just got a letter from her you'd take to be written by a child of ten."

"You have a letter?"

"It came an hour ago. Let me read it."

"Had you written to her?"

"Not a word. But you'll see." And Hubert in his dressing-gown, standing before the fire, with the same silver-sounding accents Nora had admired, distilled her own gentle prose into Roger's attentive ear.

"I have not forgotten your asking me to write to you about your beloved Pincian view. Indeed, I have been daily reminded of it by having that same view continually before my eyes. From my own window I see the same dark Rome, the same blue Campagna. I have rigorously performed my promise, however, of ascending to your little terrace. I have an old German friend here, a perfect archæologist in petticoats, in whose company I think as little of climbing to terraces and towers as of diving into catacombs and crypts. We chose the finest day of the winter, and made the pilgrimage together. The plaster-merchant is still in the basement. We saw him in his doorway, standing to dry, whitened over as if he meant personally to be cast. We reached your terrace in safety. It was flooded with light, with that tempered Roman glow which seems to be compounded of molten gold and liquid amethyst. A young painter who occupies your rooms had set up his easel under an umbrella in the open air. A young *contadina*, imported I suppose from the Piazza di Spagna, was

sitting to him in the brilliant light, which deepened splendidly her brown face, her blue-black hair, and her white head-cloth. He was flattering her to his heart's content, and of course to hers. When I want my portrait painted, I shall know where to go. My friend explained to him that we had come to look at his terrace in behalf of an unhappy far-away American gentleman who had once been master of it. Hereupon he was charmingly polite. He showed us the little *salonetta*, the fragment of bas-relief inserted in the wall, — was it there in your day? — and a dozen of his own pictures. One of them was a very pretty version of the view from the terrace. Does it betray an indecent greed for applause to let you know that I bought it, and that, if you are very good and write me a delightful long letter, you shall have it when I get home? It seemed to me that you would be glad to learn that your little habitation had n't fallen away from its high tradition, and that it still is consecrated to the sunny vigils of genius and ambition. Your vigils, I suppose, were not enlivened by dark-eyed *contadine*, though they were shared by that poor little American sculptress. I asked the young painter if she had left any memory behind her. Only a memory, it appears. She died a month after his arrival. I never was so bountifully thanked for anything as for buying our young man's picture. As he poured out his lovely Italian gratulations, I felt like some patronizing duchess of the Renaissance. You will have to do your best, when I transfer it to your hands, to give as pretty a turn to your gratitude. This is only one specimen of a hundred delightful rambles I have had with Mlle. Stamm. We go a great deal to the churches; I never tire of them. Not in the least that I'm turning Papist; though in Mrs. Keith's society, if I chose to do so, I might treat myself to the luxury of being a nine days' wonder, (admire my self-denial!) but because they are so picturesque and historic; so redolent of

memories, so rich with traditions, so charged with atmosphere, so haunted with the past. I like to linger in them, — a barbarous Western maid, doubly a heretic, an alien social and religious, — and watch the people come and go on this eternal business of salvation, — take their ease between the fancy walls of the faith. To go into most of the churches is like reading some better novel than I find most novels. They are pitched, as it were, in various keys. On a fine day, if I have on my best bonnet, if I have been to a party the night before, I like to go to Sta. Maria Maggiore. Standing there, I dream, I dream, *cugino mio*; I should be ashamed to tell you the nonsense I do dream! On a rainy day, when I tramp out with Mlle. Stamm in my water-proof; when the evening before, instead of going to a party, I have sat quietly at home reading Rio's "Art Chrétien" (recommended by the Abbé Ledoux, Mrs. Keith's confessor), I like to go to the Ara Cœli. There you stand among the very *bric-à-brac* of Christian history. Something takes you at the throat, — but you will have felt it; I need n't try to define the indefinable. Nevertheless, in spite of M. Rio and the Abbé Ledoux (he's a very charming old man too, and a keeper of ladies' consciences, if there ever was one), there is small danger of my changing my present faith for one which will make it a sin to go and hear you preach. Of course, we don't only haunt the churches. I know in a way the Vatican, the Capitol, and those entertaining galleries of the great palaces. You, of course, frequented them and held phantasmal revel there. I'm stopped short on every side by my deplorable ignorance; still, as far as may be given to a silly girl, I enjoy. I wish you were here, or that I knew some benevolent man of culture. My little German duenna is a marvel of learning and communicativeness, and when she fairly harangues me, I feel as if in my single person I were a young ladies' boarding-school of fifty. But only a man can talk really to the point

of this manliest of cities. Mrs. Keith sees a great many gentlemen of one sort and another; but what do they know of Brutus and Augustus, of Emperors and Popes? But I shall keep my impressions, such as they are, and we shall talk them over at our leisure. I shall bring home plenty of photographs; we shall have charming times looking at them. Roger writes that he means next winter to take a furnished house in town. You must come often and see us. We are to spend the summer in England. . . . Do you often see Roger? I suppose so,—he wrote he was having a ‘capital winter.’ By the way, I’m ‘out.’ I go to balls and wear Paris dresses. I toil not, neither do I spin. There is apparently no end to my banker’s account, and Mrs. Keith sets me a prodigious example of buying. Is Roger meanwhile going about in patched trousers?”

At this point Hubert stopped, and on Roger’s asking him if there was nothing more, declared that the rest was private. “As you please,” said Roger. “By Jove! what a letter,—what a letter!”

Several months later, in September, Roger hired for the ensuing winter a small furnished house. Mrs. Keith and her companion were expected to reach home on the 10th of October. On the 6th, Roger took possession of his house. Most of the rooms had been repainted, and on preparing to establish himself in one for the night, Roger found that the fresh paint emitted such an odor as to make his position

untenable. Exploring the premises, he discovered in the lower regions, in a kind of sub-basement, a small vacant apartment, destined to a servant, in which he had a bed erected. It was damp, but, as he thought, not too damp, the basement being dry, as basements go. For three nights he occupied this room. On the fourth morning he woke up with a chill and a headache. By noon he had a fever. The physician, being sent for, pronounced him seriously ill, and assured him that he had been guilty of a gross imprudence. He might as well have slept in a vault. It was the first sanitary indiscretion Roger had ever committed; he had a dismal foreboding of its results. Towards evening the fever deepened and he began to lose his head. He was still distinctly conscious that Nora was to arrive on the morrow, and sadly disgusted that she was to find him in this sorry plight. It was a bitter disappointment that he might not meet her at the steamer. Still, Hubert might. He sent for Hubert accordingly, and had him brought to his bedside. “I shall be all right in a day or two,” he said, “but meanwhile some one must receive Nora. I know you’ll be glad to, you villain!”

Hubert declared that he was no villain, but that he would be happy to perform this service. As he looked at his poor fever-stricken cousin, however, he doubted strongly that Roger would be “all right” in a day or two. On the morrow he went down to the ship.

H. James Jr.

AN EVENING WITH MRS. HAWTHORNE.

THE news of Mrs. Hawthorne's death reminded me of a happy evening spent beneath the roof of that most gracious and lovable woman, at a time when for me to visit Hawthorne's house was to make a pilgrimage to a shrine. I will not dwell on the more private and personal interests of the occasion, but I remember that in approaching the house I thought of Keats's fine description of his visit to the home of Burns, when he "felt as if he were going to a tournament."

Beginning with some such emotion, I felt very rich that evening, when Mrs. Hawthorne put into my hand several volumes of those diaries which carry us so near the heart of this great writer. As I reverently opened one, it seemed a singular *Sortes Virgilianæ* that my eye should first fall upon this passage: "I am more an Abolitionist in feeling than in principle." It was in a description of some festival day in Maine, when Hawthorne's keen eye had noted the neat looks and courteous demeanor of a party of colored people. It removed at once the slight barrier by which the suspicious conscience of a reformer had seemed to separate me from him. I had seen him but twice, — remotely, as a boy looks at a celebrated man, — but it had always been painful to me that he, alone among the prominent literary men of New England, should be persistently arrayed on what seemed to me the wrong side. From that moment I convinced myself that his heart was really on our side, and only the influence of his early friend Pierce had led him to different political conclusions.

Then, I remember, Mrs. Hawthorne asked her younger daughter to sing to us; and she sang dreamy and thoughtful songs, such as "Consider the Lilies," and Tennyson's "Break, break, break," and "Too Late." "It is not singing, it is eloquence," said afterwards the

proud and loving mother, from whose own thrilling and sympathetic voice the eloquence seemed well inherited. Mrs. Hawthorne had always seemed to dwell in an ideal world, through her own poetic nature as well as through her husband's. I watched her as she sat on her low chair by the fire, while the music lasted; her hair was white, her cheeks pallid, and her eyes full of tender and tremulous light. To have been the object of Hawthorne's love imparted an immortal charm and sacredness to a life, that, even without that added association, would have had an undying grace of its own. She having thus lived and loved, *gelebt und geliebt*, it seemed as if her existence never could become more spiritual or unworldly than it already was.

After her children had left us for the night, we sat and talked together; or rather I questioned and she answered, telling me of her husband's home-life and also of his intercourse with strangers; saying, what touched but did not surprise me, that men who had committed great crimes or whose memories held tragic secrets would sometimes write to him, or even come great distances to see him, and unburden their souls. This was after the publication of the "Scarlet Letter," which made them regard him as the father-confessor for all hidden sins. And that which impressed me most, after all, was her description of the first reading of that masterpiece. For this I have not to rely on memory alone, because I wrote it down, just afterwards, in my chamber, — a room beneath Hawthorne's study, in the tower which he had added to the house.

She said that it was not her husband's custom to sit with her while he wrote, nor to tell her about any literary work till it was finished, but that then he was always impatient to read it to her. In writing the "Wonder-Book,"

to be sure, he liked to read his day's work to the children in the evening, by way of test. She added that while thus occupied with that particular book, he was in high spirits; and this, as I knew, meant a good deal, for his daughter had once told me that he was capable of being the very gayest person she ever saw, and that "there never was such a playmate in all the world."

But during the whole winter when the "Scarlet Letter" was being written he seemed depressed and anxious. "There was a knot in his forehead all the time," Mrs. Hawthorne said, but she thought it was from some pecuniary anxiety, such as sometimes affected that small household. One evening he came to her and said that he had written something which he wished to read aloud; it was worth very little, but as it was finished, he might as well read it. He read aloud all that evening; but as the romance was left unfinished when they went to bed, not a word was then said about it on either side. He always disliked, she said, to have anything criticised until the whole had been heard. He read a second evening, and the concentrated excitement had grown so great that she could scarcely bear it. At last it grew unendurable; and in the midst of the scene, near the end of the book, where Arthur Dimmesdale meets Hester and her child in the forest, Mrs. Hawthorne fell from her low stool upon the floor, pressed her hands upon her ears, and said she could hear no more.

Hawthorne put down the manuscript and looked at her in perfect amazement. "Do you really feel it so much?" he said; "then there must be something in it." He prevailed on her to rise and to hear the few remaining chapters of the romance.

To those who knew Mrs. Hawthorne's impressible nature, this reminiscence of hers will have no tinge of

exaggeration, but will appear very characteristic; she had borne to the utmost the strain upon her emotions, before yielding. The next day, she said, the manuscript was delivered to Mr. Fields, and the next morning he appeared early at the door, and on being admitted, caught up her boy in his arms, saying, "You splendid little fellow, do you know what a father you have?" Then he ran up stairs to Hawthorne's study, telling her, as he went, that he (and I think Mr. Whipple) had sat up all night to read it, and had come to Salem as early as possible in the morning. She did not go up stairs, but soon her husband came down, with fire in his eyes, and walked about the room, a different man.

I have hesitated whether to print this brief narrative. Yet everything which illustrates the creation of a great literary work belongs to the world. How it would delight us all, if the Shakespeare societies were to bring to light a description like this of the very first reading of "Macbeth" or of "Hamlet"! To me it is somewhat the same thing to have got so near to the birth-hour of the "Scarlet Letter." So I felt, at least, that evening; and she who had first heard those wondrous pages was there before me, still sitting on the same low chair whence she had slipped to the floor, with her hands over her ears, just as the magician had wrought his spell to its climax. Now his voice and hers, each so tender and deep and with the modulation of some rare instrument, have alike grown silent, only to blend elsewhere, let us hope, in some loftier symphony.

"Now long that instrument has ceased to sound,
Now long that gracious form in earth hath lain,
Tended by nature only, and unwound
Are all those mingled threads of love and pain;
So let us weep, and bend
Our heads, and wait the end,
Knowing that God creates not thus in vain."

T. W. Higginson.

ON AN OLD LATIN TEXT-BOOK.

I REMEMBER the very day when the schoolmaster gave it to me. He was that vigorous, rigorous, kind-hearted, thoroughbred Englishman, W. W. It was the beginning of a new school-year. Lowell and Story and the other old boys, who seemed so immeasurably ancient, had been transferred to college; and last year's youngest class was at length youngest but one, and ready for the "New Latin Tutor." Then W. W. called us to his desk, and, opening it, — I can hear the very rattle of the "birch" as it rolled back from the uplifted lid, — he brought out for us these books, in all the glory of fresh calf binding, and gave each volume into trembling, boyish hands. To some of us there was always more of birch than of bounty in the immediate associations of that desk, and I fancy that we always trembled a little when we had a new book, as if all the potential floggings which it might involve were already tingling between its covers. Yet those of us whose love of the book was wont to save us from the rod may have felt the thrill of delight predominate; at any rate, there was novelty and "the joy of eventful living"; and I remember that the rather stern and aquiline face of our teacher relaxed into mildness for a moment. Both we and our books must have looked very fresh and new to him, though we may all be a little battered now; at least, my "New Latin Tutor" is. The change undergone by the volume which Browning put in the plum-tree cleft, to be read only by newts and beetles, —

"With all the binding all of a blister,
And great blue spots where the ink has run,
And reddish streaks that wink and glister," —

could hardly exceed what this book shows, when I fish it up from a chest of literary lumber, coeval with itself. It would smell musty, doubtless, to any nose unregulated by a heart; but to me it is redolent of the alder-blos-

soms of boyish springs, and the aromatic walnut-odor which used in autumn to pervade the dells of "Sweet Auburn," that lay not so very far from our school-house. It is a very precious book, and it should be robbed in choice Turkey morocco, were not the very covers too much a part of the association to be changed. For between them I gathered the seed-grain of many harvests of delight; through this low archway I first looked upon the immeasurable beauty of words.

"Do ye hear, or does an amiable madness seize me? I seem to hear her, and to wander through holy groves, where the pleasant waters and the breezes play." Are these phrases really so delightful, or was it the process of re-translation into Latin that so fixed them in my ear? It seems to me that they first taught me what language was meant for; they set to music the wandering breeze and the running brook; they doubled the joy that these things gave. There was no new information offered by the sentence; I had long known that the waters were pleasant, and had an instinct that the groves were holy; but that it was within the power of words to reproduce and almost double by utterance these sweet felicities, this had never dawned upon me till these "exercises in writing Latin" began. This, then, was literature!

"But he, yet a boy and as unobserved, goes here and there upon the lonely green; and dips the soles of his feet, then up to the ankle, in the playing waters." How delicious it seemed in the English, how much more in the Latin! What liquid words were these: *agua, aura, unda!* All English poetry that I had yet learned by heart — it is only children who learn by heart, grown people "commit to memory" — had not so awakened the vision of what literature might mean. Thence

forth all life became ideal. The child who read this was himself that boy "upon the lonely green"; he it was who, being twelve years old, could just touch the tender boughs from the ground: —

"Alter ab undecimo tum me jam ceperat annus,
Jam fragiles poteram a terra contingere ramos."

Then human passion, tender, faithful, immortal, came also by and beckoned. "'But let me die,' she said. 'Thus, thus it delights me to go under the shades.'" Or that infinite tenderness, the stronger even for its opening moderation of utterance, the last sigh of Æneas after Dido, —

"Nec me meminisse pigebit Elissam
Dum memor ipse mihi, dum spiritus hos regit artus."

Then "visionary forms" gather round the boy's head, "fluttering about in wondrous ways; he hears various sounds and enjoys an interview with the gods": —

"Multa modis simulacra videt volitantia miris
Et varias audit voces, fruiturque Deorum
Colloquio."

Or, with more definite and sublime grandeur, the vast forms of Roman statesmanship appear: "To-day, Romans, you behold the commonwealth, the lives of you all, estates, fortunes, wives, and children, and the seat of this most renowned empire, this most fortunate and most beautiful city, preserved and restored to you by the distinguished love of the immortal gods, and by my toils, counsels, and dangers."

What great thoughts were found within these pages, what a Roman vigor was in these maxims! "It is Roman to do and to suffer bravely." "It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country." "He that gives himself up to pleasure is not worthy the name of a man." "It is the part of a brave and unshaken spirit not to be disturbed in adverse affairs." "At how much is virtue to be estimated, which can never be taken away by force, nor purloined; is neither lost by shipwreck, nor by fire, nor is it changed by the alterations of seasons and of times." Then came the tender charities. "Com

passionate such grievous afflictions, compassionate a soul bearing unmerited treatment." There was nothing hard or stern in this book, no cynicism, no indifference; but it was a flower-garden of lovely out-door allusions, a gallery of great deeds; and, as I have said, it formed the child's first real glimpse into the kingdom of words.

Could not the same literary fascination, the same spell, prophetic of future joys, have been exerted by English poetry? Perhaps so, though just the same quality of charm had never, in my case, been found there. But what fixed it forever in the mind was the minute and detailed study required in the process of translation, — the balancing of epithets, the seeking of equivalents. Genius doubtless is a law to itself, but for ordinary minds the delicate shading of language must be discerned by careful comparison of words, just as taste in dress comes to women by the careful matching of soft tints. It takes two languages to teach us the resources of one. Montaigne, who taught his son to speak Latin only, left him as uneducated as if he had learned his mother-tongue alone.

I was once asked by a doctor of divinity, who was also the overseer of a college, whether I ever knew any one to look back with pleasure upon his early studies in Latin and Greek. It was like being asked if one looked back with pleasure on summer mornings and evenings. No doubt those languages, like all others, have fared hard at the hands of pedants; and there are active boys who hate all study, and others who love the natural sciences alone. But I remember with unspeakable gratitude that I never tasted of any study whatever without hearty enjoyment; nor is it easy to see how any one can ever feel ennui in life while there is a language or a science left to learn. Indeed, it is a hasty assumption, that the majority of boys hate Latin and Greek. I find that most college graduates, at least, retain some relish for the memory of such studies, even if they have utterly lost

the power to masticate or digest them. "Though they speak no Greek, they love the sound on 't." Many a respectable citizen still loves to look at his Horace or Virgil on the shelf where it has stood undisturbed for a dozen years; he looks, and thinks that he too lived in Arcadia. He recalls his college dreams, and walks, and talks, and the debating-society, and the class-day. He murmurs something to himself about the "still air of delightful studies." The books link him with culture, and universities, and the traditions of great scholars. On some stormy Sunday, he thinks, he will take them down. At length he tries it; he handles the volume awkwardly, as he does his infant; but it is something to be able to say that neither book nor baby has been actually dropped. He likes to know that there is a tie between him and each of these possessions, though he is willing, it must be owned, to leave the daily care of each in more familiar hands.

But even if he only hated the sight of his old text-books, what would it prove? Not that he was unfit for their study, or the study for him, but that either book or teacher was inadequate. It is not the child's fault if all this region of delight be haunted by ogres called grammarians. Where "Andrews and Stoddard" enter, it is inevitable that all joys should flee; but why, we are now beginning to ask, should those extremely prosaic gentlemen come in at all? Accuracy is desirable, and doubtless a child should learn grammar, but the terrible book which this academical firm prepared was not a grammar; it was an encyclopædia of philology in small print. It is something to the praise of classical studies that even those two well-meaning men did not extinguish these pursuits forever. It is not to be imputed to boys as a crime, "that they do not love the conjugations at first sight, or conceive a passionate attachment for the irregular verbs." In the days when this old book was new, a little manual of a hundred pages, prepared by W. W. himself, con-

tained all that was held needful to be learned of grammar; and in these happy modern days of Allen and of Goodwin, that golden age returns. Any child can bear a little drudgery, and it will do him good; it is the amount that kills. A boy will joyfully wade through a half-mile of sandhills to reach the sea; but do not, therefore, try him with the desert of Sahara. When I was at school, the path did not lead through the desert; but had it done so, this old text-book would have been an oasis.

Yet it may plausibly be said that what charms the child, after all, is the grace of the phrase, and that even if a collection of good English sentences would not answer as well (because he is not forced to dwell on them for the purpose of translation), yet some German or French phrase-book, provided it were not Ollendorff, might serve the purpose. I should be the last person to deny the magic that may also dwell, for young people, in a book like Miss Austen's "Selections from German Prose Writers," which at a later period I almost learned by heart. But however we may define the words "classic" and "romantic," it will be found, I think, however contrary to the impression of many, that the child is naturally a classicist first. Emerson said well, "Every healthy boy is a Greek"; while his powers are dawning and he divides his life between games and books, he prefers phrases that, while they touch his imagination, have yet a certain definite quality. A Greek statue, a Latin line, reach him and stay with him; he likes them as he likes Scott, for the vivid picture. He must grow a little older, must look before and after; the vague sense of a dawning destiny must begin just to touch him; he must gaze into a maiden's eyes, and begin to write long reveries in his journal, and fancy himself "so young, yet so old," before Germany can fully reach him. To the German was given "the powers of the air," but the boy dwells on earth; for him the very gods must be, like those

of the Greeks and Romans, men and women. He is poetic, but it is according to Milton's definition, "simple, sensuous, passionate"; the boy's poetry is classic, it is the youth only who is romantic. Give him time enough, and every castle on the Rhine will have for him a dream, and every lily of the Mummelsee an imprisoned maiden; but his earlier faith is in the more definite *dramatis personæ* of this old text-book. Wordsworth, in one of his profoundest poems, "Tintern Abbey," has described the difference between the "glad animal movements" of a boy's most ardent love of nature, and the more meditative enjoyment of later years; and the child approaches literature as he does nature, with direct and vehement delight; the wildest romances must have in some sort definite outlines, as in the Arabian Nights. The epoch of vague dreams will come later; up to the age of thirteen he is a Roman or a Greek.

I must honestly say that much of the modern outcry against classical studies seems to me to be (as in the case of good Dr. Jacob Bigelow) a frank hostility to literature itself, as the supposed rival of science; or a willingness (as in Professor Atkinson's case) to tolerate modern literature, while discouraging the study of the ancient. Both seem to commit the error of drawing their examples of abuse from England, and applying their warnings to America. Because your neighbor on one side is dying of a plethora, there is no reason why you should withhold bread from your neighbor on the other side, who is dying of starvation. Because nine tenths of the English school-boys are "addled," according to Mr. Farrar, by being overworked in Latin verse-making, must we transfer the same imputation to colleges which never burdened the conscience of a pupil with a single metrical line? Because the House of Commons was once said to care more for a false quantity in Latin verse than in English morals, shall we visit equal indignation on a House of Representatives

that had to send for a classical dictionary to find out who Thersites was? Since all the leading modern languages and the chief branches of natural science have been sedulously taught in our American colleges for a quarter of a century, why keep discoursing on the omissions of Oxford and Cambridge? Have we, then, no sins of our own, that we must torture ourselves in vicarious penance for the whole of Europe?

Granted, that foreign systems of education may err by insisting on the arts of literary structure too much; think what we should lose by dwelling on them too little! The magic of mere words; the mission of language; the worth of form as well as of matter; the power to make a common thought immortal in a phrase, so that your fancy can no more detach the one from the other than it can separate the soul and body of a child;—it was the veiled half-revelation of these things that made that old text-book forever fragrant to me. There are in it the still visible traces of wild-flowers which I used to press between the pages, on the way to school; but it was the pressed flowers of Latin poetry that were embalmed there first. These are blossoms that do not fade. Horace was right in his fond imagination, and his monument has proved more permanent than any bronze, *ære perennius*. "Wonderful is it to me," says Boccaccio, in Landor's delicious Pentameron, "when I consider that an infirm and helpless creature, such as I am, should be capable of laying thoughts up in their cabinet of words which Time, as he moves by, with the revolutions of stormy and eventful years, can never move from their places."

One must bear in mind the tendencies of the time. If the danger were impending of an age of mere literary conceits, every one should doubtless contend against it; for what is the use of polished weapons, where there is no ammunition? But the current tendency is all the other way, — to distrust all literary graces, to denude English style of all positive beauty, and leave it

only the colorless vehicle of thought. There must not even be the smoothness of Queen Anne's day, still less the delicacy of the current French traditions; but only a good, clear, manly, energetic, insular style, as if each dwelt on an island, and hailed his neighbor each morning in good chest tones, to tell him the news. It is the farthest possible from the style of a poet or an artist, but it is the style of that ideal man for whom Huxley longs, "whose intellect is a clear, cold logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to all kinds of work." In Huxley himself this type of writing is seen at the greatest advantage; Froude and Seelye have much the same; and books like the "Essays on a Liberal Education," put together by a dozen different Oxford and Cambridge men, exhibit but one style,—a style that goes straight to the mark and will stand no nonsense. It is all very well, so far, and this is doubtless better than carving the bow till it breaks, as in Æsop's fable; but is there not room in the world for both science and art, use and beauty? If a page is good that tells truth plainly, may not another page have merit that sets truth in words which linger like music on the ear? We are outgrowing the foolish fear that science is taking all poetry away from the facts of nature; but why should it set itself against the poetry of words? The *savans* themselves recognize the love of beauty as quite a respectable instinct, when it appears paleontologically. When, in the exploration of bone-caves, they find that some primeval personage carved a bird or a beaver upon his hatchet, they are all in ecstasies and say, "This is indeed a discovery. About the year of the world thirty-three thousand, art was born!" But if art took so long a gestation, is it not worth keeping alive, now that we have got it? Why is it that, when all these added centuries have passed, the writer must now take the style, which is his weapon, must erase from it all attempt at beauty, and

demand only that, like the barbaric hatchet, it shall bring down its man?

In America, this tendency is only dawning; while Emerson lives, it will be still believed that literature means form as well as matter. But no one can talk with the pupils of our new technological schools, without seeing that, in surrendering books like my old Latin text-book, it is in fact literature that they renounce. They speak as impatiently of the hours wasted on *Paradise Lost* as if they were given to Plato. Even at our oldest University, the department of "Rhetoric and Oratory" came so near to extinction that it only got a reprieve on the very scaffold, at the intercession of some of the older graduates. "To pursue literature *per se*" has become almost a badge of reproach in quarters where what is sometimes called "the new education" prevails. Now there is no danger, in these exciting Darwinian days, that any one will disregard the study of natural science; but when one sees how desperately it sometimes narrows its votaries, one admires the wit of the Cambridge lady who said the other day, when taxed with one-sidedness by the scientists, that she must, after all, prefer literature *per se* to science purblind.

It is my most cherished conviction that this Anglo-American race is developing a finer organization than the stock from which it sprang,—is destined to be more sensitive to art, as well as more abundant in nervous energy. We must not narrow ourselves into science only, must not become mere observers nor mere thinkers, but must hold to the side of art as well. Grant that it is the worthy mission of the current British literature to render style clear, simple, and convincing, it may yet be the mission of Americans to take that style and make it beautiful.

And in this view we need, above all things else, to retain in our American universities all that looks toward literature, whether based upon the study of the modern, or, still better, of the an-

cient tongues. I do not mean to advocate mere pedantries, such as the Latin programmes on Commencement day, or the Latin triennial Catalogues ; but I mean such actual delights in the study of language as my old text-book gave. It seems almost needless to say that the best training for one who is to create beauty must be to accustom him to the study of that which is beautiful ; his taste once formed, let him originate what he can. If this can be done by modern models as well as by ancient, let it be done ; it is the literary culture, as such, that we need. Keats, who said of himself, "I dote on fine phrases like a lover," was as truly engaged in literary training as if he had been making Latin verses at Oxford ; very likely more so ; but, at any rate, it was not science that he studied. It is for literature, after all, that I plead ; not for this or that body of literature. Welcoming science, I only deprecate the exclusive adoption of the scientific style.

There prevailed for a long time, in America, a certain superstition about collegiate education. So far as it was superstitious, the impression was foolish, no doubt ; but beneath its folly the tradition of pure literature was kept alive. It appears from President Dwight's "Travels," that, until about the year 1800, our oldest college prescribed Latin verse-making as a condition of entrance. He also says that at that time the largest library in America held but fifteen thousand volumes. While the means of research were so limited, there was plenty of time for verse-making, but it would be foolish to insist on it now. Since the range of study is so much widened, the best course seems to be, to give a child the rudiments of various good things, and, when he grows older, let him choose for himself.

Personally, I should hold with Napoleon, that, however high we may rank the scientific exploration of nature, we should rank literature higher still, as bringing us nearer to the human mind itself. "J'aime les sciences

mathématiques et physiques ; chacune d'elles est une belle application partielle de l'esprit humain ; mais les lettres, c'est l'esprit humain lui-même ; c'est l'éducation de l'âme." But since the natural preferences of children should be followed in all training, not set at defiance, it is unnecessary and unwise to impose the same order of precedence upon all minds. There is really a good deal of time in childhood ; even young Americans do not mature so instantaneously but that you can teach them something before the process is complete. President Eliot says, "There have been many good college students who have learned in two years all the Greek and Latin required for admission into Harvard College."

I am satisfied, from observation and experiment, that it is perfectly practicable so to bring up an average boy that he shall be a good rider, swimmer, and sailor, — shall be a keen field-naturalist, — shall know the use of tools, — shall speak French and German, — shall have the rudiments of music or of drawing, — and still shall be fairly fitted for our most exacting college at the age of sixteen. If so, we appear to have within reach the beginning of a tolerably good education, and there seems no reason why we should sacrifice literature to science, or science to literature. We must simply avoid bigotry in either direction, and believe that children are as naturally born to learn as to eat, if we can only make the cookery in either case palatable.

To be sure, the first steps in book-learning are not all enjoyment, neither are the first steps in learning to skate. But, if the sum total affords pleasure, who remembers the casualties and mortifications ? No doubt there were anxieties and pangs enough connected with this poor old text-book ; but, through memory's kind chemistry, they are all removed, and only pleasurable thoughts remain behind. Our early recollections are like water in a cistern, which in time throws off all its own impurities and grows permanently clear. On board the receiving-ship at the

Brooklyn Navy-Yard they give you a draught from a tank which was filled for a cruise forty years ago, and has never been emptied ; there was a period when it was not fit for use, but it is now as sweet as if drawn yesterday. So, in reverting to one's school experience, the impurities and coarseness and tyrannies disappear ; but you remember the morning walk to the school-house and the game of foot-ball at recess-time, and the panting rest on the cool grass afterwards, and the twittering fellowship of the barn-swallows, to whom it was recess-time all day long. You remember the desk at which you sat, with its notches and inscriptions, and the pulley contrived to hold the lid up, — the invention of some historic pupil who had long since passed away to the university, and now seemed as grand and remote as one of Virgil's heroes. And with these recurs the memory of the "New Latin Tutor," and the excitement of the novel study, and the charm of the Roman cadence. It is all turned to light and joy and an eternal spring : —

"Ver erat æternum ; placidique tepentibus auris
Mulcebant zephyri natos sine semine flores."

The present is so apt to disappoint our high anticipations, I do not know what

would become of us poor fellows if memory did not rival hope as a flatterer, making the past as golden as the future ; so that, at worst, it is only the passing moment that is poor.

The thought to which my dear old Latin book has led me is simply this : that while we make children happy by teaching them the careful observation of nature, — so that our educated men need no longer be "naturalists by accident," as Professor Owen said of those in England, — we yet should give to the same children another happiness still, by such first glimpses of literary pleasure as this book afforded. A race of exclusively scientific men and women would be as great an evil as would be a race trained only in what Sydney Smith calls "the safe and elegant imbecility of classical learning." We can spare the Louvre and the Vatican, we can spare Pæstum and the Pyramids, as easily as we can spare the purely literary culture from the world. And while watching the seeming death-throes of the one nation on earth which still recognizes literature as a branch of art, we need surely to make some effort to preserve the tradition of the beautiful, lest it vanish from the realm of words.

T. W. Higginson.

A LOVE-LETTER.

WHAT shall I write thee, Love? — so far away,
And yet so very near. What can I say
That thou hast not already heard a thousand times?
Shall I compose for thee unmeaning rhymes,
Like this I send to thee to-day?

What can I do for thee that thou wouldst have?
What can I tell thee that thou fain wouldst hear?
My love for thee gives me a heart so brave
That, far from thee, or near
To thy dear side, I gladly hold my life
A tenure lent from thee, my soul, my more than wife,
For thee to save ;
Or else, through thee to lose,
Shouldst thou to save refuse.

I love thee, Sweet, supremely ; more I cannot tell.
What words remain to write thee, Love, that thou wouldst hear?
 Ah ! listen to the tolling of the bell
 That tolls within me solemnly the knell
Of my past years. And, laid upon the bier,
 See my dead self ! Lament with me his death ;
 For he was valiant, yes, and not untrue ;
 But he must die, because he knew not you.
 And so his breath
 Passed from him, and his soul is well.

And then rejoice with me that I have found
 A newer self and one I hold more dear, —
 A self that bids adieu to hope or fear,
 Save when they both are centred here, —
 Here in my boundless, endless love for thee.
 But, shouldst thou turn aside
 In negligence or pride,
 His spirit free
Methinks will, ere a little time, have died ;
And thou the loss must mourn with bitterest tear.
Forgive me, Love, I fear I sadden thee
 When I would cheer.

I love thee, love thee ; more I dare not tell.
I love thee, love thee, love thee, beats my heart ;
And like a mountain cataract, my blood
Foams down its courses, till that funeral bell
Grows faint and fainter for the gurgling flood
That drowns its melancholy music. Then, with sudden start,
I wake to life again, to world and worldly things ;
 But they in haste resolve themselves to this, —
 Absence to yearning and the farewell kiss
That sealed our parting, and the doubt which brings
The writhings and the agonies of hell.
I love thee, love thee, love thee ; more I cannot tell.

I must forbear to write, my life, my love ;
I *know* I sadden thee, my thoughts are dark.
 Ah, grant me, Love, a single spark
From thy pure soul's angelic flame ! Then, high above,
 My voice shall rapturous sing and rapturous soar
 Forevermore.

Burr G. Hosmer.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

VI.

NIAGARA.

AS the train stopped, Isabel's heart beat with a childlike exultation, as I believe every one's heart must who is worthy to arrive at Niagara. She had been trying to fancy, from time to time, that she heard the roar of the cataract, and now, when she alighted from the car, she was sure she should have heard it but for the vulgar little noises that attend the arrival of trains at Niagara as well as everywhere else. "Never mind, dearest; you shall be stunned with it before you leave," promised her husband; and, not wholly disconsolate, she rode through the quaint streets of the village, where it remains a question whether the lowliness of the shops and private houses makes the hotels look so vast, or the bigness of the hotels dwarfs all the other buildings. The immense caravansaries swelling up from among the little bazaars (where they sell feather fans, and miniature bark canoes, and jars and vases and bracelets and brooches carved out of the local rocks), made our friends with their trunks very conscious of their disproportion to the accommodations of the smallest. They were the sole occupants of the omnibus, and they were embarrassed to be received at their hotel with a burst of minstrelsy from a whole band of music. Isabel felt that a single stringed instrument of some timid note would have been enough; and Basil was going to express his own modest preference for a jew's-harp, when the music ceased with a sudden clash of the cymbals. But the next moment it burst out with fresh sweetness, and in alighting they perceived that another omnibus had turned the corner and was drawing up to the pillared portico of the hotel. A small family dismounted, and the feet of the last had hardly touched the

pavement when the music again ended as abruptly as those flourishes of trumpets that usher player-kings upon the stage. Isabel could not help laughing at this melodious parsimony. "I hope they don't let on the cataract and shut it off in this frugal style; do they, Basil?" she asked, and passed jesting through a pomp of unoccupied porters and call-boys. Apparently there were not many people stopping at this hotel, or else they were all out looking at the Falls or confined to their rooms. However, our travellers took in the almost weird emptiness of the place with their usual gratitude to fortune for all queer-ness in life, and followed to the pleasant quarters assigned them. There was time before supper for a glance at the cataract, and after a brief toilet they sallied out again upon the holiday street, with its parade of gay little shops, and thence passed into the grove beside the Falls, enjoying at every instant their feeling of arrival at a sublime destination.

In this sense Niagara deserves almost to rank with Rome, the metropolis of history and religion; with Venice, the chief city of sentiment and fantasy. In either you are at once made at home by a perception of its greatness, in which there is no quality of aggression, as there always seems to be in minor places as well as in minor men, and you gratefully accept its sublimity as a fact in no way related to your own insignificance.

Our friends were beset of course by many carriage-drivers, whom they repelled with the kindly firmness of experienced travel. Isabel even felt a compassion for these poor fellows who had seen Niagara so much as to have forgotten that the first time one must see it alone or only with the first of friendship. She was voluble in her pity of Basil that it was not as new to him as to her, till between the trees they

saw a white cloud of spray, shot through and through with sunset, rising, rising, and she felt her voice softly and steadily beaten down by the diapason of the cataract.

I am not sure but the first emotion on viewing Niagara is that of familiarity. Ever after, its strangeness increases; but in that earliest moment, when you stand by the side of the American fall, and take in so much of the whole as your glance can compass, an impression of having seen it often before is certainly very vivid. This may be an effect of that grandeur which puts you at your ease in its presence; but it also undoubtedly results in part from lifelong acquaintance with every variety of futile picture of the scene. You have its outward form clearly in your memory; the shores, the rapids, the islands, the curve of the Falls, and the stout rainbow with one end resting on their top and the other lost in the mists that rise from the gulf beneath. On the whole I do not account this sort of familiarity a misfortune. The surprise is none the less a surprise because it is kept till the last, and the marvel, making itself finally felt in every nerve, and not at once through a single sense, all the more fully possesses you. It is as if Niagara reserved her magnificence, and preferred to win your heart with her beauty; and so Isabel, who was instinctively prepared for the reverse, suffered a vague disappointment, for a little instant, as she looked along the verge from the water that caressed the shore at her feet before it flung itself down, to the wooded point that divides the American from the Canadian fall, beyond which showed dimly through its veil of golden and silver mists the emerald wall of the great Horse-Shoe. "How still it is!" she said, amidst the roar that shook the ground under their feet and made the leaves tremble overhead, and "How lonesome!" amidst the people lounging and sauntering about in every direction among the trees. In fact that prodigious presence does make a solitude and silence round every spirit worthy

to perceive it, and it gives a kind of dignity to all its belongings, so that the rocks and pebbles in the water's edge, and the weeds and grasses that nod above it, have a value far beyond that of such common things elsewhere. In all the aspects of Niagara there seems a grave simplicity, which is perhaps a reflection of the spectator's soul for once utterly dismantled of affectation and convention. In the vulgar reaction from this, you are of course as trivial, if you like, at Niagara, as anywhere.

Slowly Isabel became aware that the sacred grove beside the fall was haunted by some very common phantasms indeed, that tossed bits of stone and sticks into the consecrated waters, and struggled for handkerchiefs and fans, and here and there put their arms about each other's waists, and made a show of laughing and joking. They were a picnic party of rude, silly folks of the neighborhood, and she stood pondering them in sad wonder if anything could be worse, when she heard a voice saying to Basil, "Take you next, sir? Plenty of light yet, and the wind 's down the river, so the spray won't interfere. Make a capital picture of you; falls in the background." It was the local photographer urging them to succeed the young couple he had just posed at the brink: the gentleman was sitting down, with his legs crossed and his hands elegantly disposed; the lady was standing at his side, with one arm thrown lightly across his shoulder, while with the other hand she thrust his cane into the ground; you could see it was going to be a splendid photograph.

Basil thanked the artist, and Isabel said, trusting as usual to his sympathy for perception of her train of thought, "Well, I 'll never try to be high-strung again. But should n't you have thought, dearest, that I might expect to be high-strung with success at Niagara if anywhere?" She passively followed him into the long, queer, downward-sloping edifice on the border of the grove, unflinchingly mounted the car that stood ready, and descended the incline.

Emerging into the light again, she found herself at the foot of the fall by whose top she had just stood.

At first she was glad there were other people down there, as if she and Basil were not enough to bear it alone, and she could almost have spoken to the two hopelessly pretty brides, with parasols and impertinent little boots, whom their attendant husbands were helping over the sharp and slippery rocks, so bare beyond the spray, so green and mossy within the fall of mist. But in another breath she forgot them, as she looked on that dizzied sea, hurling itself from the high summit in huge white knots, and breaks and masses, and plunging into the gulf beside her, while it sent continually up a strong voice of lamentation, and crawled away in vast eddies, with somehow a look of human terror, bewilderment, and pain. It was bathed in snowy vapor to its crest, but now and then heavy currents of air drew this aside, and they saw the outline of the Falls almost as far as the Canada side. They remembered afterwards how they were able to make use of but one sense at a time, and how when they strove to take in the forms of the descending flood, they ceased to hear it; but as soon as they released their eyes from this service, every fibre in them vibrated to the sound, and the spectacle dissolved away in it. They were aware, too, of a strange capriciousness in their senses, and of a tendency of each to palter with the things perceived. The eye could no longer take truthful note of quality, and now beheld the tumbling deluge as a Gothic wall of carven marble, white, motionless; and now as a fall of lightest snow, with movement in all its atoms, and scarce so much cohesion as would hold them together; and again they could not discern if this course were from above or from beneath, whether the water rose from the abyss or dropped from the height. The ear could give the brain no assurance of the sound that filled it, and whether it were great or little: the prevailing softness of the

cataract's tone seemed so much opposed to ideas of prodigious force or of prodigious volume. It was only when the sight, so idle in its own behalf, came to the aid of the other sense, and showed them the mute movement of each other's lips, that they dimly appreciated the depth of sound that involved them.

"I think you might have been high-strung there, for a second or two," said Basil, when, ascending the incline, he could make himself heard. "We will try the bridge next."

Over the river, so still with its oily eddies and delicate wreaths of foam, just below the Falls they have in late years woven a web of wire high in air, and hung a bridge from precipice to precipice. Of all the bridges made with hands it seems the lightest, most ethereal, it is ideally graceful, and droops from its slight towers like a garland. It is worthy to command, as it does, the whole grandeur of Niagara, and to show the traveller the vast spectacle, from the beginning of the American fall to the farthest limit of the Horse-Shoe, with all the awful pomp of the rapids, the solemn darkness of the wooded islands, the mystery of the vaporous gulf, the indomitable wildness of the shores, as far as the eye can reach up or down the fatal stream.

To this bridge our friends now repaired, by a path that led through another of those groves which keep the village back from the shores of the river on the American side, and greatly help the sight-seer's pleasure in the place. The exquisite structure, which sways so tremulously from its towers, and seems to lay so slight a hold on earth where its cables sink into the ground, is to other bridges what the blood horse is to the common breed of roadsters; and now they felt its sensitive nerves quiver under them and sympathetically through them as they advanced farther and farther toward the centre. Perhaps their sympathy with the bridge's trepidation was too great for unalloyed delight, and yet the

thrill was a glorious one, to be known only there; and afterwards, at least, they would not have had their airy path seem more secure.

The last hues of sunset lingered in the mists that sprung from the base of the Falls with a mournful, tremulous grace, and a movement weird as the play of the northern lights. They were touched with the most delicate purples and crimsons, that darkened to deep red, and then faded from them at a second look, and they flew upward, swiftly upward, like troops of pale, transparent ghosts; while a perfectly clear radiance, better than any other for local color, dwelt upon the scene. Far under the bridge the river smoothly swam, the undercurrents forever unfolding themselves upon the surface with a vast rose-like evolution, edged all round with faint lines of white, where the air that filled the water freed itself in foam. What had been clear green on the face of the cataract was here more like rich verd-antique, and had a look of firmness almost like that of the stone itself. So it showed beneath the bridge, and down the river till the curving shores hid it. These, springing abruptly from the water's brink, and shagged with pine and cedar, displayed the tender verdure of grass and bushes intermingled with the dark evergreens that climb from ledge to ledge, till they point their speary tops above the crest of bluffs. In front, where tumbled rocks and expanses of naked clay varied the gloomier and gayer green, sprung those spectral mists; and through them loomed out, in its manifold majesty, Niagara, with the seemingly immovable white Gothic screen of the American fall, and the green massive curve of the Horse-Shoe, solid and simple and calm as an Egyptian wall; while behind this, with their white and black expanses broken by dark foliaged little isles, the steep Canadian rapids billowed down between their heavily wooded shores.

The wedding-journeymen hung, they knew not how long, in rapture on the

sight; and then, looking back from the shore to the spot where they had stood, they felt relieved that unreality should possess itself of all, and that the bridge should swing there in mid-air like a filmy web, scarce more passable than the rainbow that flings its arch above the mists.

On the portico of the hotel they found half a score of gentlemen smoking, and creating together that collective silence which passes for sociality on our continent. Some carriages stood before the door, and within, around the base of a pillar, sat a circle of idle call-boys. There were a few trunks heaped together in one place, with a porter standing guard over them; a solitary guest was buying a cigar at the newspaper stand in one corner; another friendless creature was writing a letter in the reading-room; the clerk, in a seersucker coat and a lavish shirt-bosom, tried to give the whole an effect of watering-place gaiety and bustle, as he provided a newly arrived guest with a room.

Our pair took in these traits of solitude and repose with indifference. If the hotel had been thronged with brilliant company, they would have been no more and no less pleased; and when, after supper, they came into the grand parlor, and found nothing there but a marble-topped centre-table, with a silver-plated ice-pitcher and a small company of goblets, they sat down perfectly content in a secluded window-seat. They were not seen by the three people who entered soon after, and halted in the centre of the room.

"Why, Kitty!" said one of the two ladies, who must be in any travelling-party of three, "this is more inappropriate to your gorgeous array than the supper-room, even."

She who was called Kitty was armed, as for social conquest, in some kind of airy evening-dress, and was looking round with bewilderment upon that forlorn waste of carpeting and upholstery. She owned, with a smile, that she had not seen so much of the world yet as she had been promised; but she

liked Niagara very much, and perhaps they should find the world at breakfast.

"No," said the other lady, who was as unquiet as Kitty was calm, and who seemed resolved to make the most of the worst, "it is n't probable that the hotel will fill up overnight; and I feel personally responsible for this state of things. Who would ever have supposed that Niagara would be so empty? I thought the place was thronged the whole summer long. How do you account for it, Richard?"

The gentleman looked fatigued, as from a long-continued discussion elsewhere of the matter in hand, and he said that he had not been trying to account for it.

"Then you don't care for Kitty's pleasure at all, and you don't want her to enjoy herself. Why don't you take some interest in the matter?"

"Why, if I accounted for the emptiness of Niagara in the most satisfactory way, it would n't add a soul to the floating population. Under the circumstances I prefer to leave it unexplained."

"Do you think it's because it's such a hot summer? Do you suppose it's not exactly the season? Did n't you expect there'd be more people? Perhaps Niagara is n't as fashionable as it used to be."

"It looks something like that."

"Well, what under the sun do you think *is* the reason?"

"I don't know."

"Perhaps," interposed Kitty, placidly, "most of the visitors go to the other hotel, now."

"It's altogether likely," said the other lady, eagerly. "There are just such caprices."

"Well," said Richard, "I wanted you to go there."

"But you said that you always heard this was the most fashionable."

"I know it. I did n't want to come here for that reason. But fortune favors the brave."

"Well, it's too bad! Here we've asked Kitty to come to Niagara with

us, just to give her a little peep into the world, and you've brought us to a hotel where we're —"

"Monarchs of all we survey," gurgled Kitty.

"Yes, and start at the sound of our own," added the other lady, helplessly.

"Come now, Fanny," said the gentleman, who was but too clearly the husband of the last speaker. "You know you insisted, against all I could say or do, upon coming to this house; I implored you to go to the other, and now you blame me for bringing you here."

"So I do. If you'd let me have my own way without opposition about coming here, I dare say I should have gone to the other place. But never mind. Kitty knows whom to blame, I hope. She's *your* cousin."

Kitty was sitting with her hands quiescently folded in her lap. She now rose and said that she did not know anything about the other hotel, and perhaps it was just as empty as this.

"It can't be. There can't be *two* hotels so empty," said Fanny. "It don't stand to reason."

"If you wish Kitty to see the world so much," said the gentleman, "why don't you take her on to Quebec, with us?"

Kitty had left her seat beside Fanny, and was moving with a listless content about the parlor.

"I wonder you ask, Richard, when you know she's only come for the night, and has nothing with her but a few cuffs and collars! I certainly never heard of anything so absurd before!"

The absurdity of the idea then seemed to cast its charm upon her, for, after a silence, "I could lend her some things," she said musingly. "But don't speak of it to-night, please. It's *too* ridiculous. Kitty!" she called out, and, as the young lady drew near, she continued, "How would you like to go to Quebec, with us?"

"O Fanny!" cried Kitty, with rap-

ture ; and then, with dismay, "How can I?"

"Why, very well, I think. You've got this dress, and your travelling-suit ; and I can lend you whatever you want. Come!" she added joyously, "let's go up to your room, and talk it over!"

The two ladies vanished upon this impulse, and the gentleman followed. To their own relief the guiltless eavesdroppers, who found no moment favorable for revealing themselves after the comedy began, issued from their reticacy.

"What a remarkable little lady!" said Basil, eagerly turning to Isabel for sympathy in his enjoyment of her inconsequence.

"Yes, poor thing!" returned his wife ; "it's no light matter to invite a young lady to take a journey with you, and promise her all sorts of gayety, and perhaps beaux and flirtations, and then find her on your hands in a desolation like this. It's dreadful, I think."

Basil stared. "O, certainly," he said. "But what an amusingly illogical little body!"

"I don't understand what you mean, Basil. It was the only thing that she could do, to invite the young lady to go on with them. I wonder her husband had the sense to think of it first. Of course she'll have to lend her things."

"And you didn't observe anything peculiar in her way of reaching her conclusions?"

"Peculiar? What *do* you mean?"

"Why, her blaming her husband for letting her have her own way about the hotel ; and her telling him not to mention his proposal to Kitty, and then doing it herself, just after she'd pronounced it absurd and impossible." He spoke with heat at being forced to make what he thought a needless explanation.

"Oh!" said Isabel, after a moment's reflection. "*That!* Did you think it so very odd?"

Her husband looked at her with the

gravity a man must feel when he begins to perceive that he has married the whole mystifying world of woman-kind in the woman of his choice, and made no answer. But to his own soul he said: "I supposed I had the pleasure of my wife's acquaintance. It seems that I have been flattering myself."

The next morning they went out, as they had planned, for an exploration of Goat Island, after an early breakfast. As they sauntered through the village's contrasts of pygmy and colossal in architecture, they praisefully took in the unalloyed holiday character of the place, enjoying equally the lounging tourists about the hotel doors, the drivers and their carriages to let, and the little shops, with nothing but mementos of Niagara, and Indian bead-work, and other trumpery, to sell. Shops so useless, they agreed, could not be found outside the Palais Royale, or the Square of St. Mark, or anywhere else in the world but here. They felt themselves once more a part of the tide of mere sight-seeing pleasure-travel, on which they had drifted in other days, and in an eddy of which their love itself had opened its white blossom, and lily-like dreamed upon the wave.

They were now also part of the great circle of newly wedded bliss, which, involving the whole land during the season of bridal-tours, may be said to show richest and fairest at Niagara, like the costly jewel of a precious ring. The place is, in fact, almost abandoned to bridal couples, and any one out of his honeymoon is in some degree an alien there, and must discern a certain immodesty in his intrusion. Is it for his profane eyes to look upon all that blushing and trembling joy? A man of any sensibility must desire to veil his face, and, bowing his excuses to the collective rapture, take the first train for the wicked outside world to which he belongs. Everywhere, he sees brides and brides. Three or four, with the benediction still upon them, come down in the same

car with him; he hands her travelling-shawl after one as she springs from the omnibus into her husband's arms; there are two or three walking back and forth with their new lords upon the porch of the hotel; at supper they are on every side of him, and he feels himself suffused, as it were, by a roseate atmosphere of youth and love and hope. At breakfast it is the same, and then, in all his wanderings about the place, he encounters them. They are of all manners of beauty, fair and dark, slender and plump, tall and short; but they are all beautiful with the radiance of loving and being loved. Now, if ever in their lives, they are charmingly dressed, and ravishing toilets take the willing eye from the objects of interest. How high the heels of the pretty boots, how small the tender-tinted gloves, how electrical the flutter of the snowy skirts! What is Niagara to these things?

Isabel was not willing to own her bridal sisterhood to these blessed souls; but she secretly rejoiced in it, even while she joined Basil in noting their number and smiling at their innocent abandon. She dropped his arm at encounter of the first couple, and walked carelessly at his side; she made a solemn vow never to take hold of his watch-chain in speaking to him; she trusted that she might be preserved from putting her face very close to his at dinner in studying the bill of fare; getting out of carriages, she forbade him ever to take her by the waist. All ascetic resolutions are modified by experiment; but if Isabel did not rigorously keep these, she is not the less to be praised for having formed them.

Just before they reached the bridge to Goat Island, they passed a little group of the Indians still lingering about Niagara, who make the barbaric wares in which the shops abound, and, like the woods and the wild faces of the cliffs and precipices, help to keep the cataract remote, and to invest it with the charm of primeval loneliness. This group were women, and

they sat motionless on the ground, smiling sphinx-like over their laps full of bead-work, and turning their dark liquid eyes of invitation upon the passers. They wore bright kirtles, and red shawls fell from their heads over their plump brown cheeks and down their comfortable persons. A little girl with them was attired in like gayety of color. "What is her name?" asked Isabel, paying for a bead pin-cushion. "Daisy Smith," said her mother, in distressingly good English. "But her Indian name?" "She has none," answered the woman, who told Basil that her village numbered five hundred people, and that they were all Protestants. While they talked they were joined by an Indian, whom the women saluted musically in their native tongue. This was somewhat consoling; but he wore trousers and a waistcoat, and it could have been wished that he had not a silk hat on.

"Still," said Isabel, as they turned away, "I'm glad he has n't Lisle-thread gloves, like that chieftain we saw putting his forest queen on board the train at Oneida. But, how shocking that they should be Christians, and Protestants! It would have been bad enough to have them Catholics. And that woman said that they were increasing. They ought to be fading away."

On the bridge, they paused and looked up and down the rapids rushing down the slope in all their wild variety with the white crests of breaking surf, the dark massiveness of heavy-climbing waves, the fleet, smooth sweep of currents over broad shelves of sunken rock, the dizzy swirl and suck of whirlpools.

Spellbound, the journeyers pored upon the deathful course beneath their feet, gave a shudder to the horror of being cast upon it, and then hurried over the bridge to the island, in the shadow of whose wildness they sought refuge from the sight and sound.

There had been rain in the night; the air was full of forest fragrance,

and the low, sweet voice of twittering birds. Presently they came to a bench set in a corner of the path, and commanding a pleasant vista of sunlit foliage, with a mere gleam of the foaming river beyond. As they sat down here loverwise, Basil, as in the early days of their courtship, began to recite a poem. It was one which had been haunting him since his first sight of the rapids, one of many that he used to learn by heart in his youth; the rhyme of some poor newspaper poet, whom the third or fourth editor copying his verses consigned to oblivion by carelessly clipping his name from the bottom. It had always lingered in Basil's memory, rather from the interest of the awful fact it recorded, than from any merit of its own; and now he recalled it with a distinctness that surprised him.

AVERY.

I.

All night long they heard in the houses beside the shore,
 Heard, or seemed to hear, through the multitudinous roar,
 Out of the hell of the rapids as 't were a lost soul's cries:
 Heard and could not believe; and the morning mocked their eyes,
 Showing where wildest and fiercest the waters leaped up and ran
 Raving round him and past, the visage of a man
 Clinging, or seeming to cling, to the trunk of a tree that caught
 Fast in the rocks below, scarce out of the surges raught.
 Was it a life, could it be, to yon slender hope that clung?
 Shri!ll, above all the tumult the answering terror rung.

II.

Under the weltering rapids a boat from the bridge is drowned,
 Over the rocks the lines of another are tangled and wound,
 And the long, fateful hours of the morning have wasted soon,
 As it had been in some blessed trance, and now it is noon.
 Hurry, now with the raft! But O, build it strong and stanch,
 And to the lines and the treacherous rocks look well as you launch!
 Over the foaming tops of the waves, and their steep, dark sides,
 Over the hidden reefs, and through the embattled tides,
 Onward rushes the raft, with many a lurch and leap, —
 Lord! if it strike him loose from the hold he scarce can keep!

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No! through all peril unharmed, it reaches him harmless at last,
 And to its proven strength he lashes his weakness fast.
 Now, for the shore! But steady, steady, my men, and slow;
 Taut, now, the quivering lines; now slack; and so, let her go!
 Thronging the shores around stands the pitying multitude;
 Wan as his own are their looks, and a nightmare seems to brood
 Heavy upon them, and heavy the silence hangs on all,
 Save for the rapid's plunge, and the thunder of the fall.
 But on a sudden thrills from the people still and pale,
 Chorussing his unheard despair, a desperate wail:
 Caught on a lurking point of rock it sways and swings,
 Sport of the pitiless waters, the raft to which he clings.

III.

All the long afternoon it idly swings and sways;
 And on the shore the crowd lifts up its hands and prays:
 Lifts to heaven and wrings the hands so helpless to save,
 Prays for the mercy of God on him whom the rock and the wave
 Battle for, fettered betwixt them, and who amidst their strife
 Struggles to help his helpers, and fights so hard for his life, —
 Tugging at rope and at reef, while men weep and women swoon.
 Priceless second by second, so wastes the afternoon.
 And it is sunset now; and another boat and the last
 Down to him from the bridge through the rapids has safely passed.

IV.

Wild through the crowd comes flying a man that nothing can stay,
 Maddening against the gate that is locked athwart his way.
 "No! we keep the bridge for them that can help him. You,
 Tell us, who are you?" "His brother!" "God help you both! Pass through."
 Wild, with wide arms of imploring he calls aloud to him,
 Unto the face of his brother, scarce seen in the distance dim:
 But in the roar of the rapids his fluttering words are lost
 As in a wind of autumn the leaves of autumn are tossed.
 And from the bridge he sees his brother sever the rope
 Holding him to the raft, and rise secure in his hope;
 Sees all as in a dream the terrible pageantry, —
 Populous shores, the woods, the sky, the birds flying free;
 Sees, then, the form — that, spent with effort and fasting and fear,
 Flings itself feebly and fails of the boat that is lying so near, —
 Caught in the long-baffled clutch of the rapids, and rolled and hurled
 Headlong on to the cataract's brink, and out of the world.

"O Basil!" said Isabel, with a long sigh breaking the hush that best praised the unknown poet's skill, "*it is n't true, is it?*"

"Every word, almost, even to the brother's coming at the last moment. It's a very well-known incident," he added, and I am sure the reader whose memory runs back twenty years cannot have forgotten it.

Niagara, indeed, is an awful homicide; nearly every point of interest about the place has killed its man, and there might well be a deeper stain of crimson than it ever wears in that pretty bow overarching the falls. Its beauty is relieved against an historical background as gloomy as the lightest-hearted tourist could desire. The abominable savages, revering the cataract as a kind of august devil, and leading a life of demoniacal misery and wickedness, whom the first Jesuits found here two hundred years ago; the ferocious Iroquois bloodily driving out these squalid devil-worshippers; the French planting the fort that yet guards the mouth of the river, and therewith the seeds of war that fruited afterwards in murderous strifes throughout the whole Niagara country; the struggle for the military posts on the river, during the wars of France and England; the awful scene in the conspiracy of Pontiac, where a detachment of English troops was driven by the Indians over the precipice near the great Whirlpool; the sorrow and havoc visited upon the American settlements in the Revolution by the savages who prepared their attacks in the shadow of Fort Niagara; the battles of Chippewa and of Lundy's Lane, that mixed the roar of their cannon with that of the fall; the savage forays with tomahawk and scalping-knife, and the blazing villages on either shore in the War of 1812; — these are the memories of the place, the links in a chain of tragical interest scarcely broken before our time since the white man first beheld the mist-veiled face of Niagara. The facts lost nothing of their due effect as Basil, in the ramble across Goat Island, touched them with the reflect-

ed light of Mr. Parkman's histories, — those precious books that make our meagre past wear something of the rich romance of old European days, and illumine its savage solitudes with the splendor of mediæval chivalry, and the glory of mediæval martyrdom, — and then, lacking this light, turned upon them the feeble glimmer of the guide-books. He and Isabel enjoyed the lurid picture with all the zest of sentimentalists dwelling upon the troubles of other times from the shelter of the safe and peaceful present. They were both poets in their quality of bridal couple, and so long as their own nerves were unshaken they could transmute all facts to entertaining fables. They pleasantly exercised their sympathies upon those who every year perish at Niagara in the tradition of its awful power; only they refused their cheap and selfish compassion to the Hermit of Goat Island, who dwelt so many years in its conspicuous seclusion, and was finally carried over the cataract. This public character they suspected of design in his death as in his life, and they would not be moved by his memory; though they gave a sigh to that dream, half pathetic, half ludicrous, yet not ignoble, of Mordecai Noah, who thought to assemble all the Jews of the world, and all the Indians, as remnants of the lost tribes, upon Grand Island, there to rebuild Jerusalem, and who actually laid the corner-stone of the new temple there.

Goat Island is marvellously wild for a place visited by so many thousands every year. The shrubbery and undergrowth remain unravaged, and form a deceitful privacy, in which, even at that early hour of the day, they met many other pairs. It seemed incredible that the village and the hotels should be so full, and that the wilderness should also abound in them; yet on every embowered seat, and going to and from all points of interest and danger, were these new-wedded lovers with their interlacing arms and their fond attitudes, in which each seemed to support and lean upon the other. Such a pair stood prominent before them when Basil and

Isabel emerged at last from the cover of the woods at the head of the island, and glanced up the broad swift stream to the point where it ran smooth before breaking into the rapids ; and as a soft pastoral feature in the foreground of that magnificent landscape, they found them far from unpleasing. Some such pair is in the foreground of every famous American landscape ; and when I think of the amount of public love-making in the season of pleasure-travel, from Mount Desert to the Yosemite, and from the parks of Colorado to the Keys of Florida, I feel that our continent is but a larger Arcady, that the middle of the nineteenth century is the golden age, and that we want very little of being a nation of shepherds and shepherdesses.

Our friends returned by the shore of the Canadian rapids, having traversed the island by a path through the heart of the woods, and now drew slowly near the falls again. All parts of the prodigious pageant have an eternal novelty, and they beheld the ever-varying effect of that constant sublimity with the sense of discoverers, or rather of people whose great fortune it is to see the marvel in its beginning, and new from the creating hand. The morning hour lent its sunny charm to this illusion, while in the cavernous precipices of the shores, dark with evergreens, a mystery as of primeval night seemed to linger. There was a wild fluttering in their nerves, a rapture with an under-consciousness of pain, the exaltation of peril and escape, when they came to the three little isles that extend from Goat Island, one beyond another, far out into the furious channel. Three pretty suspension-bridges connect them now with the larger island, and under each of these flounders a huge rapid, and hurls itself away to mingle with the ruin of the fall. The Three Sisters are mere fragments of wilderness, clumps of vine-tangled woods, planted upon masses of rock ; but they are part of the fascination of Niagara which no one resists ; nor could Isabel have

been persuaded from exploring them. It wants no courage to do this, but merely submission to the local sorcery, and the adventurer has no other reward than the consciousness of having been where but a few years before no human being had perhaps set foot. She crossed from bridge to bridge with a quaking heart, and at last stood upon the outermost isle, whence, through the screen of vines and boughs, she gave fearful glances at the heaving and tossing flood beyond, from every wave of which at every instant she rescued herself with a desperate struggle. The exertion told heavily upon her strength unawares, and she suddenly made Basil another revelation of character. Without the slightest warning she sank down at the root of a tree, and said, with serious composure, that she could never go back on those bridges ; they were not safe. He stared at her cowering form in blank amaze, and put his hands in his pockets. Then it occurred to his dull masculine sense that it must be a joke ; and he said, " Well, I 'll have you taken off in a boat."

" O *do*, Basil, *do* have me taken off in a boat !" implored Isabel. " You see yourself the bridges are not safe. *Do* get a boat."

" Or a balloon," he suggested, humoring the pleasantry.

Isabel burst into tears ; and now Basil went on his knees at her side, and took her hands in his. " Isabel ! Isabel ! Are you crazy ?" he cried, as if he meant to go mad himself. She moaned and shuddered in reply ; he said, to mend matters, that it was a jest, about the boat ; and he was driven to despair when Isabel repeated, " I never can go back by the bridges, never."

" But what do you propose to do ?"

" I don't know. I don't know !"

He would try sarcasm. " Do you intend to set up a hermitage here, and have your meals sent out from the hotel ? It's a charming spot, and visited pretty constantly ; but it's small, even for a hermitage."

Isabel moaned again with her hands

still on her eyes, and wondered that he was not ashamed to make fun of her.

He would try kindness. "Perhaps, darling, you'll let me carry you ashore."

"No, that will bring double the weight on the bridge at once."

"Could n't you shut your eyes, and let me lead you?"

"Why, it is n't the *sight* of the rapids," she said, looking up fiercely. "*The bridges are not safe.* I'm not a *child*, Basil. O, *what* shall we do?"

"I don't know," said Basil, gloomily. "It's an exigency for which I was n't prepared." Then he silently gave himself to the Evil One, for having probably overwrought Isabel's nerves by repeating that poem about Avery, and by the ensuing talk about Niagara, which she had seemed to enjoy so much. He asked her if that was it; and she answered, "O no, it's nothing but the bridges." He proved to her that the bridges, upon all known principles, were perfectly safe, and that they could not give way. She shook her head, but made no answer, and he lost his patience.

"Isabel," he cried, "I'm ashamed of you!"

"Don't say anything you'll be sorry for afterwards, Basil," she replied, with the forbearance of those who have reason and justice on their side.

The rapids beat and shouted round their little prison-isle, each billow leaping as if possessed by a separate demon. The absurd horror of the situation overwhelmed him. He dared not attempt to carry her ashore, for she might spring from his grasp into the flood. He could not leave her to call for help; and what if nobody came till she lost her mind from terror? Or, what if somebody should come and find them in that ridiculous affliction?

Somebody *was* coming!

"Isabel!" he shouted in her ear, "here come those people we saw in the parlor last night."

Isabel dashed her veil over her face, clutched Basil's with her icy hand, rose, drew her arm convulsively through his, and walked ashore without a word.

In a sheltered nook they sat down, and she quickly "repaired her drooping head and tricked her beams" again. He could see her tearfully smiling through her veil. "My dear," he said, "I don't ask an explanation of your fright, for I don't suppose you could give it. But should you mind telling me why those people were so sovereign against it?"

"Why, dearest! Don't you understand? That Mrs. Richard—whoever she is—is so much like *me*."

She looked at him as if she had made the most satisfying statement, and he thought he had better not ask further then, but wait in hope that the meaning would come to him. They walked on in silence till they came to the Biddle Stairs, at the head of which is a notice that persons have been killed by pieces of rock from the precipice overhanging the shore below, and warning people that they descend at their peril. Isabel declined to visit the Cave of the Winds, to which these stairs lead, but was willing to risk the ascent of Terrapin Tower. "Thanks; no," said her husband. "You might find it unsafe to come back the way you went up. We can't count certainly upon the appearance of the lady who is so much like you; and I've no fancy for spending my life on Terrapin Tower." So he found her a seat, and went alone to the top of the audacious little structure standing on the verge of the cataract, between the smooth curve of the Horse-Shoe and the sculptured front of the Central Fall, with the stormy sea of the Rapids behind, and the river, dim seen through the mists, crawling away between its lofty bluffs before. He knew again the awful delight with which so long ago he had watched the changes in the beauty of the Canadian Fall as it hung a mass of translucent green from the brink, and a pearly white seemed to crawl up from the abyss, and penetrate all its substance to the very crest, and then suddenly vanished from it, and perpetually renewed the same effect. The mystery of the rising vapors veiled

the gulf into which the cataract swooped; the sun shone, and a rainbow dreamed upon them.

Near the foot of the tower, on some loose rocks that extend quite to the verge, he saw an elderly gentleman skipping from one slippery stone to another, and looking down from time to time into the abyss, who, when he had amused himself long enough in this way, clambered upon the plank bridge. Basil, who had descended by this time, made bold to say that he thought the diversion an odd one and rather dangerous. The gentleman took this in good part, and owned it might seem so, but added that a distinguished phrenologist had examined his head, and told him he had equilibrium so large that he could go anywhere.

"On your bridal tour, I presume," he continued, as they approached the bench where Basil had left Isabel. She had now the company of a plain, middle-aged woman, whose attire hesitatingly expressed some inward festivity, and had a certain reluctant fashionableness. "Well, this is my third bridal tour to Niagara, and wife's been here once before on the same business. We see a good many changes. I used to stand on the Table Rock with the others. Now that's *all* gone. Well, old lady, shall we move on?" he asked; and this bridal pair passed up the path, attended, haply, by the guardian spirits of those who gave the place so many sad yet pleasing associations.

At dinner, Mr. Richard's party sat at the table next Basil's, and they were all now talking cheerfully over the emptiness of the spacious dining-hall.

"Well, Kitty," the married lady was saying, "you can tell the girls what you please about the gayeties of Niagara, when you get home. They'll believe anything sooner than the truth."

"O, yes, indeed," said Kitty, "I've got a good deal of it made up already. I'll describe a grand hop at the hotel, with fashionable people from all parts of the country, and the gentlemen I danced with the most. I'm going to

have had quite a flirtation with the gentleman of the long blond mustache, whom we met on the bridge this morning, and he's got to do duty in accounting for my missing glove. It'll never do to tell the girls I dropped it from the top of Terrapin Tower. Then, you know, Fanny, I really *can* say something about dining with aristocratic Southerners, waited upon by their black servants."

This referred to the sad-faced patriot whom Basil and Isabel had noted in the cars from Buffalo as a Southerner probably coming North for the first time since the war. He had an air at once fierce and sad, and a half-barbaric, homicidal gentility of manner fascinating enough in its way. He sat with his wife at a table farther down the room, and their child was served in part by a little tan-colored nursemaid. The fact did not quite answer to the young lady's description of it, and yet it certainly afforded her a ground-work. Basil fancied a sort of bewilderment in the Southerner, and explained upon it the theory that he used to come every year to Niagara before the war, and was now puzzled to find it so changed.

"Yes," he said, "I can't account for him except as the ghost of Southern travel, and I can't help feeling a little sorry for him. I suppose that almost any evil commends itself by its ruin; the wrecks of slavery are fast growing a fungus crop of sentiment, and they may yet outflourish the remains of the feudal system in the kind of poetry they produce. The impoverished slaveholder *is* a pathetic figure, in spite of all justice and reason; the beaten rebel *does* move us to compassion, and it is of no use to think of Andersonville in his presence. This gentleman, and others like him, used to be the lords of our summer resorts. They spent the money they did not earn like princes; they held their heads high; they trampled upon the Abolitionist in his lair; they received the homage of the doughface in his home. They came up here from their rice-

swamps and cotton-fields, and bullied the whole busy civilization of the North. Everybody who had merchandise or principles to sell truckled to them, and travel amongst us was a triumphal progress. Now they're moneyless and subjugated (as they call it), there's none so poor to do them reverence, and it's left for me, an Abolitionist from the cradle, to sigh over their fate. After all, they had noble traits, and it was no great wonder they got to despise us, seeing what most of us were. It seems to me I should like to know our friend. I can't help feeling towards him as towards a fallen prince, heaven help my craven spirit! I wonder how our colored waiter feels towards him. I dare say he admires him immensely."

There were not above a dozen other people in the room, and Basil contrasted the scene with that which the same place formerly presented. "In the old time," he said, "every table was full, and we dined to the music of a brass band. I can't say I liked the band, but I miss it. I wonder if our Southern friend misses it? They gave us a very small allowance of brass band when we arrived, Isabel. Upon my word, I wonder what's come over the place," he said, as the Southern party, rising from the table, walked out of the dining-room, attended by as many echoes as would have followed them in Tara's hall itself, in spite of an ostentatious clatter of dishes that the waiters made.

After dinner they drove on the Canada shore up past the Clifton House, towards the Burning Spring, which is not the least wonder of Niagara. As each bubble breaks upon the troubled surface, and yields its flash of infernal flame and its whiff of sulphurous stench, it seems hardly strange that the Neutral Nation should have revered the cataract as a demon; and another subtle spell (not to be broken even by the business-like composure of the man who shows off the hell-broth) is added to those successive sorceries by which Niagara gradually changes from a thing of beauty to a thing of terror. By all

odds, too, the most tremendous view of the Falls is afforded by the point on this drive whence you look down upon the Horse-Shoe, and behold its three massive walls of sea rounding and sweeping into the gulf together, the color gone, and the smooth brink showing black and ridgy.

Would they not go to the battle-field of Lundy's Lane? asked the driver at a certain point on their return; but Isabel did not care for battle-fields, and Basil preferred to keep intact the reminiscence of his former visit. "They have a sort of tower of observation built on the battle-ground," he said, as they drove on down by the river, "which was in charge of an old Canadian militia-man, who had helped his countrymen to be beaten in the fight. This hero gave me a simple and unintelligible account of the battle, asking me first if I had ever heard of General Scott, and adding without flinching that here he got his earliest laurels. He seemed to go just so long to every listener, and nothing could stop him short, so I fell into a reverie until he came to an end. It was hard to remember, that sweet summer morning, when the sun shone, and the birds sang, and the music of a piano and a girl's voice rose from a bowery cottage near, that all the pure air had once been tainted with battle-smoke, that the peaceful fields had been planted with cannon, instead of potatoes and corn, and that where the cows came down the farmer's lane, with tinkling bells, the shock of armed men had befallen. The blue and tranquil Ontario gleamed far away, and far away rolled the beautiful land, with farm-houses, fields, and woods, and at the foot of the tower lay the pretty village. The battle of the past seemed only a vagary of my own, but how could I doubt the warrior at my elbow? — grieved though I was to find that a habit of strong drink had the better of his utterance that morning. My driver explained afterwards, that persons visiting the field were commonly so much pleased with the captain's eloquence, that they kept the noble old

soldier in a brandy-and-water rapture throughout the season, thereby greatly refreshing his memory, and making the battle bloodier and bloodier as the season advanced and the number of visitors increased. There, my dear," he suddenly broke off, as they came in sight of a slender stream of water that escaped from the brow of a cliff on the American side below the Falls, and spun itself into a gauze of silvery mist, "that's the Bridal Veil; and I suppose you think the stream, which is making such a fine display, yonder, is some idle brooklet, ending a long course of error and worthlessness by that spectacular plunge. It's nothing of the kind; it's an honest hydraulic canal, of the most straightforward character, a poor but respectable mill-race which has devoted itself strictly to business, and has turned mill-wheels instead of fooling round water-lilies. It can afford that ultimate finery. What you behold in the Bridal Veil, my love, is the apotheosis of industry."

"What I can't help thinking of," said Isabel, who had not paid the smallest attention to the Bridal Veil, or anything about it, "is the awfulness of stepping off these places in the night-time." She referred to the road which, next the precipice, is unguarded by any sort of parapet. In Europe a strong wall would secure it, but we manage things differently on our continent, and carriages go ruining over the brink from time to time.

"If your thoughts have that direction," answered her husband, "we had better go back to the hotel, and leave the Whirlpool for to-morrow morning. It's late for it to-day, at any rate." He had treated Isabel since the adventure on the Three Sisters with a superiority which he felt himself to be very odious, but which he could not disuse.

"I'm not afraid," she sighed, "but in the words of the retreating soldier, 'I'm awfully demoralized';" and added, "You know we must reserve some of the vital forces for shopping this evening."

Part of their business also was to

buy the tickets for their return to Boston by way of Montreal and Quebec, and it was part of their pleasure to get these of the heartiest imaginable ticket-agent. He was a colonel or at least a major, and he made a polite feint of calling Basil by some military title. He commended the trip they were about to make as the most magnificent and beautiful on the whole continent, and he commended them for intending to make it. He said that was Mrs. General Bowder of Philadelphia who just went out; did they know her? Somehow, the titles affected Basil as of older date than the late war, and as belonging to the militia period; and he imagined for the agent the romance of a life spent at a watering-place, in contact with rich money-spending, pleasure-taking people, who formed his whole jovial world. The Colonel, who included them in this world and thereby brevetted them rich and fashionable, could not secure a state-room for them on the boat, — a perfectly splendid Lake schooner, which would take them down the rapids of the St. Lawrence, and on to Montreal without change, — but he would give them a letter to the captain, who was a very *particular* friend of his, and would be happy to show them as his *friends* every attention; and so he wrote a note ascribing peculiar merits to Basil, and in spite of all reason making him feel for the moment that he was privileged by a document which was no doubt part of every such transaction. He spoke in a loud cheerful voice; he laughed jollily at no apparent joke; he bowed very low and said, "*Good evening!*" at parting, and they went away as if he had blessed them.

The rest of the evening they spent in wandering about the village, charmed with its bizarre mixture of quaintness and commonplaceness; in hanging about the shop-windows with their monotonous variety of feather fans, — each with a violently red or yellow bird painfully sacrificed in its centre, — moccasins, bead-wrought work-bags, tobacco-pouches, bows and arrows, and whatever else the savage art of the neigh-

boring squaws can invent ; in sauntering through these gay booths, pricing many things and in hanging long and undecidedly over cases full of feldspar crosses, quartz bracelets and necklaces, and every manner of vase, inoperative pitcher, and other vessel that can be fashioned out of the geological formations at Niagara, tormented meantime by the heat of the gas-lights and the persistence of the mosquitoes. There were very few people besides themselves in the shops, and Isabel's purchases were not lavish. Her husband had made up his mind to get her some little keepsake ; and when he had taken her to the hotel he ran back to one of the shops, and hastily bought her a feather fan, — a magnificent thing of deep magenta dye shading into blue, with a whole yellow-bird transfixed in the centre. When he triumphantly displayed it in their room, "Who's *that* for, Basil?" demanded his wife ; "the cook?" But seeing his ghastly look at this, she fell upon his neck, crying, "O you poor old tasteless darling ! You've got it for *me* !" and seemed about to die of laughter.

"Did n't you start and throw up your hands," he stammered, "when you came to that case of fans?"

"Yes, — in horror ! Did you think I *liked* the cruel things, with their dead birds and their hideous colors ? O Basil, dearest ! You *are* incorrigible. *Can't* you learn that magenta is the vilest of all the hues that the perverseness of man has invented in defiance of nature ? Now, my love, just promise me one thing," she said pathetically. "We're going to do a little shopping in Montreal, you know ; and perhaps you'll be wanting to surprise me with something there. Don't do it. Or if you must, do tell me all about it beforehand, and what the color of it's to be ; and I can say whether to get it or not, and then there'll be some taste about it, and I shall be *truly* surprised and pleased."

She turned to put the fan into her trunk, and he murmured something about changing it. "No," she said,

"we'll keep it as a — a — monument." And she deposed him, with another peal of laughter, from the proud height to which he had climbed in pity of her nervous fears of the day. So completely were their places changed, that he doubted if it were not he who had made that scene on the Third Sister ; and when Isabel said, "O, why *wont* men use their reasoning faculties?" he could not for himself have claimed any, and he could not urge the truth : that he had bought the fan more for its barbaric brightness than for its beauty. She would not let him get angry, and he could say nothing even against the half-ironical petting with which she soothed his mortification.

But all troubles passed with the night, and the next morning they spent a charming hour about Prospect Point, in sauntering over Goat Island, somewhat daintily tasting the flavors of the place on whose wonders they had so hungrily and indiscriminately feasted at first. They had already the feeling of veteran visitors, and they loftily marvelled at the greed with which newer comers plunged at the sensations. They could not conceive why people should want to descend the inclined railway to the foot of the American Fall ; they smiled at the idea of going up Terrapin Tower ; they derided the vulgar darning of those who went out upon the Three Weird Sisters ; for some whom they saw about to go down the Biddle Stairs to the Cave of the Winds, they had no words to express their contempt.

Then they made their excursion to the Whirlpool, mistakenly going down on the American side, for it is much better seen from the other, though seen from any point it is the most impressive feature of the whole prodigious spectacle of Niagara.

Here within the compass of a mile, those vast inland seas of the North, Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie, and the multitude of smaller lakes, all pour their floods, where they swirl in dreadful vortices, with resistless under-currents boiling beneath the calm, oily eddies.

Abruptly from this scene of secret power, so different from the thunderous splendors of the cataract itself, rise lofty cliffs on all sides, to a height of two hundred feet, clothed from the water's edge almost to their crests with dark cedars. Noiselessly, so far as your senses perceive, the lakes steal out of the whirlpool, then, drunk and wild, with brawling rapids roar away to Ontario through the narrow channel of the river. Awful as the scene is, you stand so far above it that you do not know the half of its terribleness; for those waters that look so smooth are great ridges and rings, forced, by the impulse of the currents, twelve feet higher in the centre than at the margin. Nothing can live there, and with what is caught in its hold, the maelstrom plays for days, and whirls and tosses round and round in its toils, with a sad, maniacal patience. The guides tell ghastly stories, which even their telling does not wholly rob of ghastliness, about the bodies of drowned men carried into the whirlpool and made to enact upon its dizzy surges a travesty of life, apparently floating there at their pleasure, diving and frolicking amid the waves, or then frantically struggling to escape from the death that has long since befallen them.

On the American side, not far below the railway suspension bridge, is an elevator more than a hundred and eighty feet high, which is meant to let people down to the shore below, and to give a view of the rapids on their own level. From the cliff opposite, it looks a terribly frail structure of pine sticks, but is doubtless stronger than it looks; and at any rate, as it has never yet fallen to pieces, it may be pronounced perfectly safe.

In the waiting-room at the top, Basil and Isabel found Mr. Richard and his ladies again, who got into the movable chamber with them, and they all silently descended together. It was not a time for talk of any kind, either when they were slowly and not quite smoothly dropping through the lugubrious upper part of the structure, where it was

darkened by a rough weather-boarding, or lower down where the unobstructed light showed the grim tearful face of the cliff, all bedrabbled with oozy springs, and the audacious slightness of the elevator. An abiding distrust of the machinery overhead mingled in Isabel's heart with a doubt of the value of the scene below, and she could not look forward to escape from her present perils by the conveyance which had brought her into them, with any satisfaction. She wanly smiled, and shrank closer to Basil; while the other matron made nothing of seizing her husband violently by the arm and imploring him to stop it whenever they experienced a rougher jolt than usual.

At the bottom of the cliff they were helped out of their prison by a humid young Englishman, with much clay on him, whose face was red and bathed in perspiration, for it was very hot down there in his little enclosure of baking pine boards, and it was not much cooler out on the rocks upon which the party issued, descending and descending by repeated and desultory flights of steps, till at last they stood upon a huge fragment of stone right abreast of the rapids. Yet it was a magnificent sight, and for a moment none of them were sorry to have come. The surges did not look like the gigantic ripples on a river's course as they were, but like a procession of ocean billows; they arose far aloft in vast bulks of clear green, and broke heavily into foam at the crest. Great blocks and shapeless fragments of rocks strewed the margin of the awful torrent; gloomy walls of dark stone rose naked from these, bearded here and there with cedar, and everywhere frowning with shaggy brows of evergreen. The place is inexpressibly lonely and dreadful, and one feels like an alien presence there, or as if he had intruded upon some mood or haunt of Nature in which she had a right to be alone. The slight, impudent structure of the elevator rises through the solitude, like a thing that merits ruin, yet it is better than something more elaborate, for it looks temporary, and

since there must be an elevator, it is well to have it of the most transitory aspect. Some such quality of rude impermanence consoles you for the presence of most improvements by which you enjoy Niagara; the suspension bridges for their part being saved from offensiveness by their beauty and unreality.

Ascending, none of the party spoke; Isabel and the other matron blanched in each other's faces; their husbands maintained a stolid resignation. When they stepped out of their trap into the waiting-room at the top, "What I like about these little adventures," said Mr. Richard to Basil, abruptly, "is getting safely out of them. Good morning, sir." He bowed slightly to Isabel, who returned his politeness, and exchanged faint nods, or glances, with the ladies. They got into their separate carriages, and at that safe distance made each other more decided obeisances.

"Well," observed Basil, "I suppose we're introduced now. We shall be meeting them from time to time throughout our journey. You know how the same faces and the same trunks used to keep turning up in our travels on the other side. Once meet people in travelling, and you can't get rid of them."

"Yes," said Isabel, as if continuing his train of thought, "I'm glad we're going to-day."

"O dearest!"

"Truly. When we first arrived I felt only the loveliness of the place. It seemed more familiar, too, then; but ever since, it's been growing stranger and dreadfuller. Somehow it's begun to pervade me and possess me in a very uncomfortable way: I'm tossed upon rapids, and flung from cataract brinks, and dizzied in whirlpools; I'm no longer yours, Basil; I'm most unhappily married to Niagara. Fly with me, save me from my awful lord!"

She lightly burlesqued the woes of a *prima donna*, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes.

"That'll do very well," Basil commented, "and it implies a reality that can't be quite definitely spoken. We come to Niagara in the patronizing spirit in which we approach everything nowadays, and for a few hours we have it our own way, and pay our little tributes of admiration with as much complacency as we feel in acknowledging the existence of the Supreme Being. But after a while we are aware of some potent influence undermining our self-satisfaction; we begin to conjecture that the great cataract does not exist by virtue of our approval, and to feel that it will not cease when we go away. The second day makes us its abject slaves, and on the third we want to fly from it in terror. I believe some people stay for weeks, however, and hordes of them have written odes to Niagara."

"I can't understand it, at all," said Isabel. "I don't wonder now that the town should be so empty this season, but that it should ever be full. I wish we'd gone, after our first look at the Falls, from the suspension bridge. How beautiful that was! I rejoice in everything that I have n't done. I'm so glad I have n't been in the Cave of the Winds; I'm so happy that Table Rock fell twenty years ago! Basil, I could n't do another rainbow to-day. I'm sorry we went out on the Three Weird Sisters. O, I shall dream about it! and the rush, and the whirl, and the dampness in one's face, and the everlasting chir-r-r-r of everything!"

She dipped suddenly upon his shoulder for a moment's oblivion, and then rose radiant with a question: "Why in the world, if Niagara is really what it seems to us, now, do so many bridal parties come here?"

"Perhaps they're the only people who've the strength to bear up against it, and are not easily dispersed and subjected by it."

"But we're dispersed and subjected."

"Ah, my dear, we married a little late. Who knows how it would be if you were nineteen instead of twenty-seven,

and I twenty-five and not turned of thirty?"

"Basil, you're very cruel."

"No, no. But don't you see how it is? We've known too much of life to desire any gloomy background for our happiness. We're quite contented to have things gay and bright about us. Once we could n't have made the circle dark enough. Well, my dear, that's the effect of age. We're superannuated."

"I used to think *I* was before we were married," answered Isabel simply; "but now," she added triumphantly, "I'm rescued from all that. I shall never be old again, dearest; never, as long as you — love me!"

They were about to enter the village, and he could not make any open acknowledgment of her devotion; but her silken mantle (or whatever) slipped from her shoulder, and he embracingly replaced it, flattering himself that he had delicately seized this chance of an unavowed caress and not knowing (O such is the blindness of our sex!) that the opportunity had been yet more subtly afforded him, with the art which women never disuse in this world, and which I hope they will not forget in the next.

They had an early dinner, and looked their last upon the nuptial gayety of the otherwise forlorn hotel. Three brides sat down with them in travelling-dress; two occupied the parlor as they passed out; half a dozen happy pairs arrived (to the music of the band) in the omnibus that was to carry our friends back to the station; they caught sight of several about the shop-windows, as they drove through the streets. Thus the place perpetually renews itself in the glow of love as long as the summer lasts. The moon which is elsewhere so often of wormwood, or of the ordinary green cheese at the best,

is of lucent honey there from the first of June to the last of October; and this is a great charm in Niagara. I think with tenderness of all the lives that have opened so fairly there; the hopes that have reigned in the glad young hearts; the measureless tide of joy that ebbs and flows with the arriving and departing trains. Elsewhere there are carking cares of business and of fashion, there are age, and sorrow, and heartbreak: but here only youth, faith, rapture. I kiss my hand to Niagara for that reason, and would I were a poet for quarter of an hour.

Isabel departed in almost a forgiving mood towards the weak sisterhood of evident brides, and both our friends felt a lurking fondness for Niagara at the last moment. I do not know how much of their content was due to the fact that they had suffered no sort of wrong there, from those who are apt to prey upon travellers. In the hotel a placard warned them to have nothing to do with the miscreant hackmen on the streets, but always to order their carriage at the office; on the street the hackmen whispered to them not to trust the exorbitant drivers in league with the landlords; yet their actual experience was great reasonableness and facile contentment with the sum agreed upon. This may have been because the hackmen so far outnumbered the visitors, that the latter could dictate terms; but they chose to believe it a triumph of civilization; and I will never be the cynic to sneer at their faith. Only at the station was the virtue of the Niagarans put in doubt, by the hotel porter who professed to find Basil's trunk enfeebled by travel, and advised a strap for it, which a friend of his would sell for a dollar and a half. Yet even he may have been a benevolent nature unjustly suspected.

W. D. Howells.

FREE-TRADE. — REVENUE REFORM.

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF WHAT THE ADVOCATES OF FREE TRADE EXPECT TO ACCOMPLISH IN THE REFORM OF THE REVENUE SYSTEM.

IN a reply to the address given by David A. Wells in Cincinnati on the 27th April, Honorable E. D. Mansfield makes the following demand: "Let the ablest men of the free-trade party prepare a brief plain tract, which shall state in plain terms what their principles are and what effect they expect them to have on American industry."

As it does not require a very able man to meet this demand, so often made, the writer will undertake to answer it; but before so doing, he must apologize for his frequent repetition of elementary truths. Such repetition is made necessary by the form of the demand, which either assumes or implies an ignorance of the principles of free exchange somewhat difficult to conceive in view of the frequent statements made heretofore, both in this and in other countries.

I will reply separately to the two distinct demands.

First. *What are our principles?*

It is admitted by every one that the different conditions of climate and soil, with which the Creator has endowed the several countries of the world, make the cost of certain products vary essentially, as they are well or ill fitted to such conditions. Hence the interdependence of nations, rather than independence, appears to have been ordained, and through commerce and the exchange of product for product abundance has become the rule and scarcity the exception. Through commerce, civilization has been promoted, and by its further development war will surely be abolished.

Furthermore, the exchange of commodities which constitutes commerce cannot be maintained, unless both parties gain by the transaction; or, in other words, unless both parties sat-

isfy a desire in an easier manner than would be possible for either, unless the exchange was made. The object both of production and exchange is consumption, and the end sought is the most abundant and varied consumption possible at a given time. Omitting to consider the exceptional cases of merely avaricious accumulation, the end and aim of those who labor, of those who accumulate capital, and of those who possess inherited wealth, is an ample consumption of articles of necessity, comfort, and luxury. Luxurious consumption is, on the whole, but a question of degree. The luxuries of one age become the necessities or comforts of a later time, and we only classify commodities according to the standard of the day. The most ample consumption of every article called for by men, at the cost of the least possible effort to obtain it, is the end sought by the free-trade economist. It is not our province to prescribe the use that shall be made of the things demanded, with any moral purpose in view. If spirituous liquors, tobacco, or snuff are demanded, it is the function of trade and commerce to provide an abundant supply, and the economist will promote such exchange as will give an abundance of these things in the same manner as he would provide an abundant supply of food, fuel, and clothing. In so far as he attempts to promote the moral welfare of the community, he will endeavor, as a citizen, to restrain abuses and not to prescribe uses.

The capital, or, in other words, the product of labor saved for future use, even of the richest countries, is not more than equal to two or three times the value of the annual product, and such capital is, of necessity, mainly controlled by a few. Hence, any ma-

terial obstacle to immediate consumption, interposed by means of a tariff tax, for the purpose of causing a more rapid accumulation of capital, can only effect this end by concentrating such accumulation in the hands of a few persons; and as consumption treads close on the heels of production, the ultimate effect of such a policy must be to deprive the poorest class of a portion of the means of subsistence, as it is the inevitable law of all taxation upon commodities in general use, that such taxation, whether under an excise or a tariff act, is made a part of the cost by those who import or by those who produce such commodities. Hence, such taxes are borne by consumers in the exact proportion of their consumption, and the burden, hardly felt by the rich or the moderately prosperous, becomes an actual privation to those whose earnings are needed for subsistence as fast as they accrue. The effect of any legislative attempts to prescribe the use which a man may make of his time and his labor or its products can only be to make the rich richer and the poor poorer, and such is the result of the attempt to benefit the laborer by means of a protective-tariff tax.

The theory of protection is to enforce temporary scarcity and a distribution of annual product under the force of law, in such manner that a few are supported at the expense of the many.

The theory of free exchange is to promote the greatest abundance, and a distribution meddled with by statutes only so far as the protection of the ignorant from fraud makes statutes necessary.

Abundant consumption being the main object in view, how has it been secured?

From the earliest historic dates, mainly by means of exchange: without exchange, scarcity would be the common rule. The free-trader alleges that there must be the utmost possible liberty in making exchanges; the protectionist affirms that exchange must be restricted: both claiming to secure the

same end, namely, abundance. It would be useless to state further the reasons for an exchange of commodities. The most extreme protectionists admit that some foreign exchanges are reasonable and proper; the free-trader claims that all foreign exchanges are expedient and profitable. The whole question is therefore within the limits of *some or all*.

Hence, the question is narrowed down to this point; if *some* exchanges which men choose to make are fit and profitable, why are not *all* exchanges equally so? Why shall some be promoted and others prevented or made more costly?

The answers of the protectionist to this question are various and inconsistent. We will endeavor to state them fairly, and to prove that they are not true answers. The most plausible argument for obstructing the importation of foreign commodities is that we may be independent, especially in time of war; or that we may stimulate the production by our own people of things needed in time of war. The rejoinder to this answer is: First, that the needs of war are iron, coarse clothing, and abundant food, the home supply of which is now, and has been for years, ample for all possible war demand. Second, that in modern times it has not been possible to deprive any people of a full supply of munitions of war. The South did not succumb in our late war for any want of war material. Lastly, that the best preparation for war is ability to pay taxes; and unless the obstruction to commerce imposed for war purposes can be proved to give that result, it cannot be defended.

The next argument of the protectionist is, that it is necessary for every country to have a diversified industry, and that such diversified industry will not be established of itself, but must be forced into existence by the temporary deprivation of foreign fabrics. This is a very specious plea, but it has no foundation in fact. It is true that every nation, worthy of the name, must have a diversified industry, and

it is equally true that no nation can possibly exist without it.

The entire force of the protective argument consists in substantially limiting the term "manufactures" to the production of iron and steel in their crude or primary forms, and to the production of textile fabrics from cotton, wool, and flax. These *factures* (for they have no real title to be called *manufactures*, being to a much greater extent the product of capital in the form of machinery, than of the hand) constitute but a very small part of the industry of the country, and give employment to but a small portion of the laborers engaged in the true work of manufacturing; the whole number of persons now employed in all the iron mines and rolling mills, steel works, cotton, wool, and flax mills combined, being less than the number of immigrants who annually land upon our shores, which latter class are at once absorbed in productive industry. Now, upon the absurd supposition that the establishment of a free-trade policy would close all the iron works and textile factories in the land, there would be no more difficulty in absorbing these laborers in other employments than there now is in finding work for the immigrants, except so far as long continuance in a somewhat monotonous class of employments might have disqualified them for those requiring greater versatility. Such closing of these works could only be brought about, in the event of a greater immediate abundance of iron, and steel, and of cotton and woollen cloth imported; and in such an event a greater consumption would ensue, and the force now engaged in making these commodities would then be employed in using them. The great bugbear of a community, exclusively engaged in farming, with a consequent glut of farm-products, can have no existence except in the feeble imagination of a foolish *doctrinaire*, who has not the common sense to place himself at a city street-corner and examine the wagons and carts with their contents as they pass. Let any one try this experiment. First,

let him consider the wagon, harness, and the horse's shoes. Let him ask himself if they are manufactured and whether they could be imported to any extent, and also whether a farming community can exist without them. If he will then not only observe but think a little, he will at once perceive that there must be more men engaged in making carts, wagons, and other vehicles, harnesses, and horseshoes, in the United States than there are in all the woollen mills combined; and as their products are bulky and the transportation of them costly, these manufacturers must live near the farmer, and thus yield him the best home market.

If he thinks a little more, our observer will perceive that the manufacture of wagons, carts, vehicles, harnesses, and horseshoes is one which develops intelligence and skill, while the daily necessity of tending a loom or a card for eleven hours is certainly not a very stimulating employment. At the same time, he may remember that the only knowledge of a tariff which these men have is in the form of a tariff tax on the iron, steel, lumber, and leather, which are their raw materials.

Next, if that cart or wagon happens to be loaded with agricultural tools and machinery, the observer may remember that the farmer cannot exist except these manufactures are supplied to him by a force of intelligent workmen far outnumbering all the miners, iron puddlers, and workers in the rolling mills combined; and these men, again, have no practical knowledge of the tariff, except as a tax upon their raw material.

Or perhaps the wagon contains cases of clothing, which is certainly a manufacture and gives employment to a much larger force of working people than all the cotton mills of the country can find places for; and these working men and women only find in the tariff a heavy tax on the thread, cloth, twist, buttons, and the like, which constitute their raw materials.

It may be that the wagon contains a furnace, cooking-stove, tin pipes, force

pump, and other fittings for the manufacture of a dwelling-house; into all of which the tariff tax upon iron, steel, copper, lead, tin, and borax has entered heavily as an element of cost; while scarce one of these manufactures could ever be imported under any circumstances.

Or the wagon may be loaded with boots and shoes, in the manufacture of which we excel all nations so far as it can be performed by machinery. The observer may admit that a few foreign boots and shoes may be imported, of the finer sorts, but he may also easily discover that were it not that the cost of boots and shoes is greatly enhanced by the tariff tax upon hides, leather, lumber, lastings, and linen thread, which constitute the raw material of this facture, we should exchange boots and shoes for wool, lumber, coal, fish, potatoes, and other foreign luxuries, of which the importation and therefore the consumption is obstructed by the tariff.

In short, the more the observer will study the carts and wagons and their contents, the more surely he will realize the fact that under no possible circumstances can any large portion of manufactured commodities be imported, even if there were no duties upon them, and that the employees in the specially protected branches form but a regiment in the great army of working people whose consumption gives the great home market to the farmer.

Then, if the observer will consider the evidence, he will find that those who seek protection from the government do so upon the avowed statement that they are infants who have not learned their business, while the most skilful men engaged in cotton, wool, iron, and steel *factures* ask no such protection; rather demand to be relieved from the futile attempt of governmental aid; declaring that their branches of industry belong to the land, and cannot be harmed by the foreign competition of those who, though long skilled in their respective employments, are at the disadvantage of thousands of miles of distance, and to whom

the Almighty has not granted the use of such boundless natural resources as he has to us; and that they can only be destroyed by the ignorant home competition of the protected infants.

If our observer leaves the street corner and passes on to the railroad station, he will observe first the locomotives and the cars constructed entirely of iron, steel, and wood, all of which materials are at the moment enhanced in cost by a high duty. The protectionist will tell him that the increased cost is temporary, and intended to continue only until the iron and steel makers and the lumber dealers have learned their business and can stand alone. The observer may then infer that in the mind of the protectionist the locomotive-builders, boiler-makers and car-makers are not manufacturers, but that the iron and steel makers and the owners of the forests are so; and that although the former far outnumber all the latter, their consumption of material must be obstructed in order that the latter may be supported. If our observer will then notice the steel rail, he will find that the consumption of steel rails has been obstructed for the ostensible benefit of a little force of workmen in steel works, and on further investigation he will find that the entire force of laborers in all the steel works of the United States would only be sufficient to run one large machine shop, and that the capital invested would be barely sufficient to build and equip a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles of railroad. It may be that he will then perceive that if steel were free from tax, the increased consumption might require the whole force of steel makers to become steel users. The present effect of the tariff tax upon steel rails may be found in this fact. The best steel rails now cost in Detroit, for use in the United States, \$100 to \$105, gold, per ton; at Windsor, on the opposite side of the lake, for use in Canada, \$70 to \$75, gold, per ton. Difference, \$30 per ton, or at one hundred tons to the mile, \$3,000 per mile. The cost of steel rails in Canada

is now about the same as the cost of the best iron rails in the United States. It is perfectly safe to say, that if the railroads of the United States could obtain 1,250,000 tons of steel rails — about a year's supply — at \$75 per ton, the saving of \$30 per ton in one year would constitute a fund more than equal to the capital invested in steel-rail mills, and nearly if not quite equal to the entire investment in all the steel works in the United States; and such sum invested at six per cent would also yield an income sufficient to pension all the men now employed in such steel works at more than two dollars per day, for the term of their natural lives; or if applied to the pension of all the men in the steel-rail mills, it would give them at least \$2,000 a year. This from one year's saving.

If the plea for protection in order to diversify employment be thoroughly examined, it will appear that the employments which can be stimulated by the exclusion of the foreign-made articles of a similar character are very few in number, that they are most of them of a character which does not develop self-reliant men and women, and that protection to them means obstructed consumption to the very much larger force of working people in whose industry their products are but raw materials. It will be affirmed by the advocate of protection, that although the relative price of the steel, as an example, now made and used in the United States is higher than that made and used in Great Britain, yet that the actual price is less than it would have been had not the steel works of the United States been forced into existence by means of the tariff; and a similar assertion is made in regard to other commodities. The necessary inference from this assertion is, that foreign steel makers charged us an exorbitant profit before our works were constructed, and that such profit would not have caused any extension of steel making in England. Or in other words, that the laws of demand and supply, and the effect of large profits in inducing competition,

are all suspended when an exchange of commodities between two nations is undertaken. And this assertion of the protectionist leads also to another necessary inference, namely, that commerce between nations is something different or distinct from the aggregate of individual transactions, and governed by an entire distinct set of laws. The free-trader affirms, on the other hand, that if a demand for steel existed sufficient to give employment to the steel works of Europe at a large profit, before those of the United States were built, new works might have been built there to meet that demand, and the United States might not have been obliged to pay a heavy bounty to new beginners. An ample supply and consumption of steel is one of the most imperative necessities in a civilized community, and any restriction upon such consumption must be as injurious as a restrictive tax upon the use of steam. Surely no one would tolerate a tax upon all steam-engines for several years, even if assured of a great improvement in the application of steam power at the end of such period. Neither would a tax upon horses be tolerated, the proceeds to be paid to horse breeders to enable them to improve the stock.

The next argument of the protectionist is, that, because wages are high in this country, the cost of all our product must be also high, and, conversely, that the labor of other countries is pauper labor, and therefore the cost of their product must be low. Hence, it is alleged, we must exclude the product of pauper labor, lest our own be degraded. The free-trader may admit all the alleged facts, but must deny the conclusion, since it is almost universally true that high wages are paid only for that intelligence and skill which results in low cost of products, and also that pauper or ignorant labor is costly and dear. It has been well said that intelligent and highly paid laborers cannot afford to do work which paupers can do for them. We pay for the product of pauper labor when imported with

commodities produced by our most skilful and best paid laborers. The further rejoinder to this argument is, — that even if the skilful foreign laborer receives such low wages as to make it fit to call him a pauper, it does not follow that the thing he produces will be at low cost, since wages form but an uncertain and very varying criterion of cost. The conditions of production may be such, that in one place low wages will be paid even for skilful work, yet the commodity be at high cost; as, for instance, the coal mines of England are now worked at such great depths as to cause a ton of coal at the pit's mouth to represent many times the amount of labor measured in hours that the ton of coal represents in Pennsylvania. To supply the iron works in Wales, the coal must be mined hundreds of feet below the surface and hoisted up at great cost, while in Western Pennsylvania coal has simply to be picked out and loaded upon the car, which runs down an inclined plane by its own gravity, and dumps itself at the mouth of the furnace. Hence one man in Pennsylvania may do as much work, if measured in tons of coal, as three men in Wales, and if paid three times the rate of each Welshman's wages, yet his coal will stand at no higher cost in money.

Let us take woollen cassimere as an example. In a yard of substantial cassimere, now (July, 1871) sold in the United States at \$1.65, the cost of the labor of manufacturing is about twenty-two cents. It is alleged that the wages of the operatives in our woollen mills are one third more than those paid in Europe. Even admitting this to be true, the difference in cost would only be five and a half cents per yard, or only four per cent upon the value of the cassimere; and before the foreign goods could be sold here, the cost of packing, transportation, exchange, and other charges would have to be paid, and would certainly absorb the larger part of so small a difference. It may be alleged that in some parts of Germany the wages of operatives in woollen

mills are only one half what they are here, and such is probably the fact; but it is also true that in such localities the number of operatives employed upon a given amount of machinery is nearly or quite double the number employed on the same machinery here; therefore the cost of labor on the yard of cloth does not vary materially. The true disadvantage of our woollen manufacturers at the present time is in the oppressive impost upon wool, dyestuffs, and oil, and upon all the supplies entering into the cost of goods; and also in the duties on iron, steel, leather, lumber, and all other materials entering into the cost of machinery. The opinion was lately given by a very skilful German manufacturer of cassimeres, after a careful comparison of the cost of making goods in Rhode Island and Germany, that if the Rhode Island manufacturer had his wool and other materials free, it would be more likely that American cassimeres would be exported to Germany than that German cassimeres would come here, the use of machinery and the economy of labor being much greater here than there.

If we take cotton cloth as an example, we find that the protectionist alleges that the wages of our operatives are twenty-five per cent higher than those paid in England, and that, if we admit their product of cotton cloth, our own laborers will be degraded to their level; but this allegation will not bear examination. The average manufacture of cotton goods in this country consists of cotton cloth of the weight of three and a half to four yards to the pound, and the cost of the labor of manufacturing does not exceed three cents a yard. Even if the allegation be true that wages are twenty-five per cent higher here than in England, her advantage in labor is but six tenths of a cent per yard upon goods now worth twelve cents, or a difference of five per cent; from which must be taken the cost of transportation and other charges before foreign goods can be sold here. On the other hand, we have the advantage of being nearer the cotton-field.

An inequality so great on coarse fabrics as to give us the advantage over England even in her own colonies. The real advantage of the English cotton-spinner is in his economy in business ; in machinery at one half or two thirds the cost of ours, because of the absence of all taxes on the material of which it is made ; in the absence of all tariff taxes upon food, fuel, and upon the clothing of his operatives ; and lastly, in his freedom from any local taxes upon his machinery : the whole tax system of Great Britain being upon the principle of avoiding taxation upon tools and machinery or upon processes of labor. Hence our foreign competitor has the world for a market ; while we are restricted to the home market almost entirely, by the obstruction which a high tariff interposes to foreign imports and therefore to foreign exports. If we next take the article of railroad iron, we find that the annual consumption of railway bars in this country for new track and for repairs is equal to the full capacity of all the rolling-mills of Great Britain combined, being about one million and a quarter tons a year. If Great Britain should undertake to sell to us our full supply, she could neither lay down new rails at home nor sell any to any other nation, without a vast increase in her iron product and in her rolling-mills. It is easy to see what the effect of such an attempt would be ; her coal-mines are now worked to an almost dangerous point, her force of iron-miners and iron-workers is employed to its full capacity, and could only be increased very slowly and by means of a heavy advance in wages ; and any material advance in wages would at once take away any advantage which Great Britain has over us, even admitting that she now has any. And what would be the further effect of an advance in the cost in England of the crude forms of iron resulting from such increase of wages ? Should we not be at once put upon an equality, ay, even at a great advantage over her in the production of all kinds of machinery, tools, and implements in

which pig-iron and raw steel are the raw material ? She would at once lose the advantage of cheaper machinery, and we should be protected and our domestic industry fostered by elevating the condition of the laborers who compete with us, not by the degradation of our own.

According to the absurd allegation of the protectionist, our cotton-mills will all be stopped and the operatives reduced to pauperism, if British cotton goods are admitted at very low or revenue rates of duty. Of course, an injury would be done to the cotton interest or to any other, if the duties were exceptionally removed ; but let us attempt to foretell the effect upon cotton industry of the enactment of a general revenue tariff at low rates. We spin nearly two fifths as much cotton in the United States as is spun in Great Britain. Even now (July, 1871), when her existing mills are on full speed, operatives are scarce and the tendency is to a rise in wages ; suppose we shut up our mills under the compulsion of a free-trade tariff, and ask England to spin and weave up into cloth, another million bales of cotton on seven million new spindles, in the construction of which she must first expend about one hundred million dollars, and to operate which she must find one hundred and twenty thousand new operatives. What would be her reply ? Should we not find it, at the first moment, in such an advance in English wages to a par with our own as would forever equalize them, and then forever after leave us unimpaired our great advantage over Great Britain in being the producers within our own borders of a superabundant supply of cotton and of food ?

Well and truly did an Englishman of eminent sagacity once say to me : "You will find the best protection to your manufactures to consist in free-trade ; and we have only to dread your rivalry when you adopt that policy. While you persist in your present system, you do not succeed in excluding us from your market, but you do suc-

ceed in limiting your own exports to the crudest forms of raw material."

The next plea for protection in the United States is based on the high rate of interest upon capital, and the alleged very low rates in Europe. Even admitting a considerable disparity, it has never existed to the extent claimed, the rates quoted from Europe being on business paper of short date. But admitting that the rates of interest in this country are high, what does it prove, except that capital is well employed? Shall it then be diverted to employments which require great concentration of capital, like cotton, wool, and iron mills, to the detriment and cost of all the other employments which cannot be protected, and which now pay such high rates for its use?

The last plea of the protectionist which we shall attempt to state is, that this is a new country, possessed of enormous natural resources which need to be developed. Let us put this plea in a different form. In old times, about one hundred years since, Great Britain attempted to put a stop to the rapid increase in the product of iron and steel and of woollen cloth (the cotton-gin had not then been invented) in the Colonies of America, and this attempt was one of the causes of our War of Independence. Her manufacturers then urged Parliament to protect their old and well-established manufactures against the stalwart infant just born here. *Then* our natural resources were considered a power and a force; *now*, forsooth, we must believe they are a source of weakness, and cannot be developed except by means of a bounty granted at the cost of those who own no share in them; that is to say, at the cost of that great preponderating mass of the community who work for wages, and as producers and consumers pay nearly all the taxes on commodities, whether levied under a tariff or under any other system. The principle, or rather the want of principle, in the doctrine of protection may be stated in the following form of a true petition:—

"Whereas we, the undersigned, are desirous of establishing certain branches of industry in the United States, for which we have now neither the capital nor the skill, we ask that our countrymen shall be compelled to purchase our products at such prices as it may be found necessary for us to impose, while we are learning our trade and accumulating wealth at the cost of our said neighbors.

"Therefore, we demand that the force of law shall be exerted to deprive our said neighbors of their present supply of iron, salt, coal, cloth, and other commodities, in order that they may be forced to purchase of us their necessary supply at such prices as the limited competition among ourselves may enable us to impose upon them."

Signed by the so-called "Friends of American Industry."

On the other hand, the principle upon which the free-traders act may be formulated as follows:—

"The function of statute law is to provide for justice and liberty, and to promote education. Its limit is to restrain abuses, and not to prescribe the uses to which any man shall apply his time, his labor, or his product, so long as he does not infringe upon the rights of his fellow-men.

"It is not within the proper function of legislators to attempt to control or direct the efforts of any person in his right attempt to obtain a good subsistence."

Signed by "Those who would promote abundance."

We will now attempt to answer the second demand upon us, as to what effect we expect to have upon American industry, when we give to our principles the force of statute law. We may state, in general, that we expect to limit our work mainly to the repeal of restrictive statutes, and thus, in restoring freedom to industry, to give it the utmost possible results.

Inasmuch as our prosperity is great even under restrictive statutes, we ex-

pect it to become far greater when intelligent workmen shall have full liberty to co-operate with capital in developing that complete harmony of interest which is the natural order.

The question as to the effect we expect the success of our policy will have upon American industry is doubtless asked upon the supposition that it is an embarrassing question, and one to which we cannot make "a plain answer which plain men can understand."

But our answer is very simple and plain. We seek only the abatement of the most oppressive taxes, and we expect the same benefit which any abatement of taxes would give, only in larger measure, as we shall remove not only the burden of taxes now paid to government and not needed, but also the bounty paid to special interests. But the greatest benefit expected is in the reduction of the cost of manufacturing. It is often mistakenly alleged that because a duty is imposed upon a given article, the maker of that article secures an extra profit upon the home manufacture equal to the duty. If such were the fact, the injury of a protective tariff would not be as great as it is, as such profit, although secured by an individual, might become in his hands a part of the reproductive capital of the nation. The most obnoxious effect of protection is, that it increases the general cost of production, with very little if any permanent profit to any one.

A statement of the cost of any article in money is merely the measure of its cost; the actual cost is the amount of food, fuel, shelter, and clothing consumed by the operatives, and of the so-called raw material consumed in the process of manufacture; therefore tariff taxes on these elements only result in high cost to all, with little or no benefit, or even great injury, to the classes especially intended to be benefited. We have now in force the highest protective tariff ever enacted, and under it the largest importation of specially protected articles ever known; namely, factories of cotton, wool, iron,

and steel. The reason is not far to seek; the attempt at universal protection has increased the general cost of all our products, and has made our market the best one in the world for foreigners to sell in and the worst to buy in.

As the result of our measures must be decreased cost of materials, we expect to enhance the prosperity of manufacturers of every kind, and to make a much more ample consumption possible to all consumers.

We also expect, by the reduction of tariff taxes and the free admission of ships to American registry to restore the art of ship-building to the country, especially of ocean steamships; and to give such ships and steamers an opportunity for profitable use in carrying abroad the abundant export of manufactures (using the word in its largest and truest sense), which will follow reduction of cost, as well as in bringing back the large import of foreign comforts and luxuries, which the mass of the people, especially mechanics and factory operatives, will be much better able to purchase than they now are.

It is very easy to explain how these results will be attained. Let us again take the woollen manufacture as an example.

The cost of woollen cloth consists of wool, dyestuffs, and other supplies, and the subsistence which the labor of the operatives enables them to purchase. Our manufacturers, being now crippled by the tariff taxes upon wool and dyestuffs, can only make a portion of the goods needed for home consumption; hence, woollen goods of various descriptions now form an unduly large part of our imports, being in value over \$50,000,000 per annum at the present rate of importation. At the same time our protective policy has given a very great stimulus to the construction of woollen-mills in Canada, where they can be much more cheaply built and operated than in the United States, not being there burdened by high tariff taxes. These Canadian goods, thus made at low cost, are freely

smuggled across our border, and of course can be sold at much lower prices than our own goods.

When the free-trade tariff is enacted, and wool, oil, and dyestuffs are relieved from tariff taxes, a much greater demand will exist for home-grown wool to mix with an abundant supply of foreign, and domestic wool may then be expected to bring better prices, as it always has done when wool has been free. At the same time the farmers and wool-growers will have an ample supply of home made woollen goods at low cost, which cannot now be afforded, because the cheap foreign wools needed to mix with home-grown are either entirely excluded, or made to cost excessively dear, by the tariff tax.

It is claimed as a merit, in the present tariff on wool and woollens, that wool is, or has lately been, at a lower absolute price than ever before. This has been an absolute injury to the wool-grower, and of no benefit to the manufacturer, as it is the relative, and not the absolute price, which is of consequence; and our foreign competitors have had their supply of foreign wool at about one half the price paid here, ever since the wool tariff imposed a tax of about one hundred per cent upon many of the most useful varieties.

The representatives from Ohio were among the most strenuous advocates of the present tariff on wool. The result to Ohio may be found in the following official statement of the State Auditor:—

Number of sheep in Ohio,—

In 1863	7,683,845
“ 1869	6,272,640
“ 1870	5,052,028
“ 1871	4,302,904

The decrease of sheep in Michigan since the passage of the wool tariff is said to be still greater.

We may take the probable result upon the iron and steel manufacture. When the duties are removed from pig-iron and railway bars, the first effect will be to cause a moderate increase in the importation of steel rails, thus

making it possible to construct many more miles of railroad than can otherwise be built. All our skilfully managed iron-furnaces may be much aided by the abatement of duties, as the duties upon coal will of course be removed with those upon iron. Our well-managed furnaces now make pig-iron at less cost than any English iron can be laid down at or near them; they will therefore gain largely from the increased construction of railways, built from imported iron or steel rails, as every new mile of railroad creates a vastly increased demand for iron for other purposes.

The ultimate effect will be, as we have before stated, an increase in the cost in England of English iron, accompanied or caused by a large increase in English wages; and as this will take from the English machine-makers and iron-ship builders the great advantage which our tariff now gives them, of having their supply of raw material at less cost than our machinists and ship-builders have theirs, we may presently expect to have a greatly increased use of iron in this country, arising from the renewal of our exports of machinery, locomotives, etc., which we enjoyed when we were free from the burden of a high tariff, in 1858 and 1860.

The manufacture of steel and of steel rails may be expected to increase very rapidly in this country, when a free-trade policy is established, as it will no longer be necessary to pay a heavy tax upon foreign pig-iron, now paid by the steel-rail makers, who find it necessary to import it.

The boot and shoe manufacture will, of course, be very greatly aided by the removal or reduction of the duties on hides, leather, worsted lastings, and other materials, while at the same time the manufacture of worsted lastings and other lusted worsted goods, which has thus far been a hard struggle and almost a dead failure, owing to the tariff tax on lusted or combing wool, may be successfully established.

As to the vast number of branches

of American industry seldom named in discussions upon the tariff, and which are now oppressed and crippled by tariff taxes on their materials, even the protectionist cannot doubt their increased prosperity under a free-trade policy. We refer to the manufactures which cannot be imported to any great extent, under any circumstances, but which constitute over nine tenths of our widely diversified industry, and give employment, at the highest rates of wages, to our most intelligent operatives. We need name only a few for illustration, such as the manufacture of dwelling-houses, cooking-stoves, furnaces, pumps, carriages, harnesses, tin-ware, agricultural tools, books, hats, clothing, wheat flour, cheese, steamboats, canal-boats, cars, locomotives, bricks, coal-oil, clocks, fire-engines, furniture, marble-work, mattresses, printing-presses, wooden-ware, newspapers, and the thousand other employments which must exist in the midst of every great farming country, and which give to the farmer by far the largest market for his produce. All this gain to American industry could be fully realized and enjoyed, if absolute free trade were only possible.

Unfortunately, the necessity for a large customs revenue makes it at present impossible to get the full advantage which the abolition of custom-houses would give us. Perhaps this is not to be regretted, as abrupt changes are dangerous, and time must be given to those who have been unwisely tempted by the protective delusion to make bad investments, to adjust themselves to the need of managing their own affairs, and to the practice of that skill and economy for which no government bounty can long be a substitute.

For the present, a tariff for revenue which shall interfere as little as possible with the industrial pursuits of the people must be imposed. The construction of such a tariff, to yield at once \$120,000,000 revenue, is very easy. The form of such a tariff has been given many times, but it seems to be necessary to repeat it again.

The present necessity for a customs revenue is only to pay the ordinary expenses of the government, with a moderate payment of the principal of the public debt in each year.

The whole interest upon the public debt is now more than paid by the excise taxes upon whiskey, tobacco, beer, banks, and stamps. The customs revenue is therefore needed for the same purposes to which it was applied before the war, and for no other, unless we choose to include a moderate annual payment upon our debt. As the expenses of the government are now somewhat greater *per capita* than in 1860, it is perhaps better to make a larger estimate, and to provide for a customs revenue of \$120,000,000, which sum, excluding pensions and Indians, is on a basis of two dollars expenditure for every *one* in 1860.

This sum can be very easily raised from duties upon tea, coffee, sugar, wines, liquors, and fancy goods at substantially the rates now imposed, with duties upon silk fabrics at about thirty-five per cent (the highest rate possible to be levied without inducing smuggling and fraud), and with the addition, for the present, of rates of duty upon manufactures of wool, worsted, cotton, linen, china, and glass, levied as far as possible at specific rates, but equal to twenty per cent *ad valorem*. All chemicals, drugs, dyestuffs, together with wool, pig-iron, raw steel, hides, lumber, leather, coal, and other so-called raw materials being added to the free list. Such a tariff would interfere as little as it is possible for any tariff to interfere with domestic industry and home manufactures, and would leave them free to expand and to attain a prosperity of which our present exorbitant tariff now deprives them. So far as revenue shall be derived from textile fabrics under such a tariff, it will be paid mainly upon the finer or least necessary kinds of goods, such as linens, silks, and fine worsted, cotton and woollen goods, or such as depend mainly upon style and fashion for their sale.

The more staple and necessary sup-

ply of cotton, woollen, and worsted goods would be so much reduced in cost of manufacture by the enactment of such a tariff, that, although under it, wages in factories might and probably would advance in this country, it would not be possible to import any large portion of the supply needed for home consumption, while the renewal of our exports would insure that stability which has been so long wanting.

This renewal of the export of manufactures might be expected to take place, even though higher wages paid by us should cause our goods to cost a little more than those made by our foreign competitors, since free buyers are always free sellers. If we want foreign wool, and can give a fair price, paying therefor in cotton cloth, the seller of the wool can afford to pay a little more for our cotton cloth rather than to take gold and pay the expense of its transshipment to London, there to be expended for cotton cloth.

It is claimed by some persons who have no very clear perception of the general effect of a tax upon commodities, that the taxes upon tea and coffee are especially onerous to the mass of the people. It is alleged that their consumption does not vary materially as between rich and poor. It is undoubtedly true, that the revenue received from all articles upon which taxes are levied is paid by consumers in the exact proportion in which they consume them, and this is one of the faults of the system of indirect taxation. It applies to all the articles upon which taxes are imposed under the tariff. If the cost to the consumer of tea, coffee, and sugar is increased by the tariff tax, so is the cost of iron, steel, leather, lumber, woollen cloth, and other necessities of life. The free-trader, who is forced by existing circumstances to advocate a tariff for revenue, therefore chooses such articles as the consumer can best spare a portion of; it being the evil of taxation that it inflicts privation. The free-trader, therefore, selects luxuries and comforts to be taxed, rather than

articles of necessity. It is better for the consumer to give up one pound of tea or coffee out of five, than to be deprived of iron or steel tools and implements or of an ample supply of clothing.

Moreover, the taxes upon tea, coffee, and sugar are borne equitably by the rich; but the taxes upon iron, steel, copper, lead, tin, and upon many other necessities, fall much more heavily or almost exclusively upon the working people, who consume them in their various occupations, or whose tools are made of the materials named.

It has been very clearly demonstrated that tariff taxes amounting to about \$85,000,000 can be abated next winter, without impairing our ability to pay our interest and expenses or to reduce the debt at least \$25,000,000, and probably \$75,000,000 per annum, after such reduction. The increased prosperity which such abatement would insure would at once cause a great increase in the receipts of revenue from those articles on which we continued to impose tariff taxes. When we relieve the people from the tariff taxes on their tools, their railroads, their clothing, their fuel, and their houses, they will at once be able to consume more foreign luxuries in the shape of tea, coffee, sugar, spices, wines, and the like. Then may follow further abatements, until we shall reduce our tariff to the simplest and least oppressive form.

We claim that so long as we must tax any commodities, we should select such as represent results rather than such as enter into the processes of labor, or, in other words, the things, like tea, coffee, and sugar, which are ready for use as imported, rather than those which are the material upon which further labor is to be expended, especially those commonly called raw material. (We are obliged to use the term "raw material," although the term has no claim to scientific accuracy.)

It is not easy to estimate the result of such an abatement of taxation in money, but it would be safe to assume

that if we remove duties to the amount of \$85,000,000, consumers will have in addition at least \$25,000,000 bounty now paid to manufacturers, and at least \$60,000,000 actually lost by the increased cost of production or by the unskilful methods of those who have attempted branches of industry for which they have neither means nor skill, and which in many cases we cannot afford to attempt at all.

At this moderate estimate of a saving of \$170,000,000 a year, there cannot be any doubt that the effect of the proposed free-trade measures would be very beneficial to American industry, especially to those branches commonly called manufactures.

I cannot but regret that the call for plain answers to these questions should require so long a reply, or that it should have appeared to be necessary to repeat so many elementary principles; but the condition of many persons in matters of this kind is not very unlike that of many of the graduates of our model schools and some of our universities; they can solve many questions in the higher branches, and are considered very accomplished, but are quite deficient in the old-fashioned arts of reading, spelling, and arithmetic.

The questions at issue between the advocates of free-trade and of protection are obscured by those who, like a recent writer (see *Scribner's Magazine* for July), impute to the advocates of free trade many ideas which exist only in their own imagination. It is alleged that we find in free-trade a panacea for all the ills of society, yet no such claim can be found in the works or words of any writer or speaker having the least title to be quoted as an authority. Free-trade is but one chapter in political economy, and political economy is itself but a subordinate science. It claims only to explain the laws which govern the production and distribution of wealth, in regard to which, while it is the function of government to insure justice and equity, yet it may be alleged that they form but a subordinate element in the science of government; but

inasmuch as a good subsistence, abundant production, and an equitable distribution are the necessary basis for a powerful and prosperous state, the economist claims that he is no statesman who ignores the higher laws in regard thereto which it is the function of political economy to discover and apply.

If the controlling idea be to make the most rapid payment of the public debt, without any regard to the sources or methods by which the means are gained for that purpose, even a qualified success does not prove such a policy a wise one, but simply indicates that the inherent force of the people and the elasticity of the resources of the country, directed and controlled by a thorough knowledge of economic principles, could have been made to produce, in a manner less onerous and far less oppressive upon the productive industry of the country, even better results than have yet been obtained.

At the present time this country is so vigorous and production so great, that a vicious currency and an enormous tariff simply appear to create uneasiness, but do not seriously impede prosperity. Yet a true statesman would now see that, under the pretext of protection to labor, the force of law was being perverted to promote private gain, and that hence that respect for law which constitutes the true foundation of the liberty of a free people is being endangered.

The issue is joined between those who, under cover of the alleged need of revenue for the rapid payment of the debt of the United States, now tax the people for their own private gain, pretending to benefit them; and those who claim that some just and right principles have been established by men who have studied the science of political economy, and have been tested by the experience of other nations.

As one of these well-established principles, we claim to include free-trade or free exchange, qualified only by the necessity or expediency of obtaining a large revenue from customs. But as we recognize the fact that wise

statesmanship will regard the need of caution in inaugurating changes, and will avoid the risk of the destruction of such capital as previous protective legislation has caused to take a specific form, we have called our movement one of revenue reform rather than one for absolute free-trade.

In the preceding portion of this article we have stated that the national revenue derived from whiskey, tobacco, beer, stamps, and banks is sufficient to pay the interest upon our national debt, and that we therefore need a revenue from customs only for the regular or normal expenses of the government, the payment of pensions, and for the reduction of debt. The sum required from customs for these purposes may now be assumed to amount to \$ 120,000,000, and we have proved that this sum can be obtained from the existing duties upon tea, coffee, sugar, spices, and liquors, with duties upon certain other articles not exceeding an average rate of twenty per cent.

To bring the tariff to this point is now the problem of revenue reform, and must satisfy us for a few years to come ; but lest it shall be charged that we compromise the principle of free exchange, let us see what may be the problem to be worked out if our budget now presented is refused.

We base all our action upon the following propositions : —

1. No tax can be imposed which does not cause more or less privation to those who pay it.

2. Tariff is only another name for tax, and a tariff causes more or less privation in the same manner that any other tax causes privation.

3. All taxes upon commodities, whether excise or tariff, are paid by the consumers of such commodities, in the proportion of their consumption.

Hence we affirm that discrimination should be used in the selection of commodities to be taxed, according to the purpose to which the article is to be applied. We must therefore repeat that we would tax those articles which represent the result for which labor is

exerted, rather than those which enter into the processes of labor. We would deprive the people under the necessity of taxation of one pound of sugar in five, rather than of one shovel in five ; of one pound of coffee in ten, rather than of one horseshoe in ten ; of one gallon of whiskey in two, rather than of one plough in two ; of one silk dress in three, rather than of one bale of hemp in three ; of one cigar in four, rather than of one steel rail in four ; because we know that in a true theory, and therefore in practice, it is the fact, that if we do not cripple the workman by taxes on his tools, he can earn more sugar, tea, coffee, whiskey, tobacco, and the like, even though they are heavily taxed, than he can possibly earn if his tools and implements are heavily taxed and these articles are absolutely free.

In Great Britain the tariff has been gradually brought down from a schedule of over twelve hundred articles to six, and with each abatement or repeal the consumption of tea, coffee, sugar, liquors, and tobacco has so increased as to keep the customs revenue up to the full or a greater sum than that which accrued from the whole list prior to such repeal.

If we, therefore, consider our national revenue from the stand-point of what article is taxed, rather than where or how, we may find that the abatement of all customs duties will very soon be possible, except upon those things which represent such luxuries as may almost be said to represent the vices of the people.

In the calendar year ending December 31, 1870, the revenue under the excise and tariff laws was as follows, —

Internal revenue . . .	\$ 180,708,207
Customs revenue . . .	196,825,994
Sales of land . . .	2,989,288
Miscellaneous . . .	28,685,344
Total . . .	\$ 409,208,833

as will more fully appear from the following reply of Dr. Edward Young, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, to my inquiry : —

WASHINGTON, August 15, 1871.

EDWARD ATKINSON, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: In reply to your request of July 3d, for a statement in detail of the sources of national revenue, I now send you the following statement for the calendar year 1870, the figures for the last *fiscal* year not having been finally corrected: —

	<i>Internal.</i>	<i>Tariff.</i>
Spirits and wines, including distillers' tax	\$ 54,286,371	\$ 8,071,699
Tobacco, cigars, and snuff, including dealers' tax	32,348,707	4,227,707
Fermented liquors, including brewers' tax	6,910,757	347,687
Silks and satins		15,410,770
Stamps upon notes, deeds, patent medicines, matches, etc., other than upon beer and tobacco	15,071,783	
Banks and bankers	3,342,104	
Sugar and molasses		39,142,037
Tea		9,073,745
Coffee		11,944,272
Income	35,489,955	
All other internal taxes, of which it is estimated that \$29,996,474 have been repealed, and that \$2,388,315 on gas are now in force, the remainder, \$873,741, consisting of penalties	33,258,530	
All other tariff imposts, —		
Manufactures of cotton	\$ 9,460,004.55	
" " wool	25,580,610.33	
" " hemp and jute	910,705.01	
" " flax	6,186,162.61	
Metals, and manufactures of	18,349,782.55	
Miscellaneous	48,120,812.00	
		108,608,077
	\$ 180,708,207	\$ 196,825,994

The figures as finally corrected in the warrant department, with the addition of a few other miscellaneous items of custom-house receipts, will be somewhat larger than the above.

Aggregate internal and tariff	\$ 377,534,201
Miscellaneous receipts, —	
Sales public lands	\$ 2,989,288
Premium on gold sales	7,703,333
Sundries	20,982,011
	31,674,632

Total revenue \$ 409,208,833

The item of sundries, \$20,982,011, under the head of miscellaneous receipts, includes premium on sales of United States securities, and on sales of coin interest upon the sinking fund.

The aggregate receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1871, were as follows: —

From customs	\$ 206,270,408
" internal revenue	143,098,154
" sales of public lands	2,388,647
" miscellaneous sources	31,566,736
Total	\$ 383,323,945

The revenue from customs is now accruing at a somewhat higher rate, the increase during the last fiscal year over the preceding being mainly upon silk manufactures, woollen manufactures, cotton manufactures, railroad iron, etc.

The increase in the *value* of merchandise imported in the fiscal year 1871 over 1870 was in excess of eighty-three millions of dollars ; but, owing to the reduction of duty on tea, coffee, sugar, etc., during the last half of the year just closed, the increase from customs has not been correspondingly large.

Yours very respectfully,

EDWARD YOUNG, *Chief of Bureau.*

The true free-trade lesson from these figures is to be found in the fact that our pleasant vices may not only be considered as a permanent resource for the payment of the interest on our debt, but that it also appears that, if we choose to pay our interest from other taxes, we find that spirits and wines, tobacco, beer, silks, and stamps, yield a revenue amply sufficient to pay all our regular expenses, and will continue to do so as we increase in population and wealth ; therefore, when we have paid our debt, — which date will be in less than twenty years, even by our present foolish and costly method, or in less than that time, if we adopt a wise method scarcely to be felt as a burden, — we may absolutely abolish our custom-houses, except so far as they form a necessary part of our machinery for collecting a tax upon spirits, beer, tobacco, silks, and satins.

A tax of three dollars per head upon our population is ample for all our necessary expenses in time of peace, other than interest and pensions ; and the tax imposed by the present laws upon spirits, beer, tobacco, silks, and satins yields three dollars per head.

The advocates of protection are now most earnest advocates for the present system of rapid reduction of debt. Let them continue ; the country prospers, even in spite of bad laws ; but we are learning the lesson how to pay our way when our debt is paid, with no interference in our business pursuits except those which may be restricted without injury, and with no privations except such as do no harm.

The opportunity will be offered this winter for the passage of a simple and effective tariff bill, such as has been in-

dicated, and which would doubtless give what is called incidental protection to a considerable extent. This would be submitted to now, by the advocates of free-trade, as a necessary evil growing out of the circumstances of the case. An act of this character, consistent in all its parts and moderate in all its rates, would soon be universally accepted, and would be likely to stand unchanged for many years.

But if the advocates of a high tariff shall fail to mark the handwriting upon the wall, and shall persist in their attempt to maintain the present oppressive system, or anything approaching it, they will lose the opportunity now offered them, and will then be entitled to no further consideration or forbearance. The next issue would be free-trade qualified by no other consideration than the need of a moderate customs revenue, to be raised from the six articles which now pay the larger portion of our impost ; namely, tea, coffee, sugar, spices, liquors, and silk goods.

It is now evident that the tariff question must be settled upon principles of justice, and not upon the protective theory, which is based upon the privation of the many for the benefit of the few. Protection differs only from communism in this, that it attempts to enforce an inequitable distribution of our annual product under due process of law, while communism, or socialism, invokes the force of law under the mistaken idea that a more equitable division may be had by statute. The two ideas are identical in principle, tend to promote the same antagonism, and are equally mischievous and futile in their application. The reform of the system

of taxation is a most essential element in the great problem in social science which is now shaking Europe to its very centre; and unless we are wise in our day and generation, and shall soon remedy the abuse of law by which men are now deprived of liberty and restricted in matters with which statute law should never meddle, we may have in the near future to solve these problems only with grave difficulty and many threatenings of civil commotion.

It is constantly alleged that the advocates of revenue reform are aggressive and partisan in their action. So far as the present political parties are concerned, they belong to both. So far as the present dominant party is concerned, while giving it all credit for what has been done, they demand that the same method of abatement shall be applied to all taxation, including the tariff, which has been applied so successfully and wisely to the internal-revenue system; namely, the abatement of the chief burdens upon industry, and the maintenance of those taxes which produce the largest revenue with the least interference with business pursuits and the least bounty to private interests.

As to the reforms which have been accomplished, they claim that, although *not then known* as a special body of men named and identified as Revenue Reformers, they have taken a leading part throughout, and that not a single burden of any importance has been removed as yet, the removal of which had not long been previously urged by them; and they also claim that the public mind has been brought to a determination to have the cotton tax removed, the whiskey tax reduced, the stamp system adopted on tobacco and beer, and the tax on manufactures abated, mainly by the arguments presented by them, and especially by their chief exponent, David A. Wells. Their present agitation is intended to continue, and carry on the same reform to its just completion.

Having thus defined our principles

and indicated our proposed method, it becomes fit for us to present a

REVENUE-REFORM BUDGET.

As this matter cannot be presented in too many aspects or enforced by too many methods, I beg to submit the following form of a budget to be enacted in the first year after we exert our power, say for the calendar year 1873. (See table, pp. 478, 479.)

The abatement of taxes proposed under this budget covers the reduction of the internal taxes made by the act of 1870; the reduction of the duties on tea, coffee, and sugar, as made by the act of 1870; the entire repeal of the income tax; but leaves still to be accomplished by the next session of Congress the repeal of about \$85,000,000 tariff taxes now in force upon necessary articles of food, fuel, clothing, and materials required in the mechanic arts.

If an allowance for contingencies is demanded, our previous experience would warrant the expectation that the taxes hereinafter proposed will yield seven dollars rather than six dollars per head, because of the enhanced prosperity and rapid increase in product and wealth sure to ensue from the abatement of the heavy burdens now crippling our industry. This increase of one dollar per head would yield \$42,000,000, to be applied to reduction of debt, and would carry the aggregate revenue to over \$300,000,000 in the year 1873.

I have made no account of the premium on sales of gold, which form a large portion of the so-called "miscellaneous receipts," as no Free-Trader, Revenue Reformer, or advocate of tax repeal would count upon that which marks the discredit of his country as a permanent source of revenue. There is no tax so vicious and no burden so heavy as that imposed by the use of an inconvertible paper currency. It is a thief which picks our pockets night and day, and it is the prime cause of the fraud, corruption, and speculation which mark this time.

If it shall be said that this aggregate of appropriations and of proposed expenditure is less than is now being expended, and less than has been called for, the Revenue Reformers reply that it is as much their function to examine into the purposes to which the sums raised by taxation shall be applied as it is to prescribe the method by which the taxes shall be levied; and that they intend not only to apply to the reduction of debt the sums which can be saved in the cost of the civil service, when the vast and cumbrous list of tariff taxes shall have been repealed, which now scarcely pay the cost of collection, and which now constitute one of the prime causes why our civil and miscellaneous expenses are double what they were in 1859, 1860, and 1861, but they also claim that the pension list needs to be scrutinized, the cost of the Indian Department examined, and that in general the cost of the ordinary expenses shall be, not eighty per cent in currency, but only twenty-five per cent in gold, more than in 1858, 1859, and 1860, or in proportion only to the increase of population. It is true that our expenses have been greatly reduced since the war, but great reduction remains to be accomplished.

We have admitted these large sums for civil service, war, and navy into our first budget, aggregating \$ 101,000,000, or nearly eighty per cent more than the average cost of these departments of the government for the fiscal years ending June 30, 1859, 1860, and 1861, for the reason that the vicious and debased paper currency now in forced circulation has caused the same increase in the cost of conducting the business of the government that it has caused in the cost of the subsistence of the great mass of the people; and we affirm that, when in the process of revenue reform we shall have restored a just and honest specie standard of value, although we shall not then be able to count upon the premium on sales of gold as being available for the payment of our debt, we shall save far more in the cost of our ordinary ex-

penses, and shall thus have a greatly larger sum to apply to that purpose than we have now.

It will be observed that our budget is made upon the rule previously laid down, namely, that discrimination should be used as to what we tax rather than as to where or how we collect the impost; the latter being simply a question of executive detail. In our estimates we have taken as our basis of income the actual receipts, either in the years 1870 or 1871, as stated in the official reports and from the latest published data. Every statement can be verified, either by reference to the official documents published by the Treasury Department, or to the able chief of the Bureau of Statistics (Dr. Edward Young), whose impartial services are always at the command of those who seek the truth in these matters. It has once been the function of the writer, in a review of the fiscal record of the Republican party, to assign to the cost of the war all the expenses of the War and Navy Departments over and above a fair estimate for the peace establishment. But the statement of expenses since the final end of the war, assuming that date to have been reached only when the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution was ratified, will not warrant such a division of expenses as between war and peace. Much as the present administration has accomplished in the honest and effective collection of the revenue, and great as has been the relief from the most onerous of the war taxes, the duty is still upon the Republican party, if it would not yield its power, to complete the work so well begun. Let not its record be, that though competent in time of war, and great when the country was in danger, it has been found wanting in time of peace. It has yet much to do in the reduction of expenses, and in the repeal of onerous and useless taxes; and not until it has brought the country back to as economical a standard as that which prevailed before the war, will it be held to have done all that ought to be expected.

DR. *The Secretary of the Treasury*

In Account with the People of the United States, CR.

FOR THE CALENDAR YEAR 1873.

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Free-Trade. — Revenue Reform.

[October,

	Dr.	Cr.
To taxes upon spirits and wines as collected in 1870, —		
Internal	\$ 54,286,371	
Tariff	8,071,699	
By appropriation for civil and miscellaneous expenses, at double the amount expended for the same purposes in the fiscal years ending June 30, 1859, 1860, and 1861, in which years the average expenditure was \$ 24,981,246. (<i>vide</i> Secretary's statement of receipts and expenditures from July 1, 1855, to June 30, 1870.)		\$ 62,358,070
To taxes upon tobacco, cigars, and snuff, as in 1870, —		
Internal	32,348,707	
Tariff	4,227,707	
By appropriation for War Department at fifty per cent more than the average cost of this department in the fiscal years ending June 30, 1859, 1860, 1861, when the average expenditure was \$ 20,877,246		36,576,414
To taxes upon fermented liquors, as collected in 1870, —		
Internal	6,910,757	
Tariff	347,687	
To taxes upon manufactures of silk, as collected in 1870, now (August, 1871) accruing at the rate of over \$ 18,000,000 per annum (tariff)		7,258,444
By appropriation for Navy Department at sixty per cent more than the average cost of this department in the fiscal years ending June 30, 1859, 1860, and 1861, when the average expenditure was \$ 12,853,840	15,410,770	15,410,770
To taxes as collected by stamps in 1870, other than those on beer and tobacco, namely, on checks, notes, deeds, bonds, policies, patent medicines, matches, etc. (internal)		20,000,000
By appropriation now required for pensions and Indians, subject to regular abatement as the pensions fall in	15,071,783	15,071,783
Surplus of taxes carried forward		33,000,000
		2,675,481
		<u>136,675,481</u>
		<u>136,675,481</u>
To balance brought down		2,675,481
To tax collected upon banks and bankers, as in 1870 (internal)	3,342,104	
To tax collected on circulation and deposits of national banks, as collected in fiscal year ending June 30, 1871 (miscellaneous receipts)	6,003,584	
To tax collected upon sugar and molasses in 1870 (tariff)	\$ 39,142,937	
Less expected reduction under act of 1870, taking effect in 1871	6,142,937	
To tax collected upon tea in 1870 (tariff)	9,073,745	
Less expected reduction under act of 1870, taking effect in 1871	1,073,745	
To tax collected upon coffee in 1870 (tariff)	11,944,272	
Less expected reduction under act of 1870, taking effect in 1871	3,944,272	
To customs revenue on fruits, nuts, spices, laces, embroideries, fans, toys, kid gloves, and other articles of luxury, which in 1870 yielded over \$ 11,000,000 (tariff)		8,000,000
To sundry items included under the head of miscellaneous receipts, as in fiscal year ending June 30, 1871, —		8,000,000
Fees from United States Consuls		11,000,000
Storage, rent, and labor at custom-houses	565,563	
Fines, penalties, and forfeitures, for violating customs laws collected in 1870, \$ 952,579, not counted upon, as the tariff now proposed would offer little premium for fraud	414,310	
Fees for letters-patent		
Homestead and other land fees	620,319	
	645,923	

Steamboat fees	223,824		
Marine hospital tax	161,711		
Sundry other miscellaneous receipts, amount collected in 1870, \$ 4,257,327. — say one half	2,128,663		
To tax on gas and other small internal-revenue receipts, as in 1870 (see Dr. Young's letter). — say (internal)	3,000,000		
To customs revenue proposed to be collected from duties upon textile fabrics, china and glass ware, as far as possible in the form of specific duties, but at rates averaging twenty per cent <i>ad valorem</i> ; — say on common or coarse goods ten per cent, on medium goods twenty per cent, on fine and fancy cotton, woollen, worsted, and linen goods, cut glass, and fancy china ware, thirty to thirty-five per cent. The present rate of importation of the fabrics named being now at the rate of over \$ 110,000,000 in value per annum, the proposed average rate of twenty per cent would yield (tariff)	22,000,000	99,077,338	
By appropriation for interest upon the public debt required in 1873, the amount of interest in July, 1871, being about	\$ 111,000,000		
The payment of debt before January, 1873, may be expected to amount to \$ 100,000,000. Saving of interest	\$ 6,000,000		
And the conversion of \$ 500,000,000, six per cents, to five per cents, which ought to be easily accomplished, would save	5,000,000		
			11,000,000
Balance carried forward			100,000,000
			1,752,819
	235,752,819	101,752,819	101,752,819
Brought forward		1,752,819	
To elasticity of revenue, computed as follows: —			
The foregoing taxes based upon the collection of 1870, less abatement under the act of 1870, amount to the following sums, —			
Internal	\$ 114,959,722		
Tariff	110,057,863		
Miscellaneous	10,735,234		
Total	\$ 235,752,819		
or at the rate of a little over \$ 6 per head on a population computed at 38,500,000 persons. Although we may not have attained our normal rate of increase as it was before the war, of three and one half per cent per annum, the increase cannot now be less than three per cent, at which rate the population of 1873 will be over 42,000,000, — gain, 3,500,000, at \$ 6 per head, \$ 21,000,000, — say	10,000,000		
Tariff	11,000,000		
Internal		21,000,000	
To saving which may and ought to be made in the amount charged to customs in the statement of accounts for fiscal year ending June 30, 1871, being for cost of collection of tariff taxes, erection and repairs of custom-houses, etc. \$ 16,095,883; when the tariff laws shall have been consolidated from twelve acts covering a schedule said to contain over four thousand specifications, to one simple and consistent act covering a schedule not exceeding one hundred specifications; — estimated saving on cost of tariff taxes, — say	6,000,000	6,000,000	28,752,819
By appropriation for reduction of debt in 1873			
	262,752,819	\$ 24,752,819	\$ 28,752,819
Total proposed revenue in 1873	262,752,819		
Elasticity and saving out	27,000,000		
Proportion to be paid by 38,500,000 people in 1873, \$ 6.12 <i>per capita</i>	235,752,819		
Actual taxes paid by 38,500,000 people in 1870, as per official statement, \$ 10.62 <i>per capita</i>	409,208,833		
Tax repeal proposed on rate of 1870, in part already enacted, \$ 4.50 <i>per capita</i>	\$ 173,456,014		

1871.]

Free-Trade. — Revenue Reform.

The Republican party has met the demand of war, and has applied the vast resources of this country to that demand without stint, and it may be said almost without time to take thought as to its method. It is for the same party now to consider whether it will permit the problem of revenue reform to be worked out to its completion as it has been begun in and by it; or whether it will allow the rapacious and unscrupulous men who always attach themselves to any party in power for the sole purpose of gaining their private ends, to pervert its force and thus to transfer to its opponents the duty which it may fail to meet; giving them the opportunity which they seek, and which they may use, in spite of "new departures," to the detriment of the cause for which the war was fought out.

Our budget is one which no party can ignore, because it is simple, sensible, and right. It calls for no income tax, and it repeals all the taxes on what are called raw materials; all the taxes upon metals; upon drugs and dyestuffs; upon wool, hemp, and jute; upon lumber, coal, hides, leather, and salt; in fact, it repeals all taxes upon all the materials which enter into the processes of our industry: while it would impose, under and by means of one simple and effective bill (in place of the twelve inconsistent and complicated acts which now constitute our tariff law), very moderate duties for revenue upon articles which are substantially ready for final consumption, and which therefore represent the results for which labor is exerted. *To take a small portion of that which men seek as the end of their labor, rather than to impair the means whereby they gain their subsistence, is the problem which the advocates of revenue reform now seek to solve.*

Objection has been taken to the title of "Revenue Reformers." If our opponents desire a more descriptive title, let them call us the "Tax Repealers," if they dare.

If it shall be said that we repeal too

much, and that we ought to pay more than \$30,000,000 in the first year after we enact our laws, let it be remembered that by the simple force of the increase in our population, the rate *per capita* which in the first year will yield \$30,000,000 toward payment will, if maintained for twenty years, and even in less time, pay off the entire debt. And let it also be remembered that abatement of bad taxes means increase of revenue from right ones retained, and that no attempt at reduction yet made in this country but has disappointed the framers of the act, the revenue, from the taxes maintained, increasing with every relief from burdens. When we have once established a system of revenue upon the basis of the budget herein proposed, it will be very certain that all agitation will cease; and that until our debt is finally paid, no cry either of protection or free-trade, of revenue reform or tax repeal, will suffice to induce any substantial change. The country will have a simple and stable, if not a perfect system of taxation, and the prosperity to all, both farmers and manufacturers, which must ensue, cannot fail to assure its continuance.

Even if it could be proved that protection increases wealth, it must still be condemned. Accumulated wealth, necessarily held by a small portion of the community, is the least sure sign of prosperity. Abundant production and equitable distribution are the ends to be sought, and only that wealth is of permanent value which promotes these ends.

He who by invention increases our power to direct the unchanging forces of nature, so that our annual product is increased and a more ample consumption made possible, adds most to our prosperity; even though his invention destroys the value of half our wealth previously accumulated.

The dream of the communist will be realized only when, through effort, invention, and intelligence, production will be so ample and so sure that all will have enough and it will not pay to be rich.

Edward Atkinson.

A NEWPORT ROMANCE.

THEY say that she died of a broken heart
 (I tell the tale as 't was told to me),
 But her spirit lives and her soul is part
 Of this sad old house by the sea.

Her lover was fickle and fine and French ;
 It was nearly a hundred years ago
 When he sailed away from her arms — poor wench —
 With the Admiral Rochambeau.

I marvel much what periwigged phrase
 Won the heart of this sentimental Quaker,
 At what gold-laced speech of those modish days
 She listened — the mischief take her !

But she kept the posies of mignonette
 That he gave, and ever as their bloom failed
 And faded (though with her tears still wet)
 Her youth with their own exhaled.

Till one night, when the sea-fog wrapped a shroud
 Round spar and spire and tarn and tree,
 Her soul went up on that lifted cloud
 From this sad old house by the sea.

And ever since then, when the clock strikes two,
 She walks unbidden from room to room,
 And the air is filled that she passes through
 With a subtle, sad perfume.

The delicate odor of mignonette,
 The ghost of a dead and gone bouquet,
 Is all that tells of her story, yet
 Could she think of a sweeter way ?

* * * * *

I sit in the sad old house to-night, —
 Myself a ghost from a further sea, —
 And I trust that this Quaker woman might,
 In courtesy, visit me.

For the laugh is fled from the porch and lawn,
 And the bugle died from the fort on the hill,
 And the twitter of girls on the stairs is gone,
 And the grand piano is still.

Somewhere in the darkness a clock strikes two,
And there is no sound in the sad old house,
But the long veranda dripping with dew,
And in the wainscot a mouse.

The light of my study-lamp streams out
From the library door, but has gone astray
In the depths of the darkened hall. Small doubt
But the Quakeress knows the way.

Was it the trick of a sense o'erwrought
With outward watching and inward fret?
But I swear that the air just now was fraught
With the odor of mignonette!

I open the window and seem almost —
So still lies the ocean — to hear the beat
Of its Great Gulf artery off the coast,
And to bask in its tropic heat.

In my neighbor's windows the gas-lights flare
As the dancers swing in a waltz of Strauss,
And I wonder now could I fit that air
To the song of this sad old house.

And no odor of mignonette there is
But the breath of morn on the dewy lawn,
And mayhap from causes as slight as this
The quaint old legend is born.

But the soul of that subtle sad perfume,
As the spiced embalmings, they say, outlast
The mummy laid in his rocky tomb,
Awakens my buried past.

And I think of the passion that shook my youth,
Of its aimless loves and its idle pains,
And am thankful now for the certain truth
That only the sweet remains.

And I hear no rustle of stiff brocade,
And I see no face at my library door;
For now that the ghosts of my heart are laid,
She is viewless forevermore.

But whether she came as a faint perfume
Or whether a spirit in stole of white,
I feel as I pass from the darkened room
She has been with my soul to-night!

Bret Harte.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER XXX.

MATTERS worked like a seesaw : one end of the feud went down, only to see the other go up ; McAlister wanted peace just when Beaumont had taken in fresh fuel for fight.

But with all his sense of the honorableness of wrath, and of the duty of running at his highest speed for Congress, Beaumont could not forget that his wrath and his running might trample on his youngest daughter's chances of happiness. He strove to escape from the piteous remembrance ; but he was like a man who scrambles on the slippery footing of adverse dreams ; he leaped and leaped, and made no progress. O these women, these children ; how puissantly we are bound to them ; how inextricably the varieties of humanity are entangled ; how well for the race that it is so !

This deep-chested, heavy-shouldered, bushy-browed, lion-eyed, pugnacious gentleman not only could not help thinking of his daughter's troubled heart, but could not help talking about it. One day, looking at her as she walked with drooping head in the garden, he turned with an excited start to Mrs. Armitage, and demanded, "What am I to do with that girl ? She mopes about here as if her own home were a place of confinement, a prison, or a lunatic asylum, or something of that sort. I shall have to send her over to her grandfather's ; that is, till the election is over, and all these confounded uproars."

"Then I shall go too," responded Nellie, promptly and rather spunkily. She had lately had more than one argument with her father in favor of the McAlister match, and she was somewhat irritated because of his persistent opposition to the measure which her heart had desired.

"You will !" exclaimed Beaumont

with a stare. He was no longer the hub of the family then ; his tribe was to gather around Kate, instead of himself ; the new generation was decidedly mounting upon the throne of the old. His face wore an expression of annoyance, but even more of depression.

"Let us talk like men about it, papa," continued Nellie, in her heroic way. "Let us call things by their true names, without any fear of the subject or of each other. Here, because Kate is not happy, you want to send her away from her home, and away from her father and brothers and sister."

"For her own good," broke in Beaumont, eagerly. "Things are going disagreeably here, and she can't want to see them. Besides, Kershaw is her grandfather, and you know how they pet each other. He can cheer her. He is such a kind, good old man ! O, he is so damn good !" he added with a groan of self-depreciation. "I wish I was half as good. I wish I could respect myself as I do Kershaw."

"Bring him over here," advised Nellie.

"What ?"

"Bring him over here, for a few days. And when Major Lawson returns from his visit to Charleston, bring him too. Then Kate will have all her best friends around her, — all but one."

Beaumont did not notice the allusion to Frank McAlister ; he was taken up with considering Nellie's plan, and with dreading it. Kershaw, that great pacificator of quarrels, he did not quite want him in the house just now. From such a presence there might emanate an influence which would once more beguile him into the weakness of resigning his candidature and washing off his war-paint generally. But after due argument and solicitation, after it had been borne in upon him that the old Colonel, in the temporary absence

of Lawson, must be leading a dreary life in his own house, he withdrew an opposition for which he could not allege his reasons and of which he was secretly ashamed. Riding over to Kershaw's place, he invited his father-in-law to visit him for a fortnight, pressed the point with his characteristic cordiality and hospitality, and secured an acceptance. So the next morning the Colonel alighted from his carriage on the gravel-walk before the Beaumont door.

"Is n't he beautiful, papa?" whispered Kate, as she and her father hastened to greet their venerable visitor.

"He is the white rose of South-Carolinian chivalry," murmured Beaumont. "Not a leaf fallen by reason of age, and not a stain by reason of sin."

The sympathetic and passionate nature of this rough fighter enabled him to appreciate and worship a character which was beyond him.

In truth, the Colonel was beautiful, as healthy and good old men can be beautiful. He had fully recovered from his late severe illness; to look at him, it seemed as if he might live twenty years longer. His long white hair, waving over his heavy, old-fashioned coat-collar, was as yet abundant and almost luxuriant. His massive aquiline face, rendered only the more expressive by deep wrinkles and large folds, was full of dignity, intelligence, and sympathy. Eighty or nearly eighty years of the life of this world, so generally commonplace, so often full of temptation, so often sorrowful or exasperating, had not dimmed the sunshine of that benightedness which must have been the core of his character. He looked as George Washington might have looked, had he reached the same age. He made one think of what an angel might be, could an angel become white-haired and wrinkled. Very tall, and as yet of goodly fulness, he seemed a colossal statue erected to physical beauty and moral goodness, grown venerable.

Kate soon took possession of her pet, and led him to his room. She wanted to have him all to herself, and

she wanted the luxury of serving him with her own hands. After prattling for some minutes, after seeing anew that his room was furnished with everything which he could need, she left him to wash off the dust of his drive and went below to wait for him, her eyes sparkling with impatience. Presently she ran and called up the stairway, "Grandpapa, are you never going to come down?" As he did not answer, probably not hearing her, she hurried to his room, drummed on the door with eager fingers, and said in a tone of loving reproach, "Why, how long you are!"

That was always the way with her when Kershaw came over. She was as impatient to get at him and as greedy of his company as a hungry child is impatient and greedy for its dinner. Moreover, she had absurd, charming little terrors, if he was long at a time out of her sight, lest he had hurt himself, or perhaps died. When she was a child and visited him for short terms at his plantation, she used to say, night after night, "Promise me, grandpapa, that you won't die before morning." The benignant and affectionate old man, so like her lost mother, and indeed so like herself, exercised a sort of bewitchment over her, which was all the more potent because it had begun before the dawn of reason, because it had begun as an instinct. It was in vain that her other relatives sometimes jealously chafed because of this fascination, and sometimes good-humoredly laughed at her for it. On this point she remained sweetly childish, and could not be otherwise, nor wish it.

The bewitchment was mutual, as such affectionate magic often is. Despite his rational, grave, and one might say rather slow nature, the old man worshipped the girl as the girl worshipped him. At this moment, when he heard the well-known and expected drumming on his door, his solemn blue eyes and the massive folds of his face lighted up with a deep though serene pleasure.

"Come in, my little girl," his hol-

low and tremulous voice called. "I am only brushing my hair."

"Let me brush it," begged Kate; and would do it, making him sit for the purpose.

"It needs cutting, does n't it?" asked the Colonel, who was in the habit of seeking her guidance, at least in little matters.

"Not yet," said Kate. "It is too handsome to cut."

"Handsome?" asked Kershaw, thinking of her chestnut curls.

"It is every bit as white as snow," continued the girl. "It makes me think of Mont Blanc. What color was it once?"

"A little darker than yours, child, if I remember right," said the old man, after pausing a moment to send his memory backward many years. "There, you have taken trouble enough with it. Now sit down where I can look at you."

"Wait a little," begged Kate. She was intent upon making the silver cataract fall behind his ears and roll evenly over his coat-collar. The work done, she drew a childlike smile of satisfaction, and seating herself in front of him, smiled in his face. Her smile, could he have understood its under-sadness, would have told him that she loved him all the more because the outreachings of affection towards another had been rudely put aside.

"You don't look in good flesh," said the Colonel. His phrase was old-fashioned, but it suited his venerable mien, and it was made sweet by a tone of tender anxiety.

"I am a little thinner than usual," replied Kate. A spasm passed across her mouth, but she quelled it by an heroic effort, and presently the smile reappeared.

"If you are ill, you must tell me," urged Kershaw. "We must have advice."

He knew nothing of her love-affair, and suspected nothing; even the garrulous, sympathetic Lawson had refrained from hinting it to him.

"Grandpapa, you are always think-

ing about other people," observed the girl, willing to change the subject of conversation.

"Of course," he replied, simply. "My own affairs are of so little interest."

At this moment Kate's face turned as pale as death. Glancing out of a window near her, she had seen Frank McAlister dismounting at the gate, and the idea at once crossed her mind that his life was in peril.

"What is the matter?" inquired Kershaw, who noted her start and dimly perceived her change of color.

"O, do go down there," she begged, springing to her feet and seizing his arm. "Do go, before there is trouble."

"What is it?" he repeated, slowly rising.

"I don't know," stammered Kate. "What can he be here for? It is Mr. Frank McAlister."

"McAlister!" exclaimed Kershaw, in a tone which showed that he realized the full gravity of the situation. "The young man,—the tall young man? I remember. The one who saved your life. Of course I remember him. But he should n't be here. I will go down."

"O, do, do," implored the girl, almost hurrying him, almost pushing him. "Don't let any trouble happen."

"No, no," said Kershaw, as he stalked out of the room, leaning forward in the manner of old men when they are in haste. "But what can he be here for? It is highly imprudent."

We shall best see the end of this adventure by joining Frank McAlister. Dismounting at the high post gate which whitely glared in front of the house, he left his horse in charge of one of half a dozen pickaninnies who were kicking up the dust of the road with their bare black feet, and walked straight towards the veranda, where stood Peyton Beaumont grimly staring at him, a statue of mistrust and amazement. When he had got within a few yards of his father's rival and enemy he halted, lifted his hat entirely from his head, and bowed without speaking. At the same moment Tom Beaumont

came out of the door behind his father, and, seeing this most unexpected and somewhat alarming visitor, slipped a practised hand under the skirt of his shooting-jacket, obviously feeling for the handle of a pistol. Frank noted the threatening gesture; but he did not change countenance, nor move a muscle; he remained with his eyes fixed on the face of Peyton. The latter, after hesitating for a moment, slightly waved his hand in salutation.

"Mr. Beaumont, I beg leave to deliver you a friendly letter from my father," said Frank.

"From your father, sir!" exclaimed Peyton. He reflected for an instant, thought of his political confederates, thought of the feud, too, and added, "I do not feel at liberty to receive it, sir."

Tom Beaumont drew his derringer, supposing that Frank would draw also, and determined to be beforehand with him. But just then Colonel Kershaw stepped slowly into the veranda and laid his hand gently on the elbow of the aristocratic young desperado. Tom glanced sideways, recognized the old man, and slowly returned the weapon to his pocket, still however keeping his hand on it, while he watched Frank steadily.

"Am I intruding, Beaumont?" asked Kershaw.

"Ah!" started Beaumont. "Why no, certainly not. In my house you are in your own. And by the way, Kershaw, by the way — Mr. McAlister, have the kindness to wait one instant. — Kershaw, I want your advice. A letter from the Judge," he whispered, blowing out his cheeks with an air of demanding amazement. "Shall I open it? *Would you?* Would you, *indeed?* Well, perhaps so; decidedly so. Just to see what the scoundrel wants. Exactly."

Turning to Frank, he said, with ceremonious civility: "Mr. McAlister, by the advice of Colonel Kershaw, I will now, with your permission, receive the letter. If I was discourteous to you personally in my first refusal, I ask excuse."

He read the Judge's communication with mingled feelings. First came the expression of that gentleman's desire to resign his candidature to Congress for the sake of the peace of Hartland and the unity of South Carolina. Beaumont approved. He approved promptly, fully, and energetically; for once he was harmonious with Duncan McAlister. But next came the hint that, in return for this concession, a seat in the United States district court would be acceptable. Beaumont hesitated; there were good men of his own party to be thought of; his brow darkened with an ominous look of dissent. Then he went through his rival's elegantly written, dignified, and almost pathetic peroration. It moved him; the expression of noble sentiments always moved him; he was just to that degree simple and sympathetic. Well, what should he do? Obviously it was his personal interest to close with the bargain, and so get rid of his rival in the coming election. But he was not an ordinary politician; he was honest, high-minded, and unselfish, at least so far as he knew how to be; if he was ever moved by interest, it was unawares. Thus he had no difficulty in putting aside this egotistic consideration immediately.

On the other hand, here was a favor; the Judge was going to give up his candidature any way; and surely he deserved a favor in return. The fact that he could say to Beaumont, "You ought to have the seat in Congress," made Beaumont want to say, "You ought to have the vacant judgeship." The heart of this impulsive, unreflecting, headlong knight-errant began to warm towards his rival and enemy. He had scarcely read his letter through before he wanted to serve him. He became, as it were, his partisan. To be sure, old bellicose feelings boiled and bubbled somewhat in his heart; but they were kept down in a measure by thoughts of Kate and of Kershaw. On this score the impulses of peace and war remained in even balance.

"This is very important," he ob-

served, slowly turning to the old Colonel. "Kershaw, I must have your advice. Mr. McAlister, will you do me the kindness to walk into my parlor. Tom, oblige me by seeing that we are not interrupted."

In the parlor he seated his guests, closed the doors, and then approached Frank.

"Mr. McAlister," he said, "Colonel Kershaw's character —"

"It is sufficient," bowed Frank. "I am confident that my father would be willing to intrust any secret to Colonel Kershaw."

Then the letter was read aloud. A blush inundated Frank's face when he heard Beaumont clarify forth his father's demand for a *quid pro quo*, offering to dicker his chance for Congress against a seat in the temple of justice. For a minute or two he could not look Kershaw or Kate's father in the face. His shame was only in part removed by Beaumont's calm consideration of the bargain and charitable comment upon it. Beaumont, it must be understood, was by this time quite impulsively in favor of the Judge, looking upon himself as the patron of his rival, and desiring to do him a good turn.

"Wishes to withdraw from politics, you see," he remarked blandly. "Well, it is about time I should do the same. After this campaign, Kershaw, — after this campaign, you may rely on me. No more candidatures, no more stumpings."

If he meant to make a bridge of gold for a retreating enemy, he certainly did his engineering rather neatly. The truth is, that, being now anxious to accept his rival's offer, he was anxious to have Kershaw advise him to accept it.

The good old man responded to the wish from good motives of his own. He saw a chance before him to turn the swords and spears of the feud into the ploughshares and pruning-hooks of amity.

"I approve of the proposition," he said slowly and after deliberate consideration. "Judge McAlister is better fitted for the position in question than

any other man in the upper country. He is our ablest lawyer and our most judicial mind."

"I have always admitted it," Beaumont declared, and with entire truth. "He deserves the place."

"In appointments to the judiciary there should be no question of partisan politics," affirmed Kershaw.

"Certainly not," assented Beaumont. "By heavens! the President who should consider politics, in making appointments to the judiciary, ought to be impeached and deposed."

There was no questioning his honesty in saying this. He looked like truth incarnate, and none the less for his bellicose expression.

"What a gentleman he is at bottom," thought Frank, only too glad to judge kindly of Kate's father.

"Why didn't we come to this before?" continued Beaumont, delighted that he had secured Kershaw's adherence, and quite resolved now to back McAlister. "I shall rejoice in recommending the Judge to a position which he will fill so nobly. And so will my friends, I am confident. By heavens, if they don't I won't run for them; I'll throw up my candidature immediately; I will, by heavens. Kershaw, I want you to bear witness to that, and stand by me in it," he added, remembering that giving up candidatures did not come easy to him.

"I think our friends will make no objections," said the Colonel, knowing that Beaumont's will and his own would be law to the district.

"I should say not," answered Peyton, swelling and ruffling at the idea of opposition. "By heavens, I should like to see the man who would be fool enough and brute enough to object to such an appointment," he went on, forgetting that he would himself have opposed it but for circumstances. "Well, it is understood. Mr. McAlister, please do me the favor to say to your father that I assent most cordially to his chivalrous proposition. I make this declaration in the presence of Colonel Kershaw. If I made it alone, I

would be bound by it. And now, Mr. McAlister, a glass of wine together."

He fairly beamed upon the young man. The moment that he could be friends with him at all, he was as much his friend as he ever had been. He inclined towards him with all the vivacious promptness of his mercurial, yet energetic nature. He let himself remember distinctly that this was the man who had saved his daughter's life, and with whom his daughter's chance of happiness was perhaps intertwined. There was no mistaking the kindness which glowed in his martial black eyes and his dark red visage. Frank was instantaneously as happy as a being is vulgarly supposed to be.

"I am more gratified than I can possibly express," he said, in a tone which told infinitely more than the words.

After the sherry had been tasted, the young man rose to take his leave, remarking, "I must carry this good news to my father."

"Add that I cannot sufficiently thank him for sending you on this mission," said Peyton, shaking hands.

"I entirely concur with Beaumont in sentiment," added Kershaw in his brief, weighty way, few words always, but every one doubly meant.

"I trust that this begins a lasting peace," ventured Frank.

Beaumont could not decide at once what to answer; but the Colonel, pressing the youngster's hand warmly, said, "I trust so."

Frank glanced gratefully at his benign face and glorious crown of white hair, admiring him as noble young men do admire noble old ones, and thinking him too good for this world.

In the entry hall they encountered Nellie, who, seeing these demonstrations of amity, saluted Frank with a smile and a few words of commonplace civility.

During this brief moment Peyton Beaumont had one of those revulsions of feeling or opinion to which he was subject. A doubt, a scruple, troubled his sense of honor. He had been accustomed to call Judge McAlister an

old fox, a carthaginian, a perfidious rascal. Would a man whom he had thus stigmatized, and as he believed properly stigmatized, be the right man for the district court bench? Would he render just judgment, and honor the Beaumont recommendation? "What do you think, Kershaw?"

The Colonel had none of Peyton's hereditary prejudice against the McAlisters. He replied gently and gravely, "Have no fears, Beaumont. Whatever McAlister may be as a politician, in his official character he is a gentleman. There is not a stain upon his professional honor. You have done well."

"Kershaw, you relieve me inexpressibly," murmured Peyton with a sigh of deep satisfaction. Then, advancing quickly to Frank, he took his hand and said, "I trust, with you, that this begins a lasting peace."

As the young man heard this phrase, which filled him with inexpressible joy, he heard also a rapid step in the veranda. He did not turn, but the others did, and saw Randolph Armitage advancing, his hand under his coat as if seeking a pistol, and his drunken, fierce eyes fixed on Frank McAlister.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It must be remembered that Randolph Armitage had passed several days on the verge of *delirium tremens*, either caring nothing for the exodus of his wife and children, or unaware of it.

But on recovering his wits he wanted his Israel back, as is apt to be the case with abandoned Pharaohs of our household Egypts, however vicious and unloving they may be. It is such a disgrace to be deserted, and involves such a diminution of sweet authority, besides loss of domestic comforts!

Conceited, confident in himself, passionately wilful and headlong, he soon determined to go in pursuit of Nellie, believing that at the sight of him she would fall under the old fascination and return to her wifely allegiance. Bentley

objected, but only a little ; for not only was he afraid of his brother, but he was in love with Kate ; and loving Kate, he could not desire that Armistages and Beaumonts should be separated forever.

Sober when he left home, Randolph was quiet in demeanor and even somewhat anxious in spirit. He feared lest his wife or her sister might have told tales on him ; and, if that were the case, he would probably have to listen to a remonstrance from "old man Beaumont" ; and he knew that when that gentleman did remonstrate, it was in the style of a tornado. But with the fatuity of a shallow soul, incapable of appreciating its own scoundrelism, or of putting itself fairly in the place of another, he trusted that he could easily turn wrath into favor by a week of sobriety and of the superfine deportment which he prided himself on being able to assume.

At Brownville he heard for the first time that Frank had met Nellie there and gone on with her to Hartland. The news was angering ; the man, being a McAlister, had no right to travel with *his* family ; moreover, it looked as if he had helped the woman to run away. Randolph took a *drink* and then several drinks. By the time the train started (it was early in the morning, observe) he was in a state to go on drinking. He treated himself at every station, and he accepted treats from fellow-passengers who carried bottles in their wayfarings, as is the genial habit of certain Southerners. Long before he reached Hartland he was fit to shoot an enemy on sight, and to see an enemy in the first man who stared at him. He forgot that the object of his journey was to wheedle back his wife to her married wretchedness. His inflamed brain settled down upon the idea that it was his duty as a gentleman to chastise Frank McAlister for abetting Nellie's elopement, and for daring to associate himself to Beaumonts. Clenching his fist and muttering, he carried on imaginary conversations with that criminal, reproving him

for his impertinence and threatening punishment.

"You've no call to speak to a Beaumont," he babbled, identifying himself with the famous family feud, for which when sober he did not care a picayune. "My wife is a Beaumont, sir. She's above you, sir. My people have nothing to do with your people. I'm a Beaumont — by kinsmanship. You sha'n't travel with my wife, sir. You sha'n't go in the same car with her. You sha'n't lead her away from her home and her husband. We'll settle this matter, sir. We'll settle it now sir." And so on.

At the Hartland station his first inquiry was for Mr. Frank McAlister. "Never saw him in my life," he explained. "Don't know him from Adam. But he's a tall fellow. He's a scoundrel. I'm after him, I'm on his trail. Seen anything of him?"

Frank's person was more exactly described to him by a little, red-eyed, seedy old gentleman, who seemed to be doing "the dignified standing round" in the grocery attached to the station, and in whom we may no doubt recognize General Johnson. The General, smelling an affair of honor, and always willing to give chivalry a lift, made prompt inquiries as to the whereabouts of young McAlister, and presently brought word that he had been seen only half an hour before riding in the direction of the Beaumont territories.

"Gone to attack my relatives!" muttered the drunkard, honestly believing at the moment that he loved the Beaumonts. "I'll be there. I'm on his trail. I'll be there."

He was as mad as Don Quixote. He was in a state to succor people who did not want to be succored, and to right wrongs which had never been given, and to see a catiff in every chance comer. He was one of those knight-errants who are created by the accolade of a bottle.

Reaching the castle which he meant to save, just as Frank, Beaumont, and Kershaw came out of it, he had no difficulty in recognizing his proposed vic-

tim. The obvious amicableness of the interview did not in the least enlighten this lunatic. In the smiling and happy young man, who was shaking hands with the master of the house, he could only see a villain who had deeply injured himself, and who was now assaulting or insulting his wife's relatives. Clapping his hand on the butt of his revolver, he strode, or rather staggered, towards Frank, scarcely observing Beaumont and Kershaw.

It was a singular scene. Frank Mc-Alister, who did not know Armitage by sight, and did not at all suspect danger to himself, towered calmly like a colossal statue, his grave blue eyes just glancing at this menacing apparition, and then turning a look of inquiry upon Beaumont. The white-haired Kershaw, nearly as tall as Frank, was gazing blandly into the face of the young man, unconscious that anything strange was happening, his whole air full of benignity and satisfaction. Beaumont, the only one of the three who both saw and recognized the intruder, had turned squarely to face him, eyes flaming, eyebrows bristling, and hands clenched. It must be remembered that he hated Armitage as a man who had filled Nellie's life with wretchedness. At the first glimpse of his insolent approach and air of menace he had been filled with such rage, that if he had had a pistol he would perhaps have shot him instantly. In a certain sense he would have been pardonable for such action, for he supposed that the drunkard's charge was directed against himself. There he stood, undismayed and savage; all the more defiant because the odds were against him; all the grimmer because he was unarmed, gouty, and in no case for battle; as heroic an old Tartar as ever scowled in the face of death. When the reeling desperado was within six feet of him he thundered out, "You scoundrel!"

Armitage made no answer to Beaumont, and merely stared at him with an indescribably stupid leer, not unlike the stolid, savage grin of an angry

baboon. Then, lurching a little to one side, he passed him and pushed straight towards Frank, at the same time drawing his revolver. Halting with difficulty, he looked up in the astonished face of the young giant, and demanded in a sort of yell, "What y' here for?"

"I don't understand you, sir," replied Frank. "I don't know you."

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Beaumont, suddenly realizing that his guest's life was threatened, and trying to step between him and Armitage.

"Let me alone," screamed the drunkard. "He's run away with my wife."

The coarse suspicion thus flung upon Nellie inflamed her father to fury. Without a word he seized his son-in-law, pushed him toward the low steps which led down from the veranda, and sent him rolling upon the gravelled walk at their base.

Frank had no weapons. He had come unarmed into the house of the hereditary enemies of his house. He had resolved to put it beyond his power to do battle, even in self-defence, under the roof of Kate's father. But he now stepped forward hastily, calling, "This is my affair, Mr. Beaumont."

Kershaw stopped him, placing both hands on his arms, and saying, "You are our guest. I do not understand this quarrel. But we are responsible for your safety."

At the same moment Beaumont hastened to the door and shouted, "Tom! Vincent! Nellie! Here, somebody! Bring me my pistols!"

Then he turned to look, for a shot had been fired. The overthrown maniac, even while struggling to rise, had discharged one barrel of his revolver, aiming, however, as a drunken man would naturally aim, and missing his mark. Kershaw let go of Frank and sank into a rustic chair, as if overcome by the excitement of the scene, or by the weakness of age. Thus freed for action, the youngster plunged towards his unknown and incomprehensible enemy, with the intention of disarming him. Two more shots missed him,

and then there was a struggle. Of course it was brief; the inebriate went down almost instantly; his pistol was wrenched out of his hand and flung away; then a heavy knee was on his breast and a hard fist in his neck-cloth.

At this moment the younger Beaumonts, aroused by the firing and by the call of their father, swarmed out upon the veranda, every one with his cocked pistol. Seeing their brother-in-law (of whose domestic misconduct they knew nothing) under the hostile hands of a McAlister, they naturally inferred that here was a fresh outbreak of the feud, and rushed forward to rescue their relative.

"Stop, gentlemen," called Kershaw, but so weakly that he was not heard.

"Boys! boys!" shouted Beaumont, limping after them down the steps. "You don't understand it, boys."

All might have been explained, and further trouble avoided, but at this moment there arrived a rescue for Frank, a rescue which comprehended nothing, and so did harm. It seems that Bruce and Wallace McAlister, learning from their mother what mission their brother had gone upon, and having little confidence in the sense or temper or good faith of their ancient foes, had decided to mount and follow up the adventure. When Armitage's first pistol-shot resounded, they were in ambush behind a grove not three hundred yards distant. A few seconds more saw them dashing up to the gate which fronted the veranda, and blazing away with their revolvers at the Beaumonts, who were hurrying towards Frank. A sharp exclamation from Tom told that one bullet had taken effect.

"Come here, brother!" shouted Wallace. "Run for your horse."

Frank sprang to his feet and stared about him in bewilderment. He saw Tom handling his wounded arm; he saw Vincent and Poinsett aiming towards the road; turning his head, he saw Bruce and Wallace, also aiming. It was the feud once more; the two fami-

lies were slaughtering each other; all hope of peace was perishing in blood. At the top of his speed he ran towards his brothers, calling, "You are mistaken. Stop, stop!"

Vincent fired after him. Poinsett, pacific as he was, discharged several barrels, but rather at the men on horseback than at Frank. Tom picked up his pistol with his sound arm and joined in the skirmish. The two McAlisters in the highway, sitting calmly on their plunging horses, returned bullet for bullet. At least thirty shots were exchanged in as many seconds. That amateur of ferocities, chivalrous old General Johnson, ought to have been there to cure his sore eyes with the spectacle. Never before had there been such a general battle between the rival families as was this hasty, unforeseen, unpremeditated combat, the result of a misunderstanding growing naturally out of lifelong hostility. Peyton Beaumont alone, knowing that the *mêlée* was one huge blunder, took no part in it, and indeed tried hard to stop it, calling, "Gentlemen, gentlemen! Hear me one instant."

When Frank reached his brothers there was a streak of blood down his cheek from a pistol-shot scratch across his temple. Moreover, he was in peril of further harm, for Randolph Armitage had regained his feet, and followed him, and was now reeling through the gate with a drawn bowie-knife.

"For God's sake, stop!" implored Frank, unaware both of his wound and his danger. "It was not the Beaumonts who attacked me. It was some drunken brute!"

Wallace made no reply, except to spur past his brother upon the pursuing Armitage and knock him senseless with a pistol-blow over the head.

"Mount your horse," shouted Bruce. "They are reloading. Mount your horse."

"I must go and explain," cried Frank, turning back. "I forbid you to fire," he added in a terrible voice. "Don't you see *her*?"

His dilated eyes were fixed upon

Kate Beaumont, who, with the aid of a negro, was leading Kershaw into the house. When she had disappeared and he believed that she was in safety, he lifted his clasped hands toward heaven, and reeled as if he would have fallen.

"Come, Frank," begged Wallace, throwing his broken pistol at him in his desperation. "Do you want us all shot here? Mount your horse."

In his confusion and anguish of soul, just understanding that his brothers would not leave him, and that he must ride with them to save their lives, the young man sprang into his saddle and galloped away.

"I ought to go back," he said, after he had traversed a few rods. "I must know if anything has happened to them."

"This is the second time that you have barely escaped being assassinated by those savages," replied Bruce, sternly. "If you are not a maniac, you will come with us."

"O, it was a horrible mistake," groaned Frank. "You meant well, but you were mistaken. The Beaumonts did not attack me. It was that madman."

"That was Randolph Armitage," said Wallace. "Do you mean the fellow that I knocked down? That was Peyton Beaumont's son-in-law. He is another of the murdering tribe. They are all of a piece."

Perplexed as well as wretched, Frank made no reply, and dashed on after his brothers. The retreat was a rapid one, although two of the horses were wounded, and Bruce had received a shot in the thigh which made riding painful. As there was now only one pistol among the McAlisters, and as their enemies were well armed and had fast horses within easy call, it was well to distance pursuit.

But the Beaumonts did not think of giving chase; they were paralyzed by the shock of an immense calamity.

At the firing of the first shot Kate was sitting by a window of her own bedroom, looking out upon the yard through a loop in the curtain. We may guess that her object was to get

an unobserved glance at Frank McAlister when he should remount his horse and ride away. She had so much confidence in her grandfather's influence, that she did not expect any serious trouble.

The explosion of the pistol surprised her into a violent fright. To her imagination the feud was always at hand; it was a prophet of evil uttering incessant menaces; it was an assassin ever ready for slaughter. Her instantaneous thought was that the old quarrel had broken out in a deadly combat between her pugnacious brothers and the man whom she knew full well at the moment that she loved. She could not see the veranda from her window, and she hurried down stairs into the front-entry hall. There she heard her father's voice calling for pistols, and beheld her sister running one way and her brothers another. In her palpitating anxiety to learn all that this turmoil meant she stepped into the veranda, and there discovered Frank McAlister holding down Randolph Armitage. Next she heard a faint voice, — a voice familiar to her and yet somehow strange, — saying earnestly, "My dear, go in; you will be hurt."

Turning her head, she beheld her grandfather in the rustic chair, motioning her back. Had she looked at him closely, she would have perceived that he was very pale, and that he had the air of a man grievously ill or injured. But she was in no condition to see clearly; the hurry and fright of the occasion made everything vague to her; she recognized outlines and little more. Accustomed to obey her venerable relative's slightest wish, she sprang into the house and shielded herself behind a doorpost. Then came the sally of her brothers; then the trampling of horses arriving at full speed, and the calling of strange voices from the road; then a cracking of pistol-shots, a hissing of bullets, and a shouting of combatants. She was in an agony of terror, or rather of anxiety, believing that all those men out there were being killed, and screaming con-

vulsively in response to the discharges. Without knowing it, she was struggling to get into the veranda ; and without knowing it, she was being held back by her sister.

Next followed a lull. Nellie leaped through the doorway, and Kate at once leaped after her. There were her father and her brothers ; they were staring after Frank McAlister and his brothers ; these last were already turning away. She did not see Tom's bleeding arm, nor the prostrate Randolph Armitage. Her impression was that every one had escaped harm, and she uttered a shriek of hysterical joy.

But when she turned to look for her grandfather, she was paralyzed with horror. His face was of a dusky or ashy pallor, and he seemed to be sinking from his seat. For a moment she could not go to him ; she stood staring at him with outstretched arms ; her whole life seemed to be centred in her dilated eyes. Then seeing black Cato step out of a window and approach the old man with an air of alarm, she also ran forward and threw herself on her knees before him, with the simple cry of "O grandpapa !"

He was so faint with the shock of his wound and the loss of blood, that he could not answer her and probably could not see her. He sat there inert and apparently unconscious, his grand old head drooping upon his chest, and his long silver hair falling around his face.

Of a sudden Kate, who had been on the point of fainting, was endowed with immense strength. Aided only by the negro boy, who trembled and whimpered, "O Mars Kershaw ! Mars Kershaw !" she lifted the ponderous frame of her grandfather, and led him reeling into the house.

CHAPTER XXXII.

By the time that Kate and the negro had laid the Colonel on a settee in the broad entry, he was in a dead faint.

The girl, believing that life was ex-

tinct, fell on her knees by his side, clasping one of his drooping hands in both hers, and staring at his ashy face with dilated eyes, the whites showing clear around the iris. Feeling, presently, a little flutter at his wrist, she regained some hope, but only so much hope, only such a terrible hope, as to gasp, "He is dying."

Just then the Beaumont men, getting news in some way of the catastrophe, hurried into the hall one after the other and gathered around the senseless octogenarian. Peyton was for a moment so overcome by the calamity that he actually lost his head and called like a frightened child, "Kershaw ! Kershaw !" Then, catching sight of Vincent, he turned sharply upon him and demanded, "Why don't you see to him ?"

"He is living," replied the young man, who, it will be remembered, had been bred a physician. "Cato, bring some wine and cold water. He has swooned away entirely. He must have been hit early."

"In my house !" groaned Peyton. "My best friend shot in my own house !"

"Why didn't he call for help ?" wondered Tom. "An old gentleman like that —"

"Ah, Tom, you don't know him," muttered the father. "He is n't the man to call for help when his friends are under fire."

"Are none of you going to do anything ?" sobbed Kate, turning a piteous and reproachful stare from face to face.

"My dear sister, he has simply fainted," replied Vincent. "The wound is in the thigh, and probably a mere flesh wound. Let go of him now, and let us get him to bed."

By this time the hall was crowded with the house-servants, most of them uttering suppressed whimpers of grief, for Kershaw was worshipped by these poor people. Under the direction of Vincent, four of the strongest men took up the settee with its heavy load and bore it to a bedroom, followed by the trembling and crying Kate.

"I say, Vincent," whispered Tom. "When you get through with him, take a look at me. I want to know if any bones are smashed."

"You hit?" stared the elder brother. He took hold of the wounded arm, moved it up and down, and added, "It's all right, Tom. Nothing broken."

Meantime Beaumont senior was glowing about him and asking, "Where the deuce is Nellie?"

"She's jess done gone out to look after Mars Ranny, what's out thar in the ditch," explained Cato.

"Ah!" grunted Peyton; "that's what I wanted to tell her. Drunken beast! I hope he's dead."

A little later his heart smote him for thus leaving his eldest daughter to face her perplexities and troubles alone. He sought her out and found that she had already caused her husband to be carried to her room and laid on her bed.

"Nellie," he whispered, just glancing with aversion at the soiled, bloody, and still insensible drunkard. "I don't want to be hard. He can stay here till he is able to go. But no longer, Nellie; at least I prefer not. He is the cause of all this. But for him there would have been no difficulty. Besides, he has been such a brute to you,—such a cruel, insulting brute! I don't feel that I can have him here long."

There were tears in Nellie's eyes. It is not easy for a woman to look at blood and suffering without pity. As she gazed at Randolph's disfigured face and thought that possibly he might be dying, she could not help remembering that he had once been Handsome Armitage, and that it was not many years since it had been her greatest joy to worship him. Much reason as she had for despising and abhorring him, there had come into her heart now some sympathy and tenderness, and she had almost thought that she might again endure, might even again love him. Nevertheless, she was rational; she admitted that her father was right; the man must not stay long in this house.

"I ask nothing more," she said, shaking her head hysterically. "Only that you will please send for a physician. I don't want him to die like a dog."

"He shall not," replied Beaumont, seizing and pressing her arm. "Send yourself for everything you want."

Hurrying now to Kershaw's room, he found that the old man had recovered his consciousness, and was able to speak.

"Ah, my dear friend, you are quite yourself again," exclaimed Beaumont, his grim face brightening with a joy which made it beautiful.

"We will hope for the best," murmured Kershaw. In reality he had little confidence; there were pains in his body which led him to believe that the ball had glanced upwards and made a mortal wound; but Kate's eyes were fixed on him with a piteous anxiety which would not allow him to utter forebodings.

"O my dear!" she sighed, partly divining the affectionate heroism of this sublime utterance, and thanking him for it by pressing his wrinkled hand against her wet face.

"Do not be troubled, my little girl," he continued, noticing her tears. "Even if the worst comes, it is well. I have lived a long while with you. I have seen you grow up. It is a great deal. I was an old man when you were born."

"You were already wounded when you told me to go in," said Kate. "O, why did n't I see it then?"

"It would have made little difference," he replied. "I could wait."

It was evident that he spoke with difficulty, and that his faintness was returning.

"Here, take this, Kershaw," interposed Beaumont, pouring out a glass of wine. "My dear child, you must not make him talk, and I think you had better go. She can't help talking to you, Kershaw; she never could."

"O, don't take me away!" implored the girl, rendered childish in mind and speech by her grief. "I won't say a word."

"She will do me no harm," whispered the invalid. "She helps me."

Presently, recovering his strength a little, he added in a clear voice, "Don't trouble yourself, my dear Beaumont. You will suffer with this standing. Sit down."

Quite overcome with this thoughtfulness for himself at such a moment, Peyton turned away with the spasmodic grimace of a man who struggles not to weep. When he had somewhat regained his calmness, he dropped wearily into an arm-chair, and gazed at Kershaw with humid eyes.

The spectacle was worthy of his or of any man's wonder and worship. In that dusky face, seeming already stained with death,—in that noble face, sublimely sweet with native goodness and with the good thoughts and deeds of a long life,—there was not a look, not even a passing paroxysm of selfishness. Neither pain, nor the loss of vital power, nor the belief that he was drawing near his end, could make Kershaw utter a complaint or a claim for pity. If he had words that were pathetic, it was because they were touching with self-forgiveness, eloquent with sympathy for others.

After a while Dr. Mattieson, who had been sent for in all haste, was shown in by Vincent. Then Beaumont and Kate had to leave the chamber in order to allow of a thorough examination of the wound. "Will they hurt him?" asked the daughter in the crying tone of a grieving child; and then, without waiting for an answer, she fled to her room and locked the door. She felt that her grief had reduced her to a state of moral weakness which was infantile; and she had resolved to seek strength at the foot of that invisible throne which pierces the heavens. Meantime the father walked softly up and down the hall, expecting evil tidings, but striving to hope. At last Vincent came out with a grave face.

"What is it?" demanded Beaumont, dragging the young man aside. "Not bad, I hope."

"Very bad," said Vincent. "The

ball has glanced upward, and probably penetrated the abdomen. There is only too much danger of peritonitis, and of course of death."

"Death!" whispered Beaumont, his ruddy face turning to a brownish pallor. "O my God, no, Vincent!" he absolutely begged, smiting his nails into his palms. "We can't have it so. Kershaw to die! Kershaw murdered in my house! O no, Vincent!"

His first thought was grief; his next was vengeance. His eyes were reddened with tears, but they were also bloodshot with rage.

"O, what an account those brutes have opened for themselves!" he went on hoarsely. "They have murdered the noblest man I ever knew. Murdered my best friend. What an account—in the next world—and in this! God will remember them. But I can't leave it to him," he burst out, after a pause. "I and my boys must take them in hand. Lest God should forget," he added, wiping away with his short, thick, hairy hand the sweat of grief and wrath which stood on his dark forehead.

Vincent made no demonstrations and muttered few words. He was a calmer and more taciturn man than his father, and valued himself on doing more than he looked or said. He scarcely scowled and his voice was almost soft as he replied, "No one will blame us, whatever happens."

"You are right," returned Beaumont. "Public opinion will be with us. Hartland can't support desperadoes who shoot such men as Kershaw."

Presently a new thought and a very painful one startled him for a moment out of these ideas of vengeance.

"Who will tell this to Kate?" he asked. Almost immediately he added with vehemence, "I can't."

Vincent, though not a very sensitive or affectionate being, was perplexed and made no answer.

"She worships her grandfather," groaned Beaumont. "I can't tell her he is going to die."

Still Vincent offered no suggestion.

"I won't tell her," decided the father. "Time will let her know all."

"It is the best way," assented Vincent. "Distribute a great emotion over as many pulsations as possible. It is generally the best way."

During the afternoon Kershaw rallied a little, and even the physicians began to have faint hopes of him, impossible as it seemed that so old a man could survive such a wound. But early in the evening the horrible agony of peritonitis, or inflammation of the abdominal case, declared itself. Wonderful as was the self-control of the invalid, he could not help moaning and writhing under his torture. No sleep; opiates could not render nature insensible to that pain; all night he was conscious and on the rack.

When in the morning Kate succeeded in fighting her way with tears and pleadings to his bedside, he was a pitiable spectacle. His face had fallen; his forehead, nose, and chin were prominent; his eyes were of a leaden blue, and surrounded by dark circles; his complexion, notwithstanding the fever, was ashy and deathlike. His natural expression of benignity had been so changed by long straining against intolerable anguish, that, had the girl seen him thus elsewhere, she would not at once have recognized him. Now and then there was a moan; it was a feeble one, it is true, because he tried still to hold himself under restraint; but, breaking as it did through a lifelong habit of self-command, it was significant of immense agony. It was like the last ripple, the feeble remnant, of a mighty wave, which dies almost without noise among the reeds of a sloping shore. Little in itself, it told of a tempest.

"My dear," he whispered to Kate as she sat down paralyzed by his side. "I wish to see our clergyman."

"O, you are not going to die," she burst out, wringing her hands.

"My dear, have they not told you?" he answered. "Doubtless they meant it in kindness. Neither did they tell me. But it is so."

Kate was crushed. She could neither weep nor speak. She seemed to herself to be of stone.

"Will you send for him?" he asked, after waiting for some time in patient silence, striving meanwhile to suppress all utterance of pain.

Starting from her chair, Kate reeled out of the room on her awful errand, moving by jerks, as if she were a piece of imperfect mechanism. During the half-hour which elapsed before the arrival of the clergyman, she walked the house without speaking, except to whisper now and then, "It is n't true, it is n't true." Her reason, tried for months past by trouble after trouble, nearly sank under this new catastrophe. She retained intelligence enough, however, to know that her agitation would harm the invalid if he should witness it, and to keep away from the sick-room until she should be able to re-enter it calmly. Her father and sister, fearing for her sanity, sought to console with her, and to hold her quiet with caressing arms.

"Let her walk," whispered Vincent. "If she could be got to gallop twenty miles, it would be still better. I never saw such infatuation," he muttered to himself. "However, he is like her, and we are not like her. It is a case of natural sympathy, exaggerated by circumstances."

When Kate saw the minister arrive and go in to Kershaw, she suddenly became calm, and went to her own room, there, no doubt, to pray for strength and resignation.

The Rev. Arthur Gilyard was a man of twenty-eight or thirty, tall and slender, slightly bald, his skin fair and very pale, with calm, serious blue eyes, and an expression of natural firmness alternating with an acquired gentleness. Firm as he was, however, and disciplined as he had been by the trials and duties of his profession, he faltered when he saw the death-marked face of his venerable parishioner, one of the chief supporters of his little church, and his own model of deportment and life.

"My dear friend and brother," he began, and stopped there, overcome by grief. His next words were forced from him by deep humility of soul, arising from a sense of his own unworthiness to stand forward as a preceptor to this elder disciple, this man to whom from his childhood he had looked up as his superior. "I have come to you," he said, "to learn how to die."

"My dear pastor, I cannot teach you," sighed Kershaw. "Pray that we may both be taught."

But we will not ascend farther into the solemnities of this more than earthly interview.

When it was over, the dying man sent word to his son-in-law that he wished to see him alone.

"Well, Kershaw, what can I do for you?" asked Beaumont with assumed cheerfulness as he seated himself by the bedside and took the hand of his revered friend.

"Beaumont, you are a kind-hearted man," murmured the Colonel. "You have warm and generous sympathies."

"Ah, Kershaw, I am a poor, rough, old fellow," returned Peyton, shaking his head.

"Beaumont, you love your children," continued the invalid. "I wish you could love your fellow-men as you do your children."

"I do love some of them. I have loved you, Kershaw —"

Here he stopped a moment, his hard face twitching with emotion, and his grim eyes filling with tears.

"If they were all like you, it would be easy," he went on. "But some of them are such — such rascals! Those McAlisters, for instance. How can a man love those savages?"

"I was thinking of them," resumed Kershaw. "You know, Beaumont, that I have wanted you all my life — my latter life, at least — to be at peace with them. I want it now."

"But they have just shot you, Kershaw," blurted out Peyton. "I could have forgiven them before. Now I can't."

"I can," said the dying man, fixing his eyes solemnly on his friend.

Beaumont bowed his face under that gaze.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," continued Kershaw, his voice falling to a whisper under a paroxysm of pain.

Beaumont shook his iron-gray head, as if the text proffered aid to his vengeance, and he could not accept it.

"It was a misunderstanding," went on Kershaw. "Those young men thought we were attacking their brother."

"But they knew *you*," persisted Peyton. "They knew that *you* never did harm to a human being. Why should they fire so as to hit *you*? The miserable, barbarous wretches! Kershaw, I never can forgive them, never!"

After a short silence, during which he wrestled with his agony, the old man said deliberately, "We South-Carolinians are not a law-abiding people."

"Not a law-abiding people!" exclaimed Peyton, in such surprise that he forgot where he was and spoke quite loudly.

"No. We take punishment into our own hands. We cannot wait for the law. We do not trust the law. We make of ourselves judge, jury, and executioner. The consequence is that the State is full of homicide. It is wrong, Beaumont. It is a violation of the faith of man in man. It strikes at the base of society. It tends to barbarism."

"Kershaw, you astonish me," said Peyton, who thought his friend's reason was beginning to fail. "But are you not tiring yourself? Had n't you better rest a little?"

"I cannot rest, Beaumont. I must not rest until I have an answer from you. I ask you not to avenge me upon the McAlisters. Can't you promise it to me? Beaumont, can't you?"

"Ah, Kershaw, you drive me to the wall," groaned Peyton. "Well — yes, I must promise. I do."

"And will you beg of your sons not to avenge me?"

"Yes, I will do even that," assented Peyton. He did not want to agree to so much, but he was fairly driven to it by a sudden spasm in Kershaw's face, which he thought was the invasion of death.

A glass of wine partially restored the invalid, and he continued his plea for humanity.

"I know that I can trust you," he whispered. "You always keep your word. And now, if I could obtain one other promise from you, I should die contented. Can you not forgive these men altogether, Beaumont? Can you not make peace with them? Has not this feud shed blood enough? Remember that I am one of its victims. I have a right to bear witness against it. Can you not, for my sake as well as for the sake of humanity, for the sake of those whom it still threatens, and for the sake of their Creator and yours, can you not promise to do your utmost to end it?"

It may seem strange that Peyton Beaumont should not have told some gentle falsehood with regard to making peace, for the purpose of soothing his dying friend. But this rough man was profoundly honest; he would not have uttered a white lie, if he had thought of it; and he did not even think of it. No, it was not in his nature to promise to end the feud, unless he meant to end it. So, with Kershaw looking at him, as it were, from the other side of the grave, he remained silent until he could come to a decision. When it was reached, such as it was, he uttered it.

"Yes, Kershaw," he said. "I will — yes, I will do — the best I can. You know how old this thing is. You know how it is tangled up with our lives and our very natures. Don't make me promise more than I can perform. But I will remember what you ask, Kershaw. I will do what I can."

"It is enough," said the invalid. "I trust you and thank you."

Here he fainted quite away and was thought for a time to be dead; but the charge of vitality was not yet exhausted, and he came back to con-

sciousness. It was during this insensibility that Lawson arrived and was shown into the room. The dying man received him with a smile which triumphed over a spasm of agony.

"Lawson, I am glad to see you," he said. "I bear this the better for seeing you once more. But I can only say a few words. I must bid you good by quickly. You are a good man, Lawson; you have a gentle, loving heart. I think you never wished a human being harm. I have seen the sweetness of your soul and loved you for it. You are one of the children of peace. God reward you, Lawson. God bless you."

It was visible at this moment that the Major was not that shallow and merely babbling being which many people judged him to be. Completely overwhelmed by this parting from the man whom he loved and revered above all other men, he could not utter a word beyond a convulsive, "Kershaw!" Then he knelt down suddenly, hid his face in the bedclothes, and sobbed audibly.

The invalid next bade a calm farewell to Nellie Armitage, to her three brothers, and to Mrs. Chester.

"My dear young friends, I have left something for each of you," was one thing which he said to them. "And in my will I have ventured to beg that you — you young men, I mean — will strive to be at peace with your fellowmen. I trust that you will not be vexed with me for that exhortation, and that you will bear it in mind. God guide and bless you all, my dear friends."

After this he was left alone, at his own gently hinted request, with Peyton Beaumont and Kate.

"Hold fast to my hand," he whispered to the girl. "I go straight from you to your mother."

At these words the tears burst loose from Beaumont's eyelids, and rolled down his grim, unshaven face.

"Kershaw, give her my love," he said with impulsive faith, alluding to his dead wife. "But I never was worthy of her. God forgive me."

Kate, with the hand that was free, reached out and took her father's hand. She was not crying; her grief was too hard to give forth tears; but with all her suffering, she could pity.

"I *will* be good to her child,—to my child," added Beaumont, with a sob.

"God help you so," replied Kershaw in a voice so solemn that it seemed to come from the other world. "God be with you both."

These were the last rational words that he spoke. For some time, unobservedly to those about him and unconsciously to himself, he had been struggling, not only with weakness and anguish, but also with the commencement of that delirium which invariably results from the intense inflammation of peritonitis. He had, as it were, fought with devils for his reason in order that he might bid farewell to those whom he loved, and exhort them to a better life. This duty accomplished, he fell on his field of victory. Incoherence came upon him, like reeling

upon a wounded hero; and then followed hours on hours of wandering, without one gleam of sanity. The next stage was come; there were hours more of sleep, or rather of stupor; he saw nothing, heard nothing, and, happy at least in this, felt nothing. Then, before any one perceived it, he was dead.

"He is gone," said Beaumont, taking one of his daughter's hands, and passing an arm around her waist, as if he would prevent her from flying also to the other world.

For a minute she made no reply, her whole soul being absorbed in gazing into the face of the dead and searching there for some signs of life. At last she said with strange deliberation, "All the confidence and sympathy that it has taken all my life to create are gone in one moment."

Having thus summed up the catastrophe that had overtaken her, she fell back on her father's shoulder, pallid and apparently senseless.

J. W. DeForest.

MY BIRTHDAY.

BENEATH the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year;
The winter winds are wailing low
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind
As if a loss befell;
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well!

His light shines on me from above,
His low voice speaks within,—
The patience of immortal love
Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years
Of care and loss and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown,
I will not count it dross,
Nor turn from treasures still my own
To sigh for lack and loss.

The years no charm from Nature take;
As sweet her voices call,
As beautiful her mornings break,
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,
Kind voices speak my name,
And lips that find it hard to praise
Are slow, at least, to blame.

How softly ebb the tides of will!
How fields, once lost or won,
Now lie behind me green and still
Beneath a level sun!

How hushed the hiss of party hate,
The clamor of the throng!
How old, harsh voices of debate
Flow into rhythmic song!

Methinks the spirit's temper grows
Too soft in this still air,
Somewhat the restful heart foregoes
Of needed watch and prayer.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed
May founder in the calm,
And he who braved the polar frost
Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years
The outflung heart of youth,
Than pleasant songs in idle ears
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine,
But let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,
Dear Lord, the languid air;
And let the weakness of the flesh
Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear,
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear!

Be near me in mine hours of need
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn!

John G. Whittier.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

X.

DURING the summer of 1868 constant messages and letters came from Dickens across the seas, containing pleasant references to his visit in America, and giving charming accounts of his way of life at home. Here is a letter announcing the fact that he had decided to close forever his appearance in the reading-desk:—

LIVERPOOL, Friday, October 30, 1868.

MY DEAR —: I ought to have written to you long ago. But I have begun my one hundred and third Farewell Readings, and have been so busy and so fatigued that my hands have been quite full. Here are Dolby and I again leading the kind of life that you know so well. We stop next week (except in London) for the month of November, on account of the elections, and then go on again, with a short holiday at Christmas. We have been doing wonders, and the crowds that pour in upon us in London are beyond all precedent or means of providing for. I have serious thoughts of doing the murder from *Oliver Twist*; but it is so horrible, that I am going to try it on a dozen people in my London hall one night next month, privately, and see what effect it makes.

My reason for abandoning the Christmas number was, that I became weary of having my own writing swamped by that of other people. This reminds me of the Ghost story. I don't think so well of it, my dear Fields, as you do. It seems to me to be too obviously founded on Bill Jones (in Monk Lewis's *Tales of Terror*), and there is also a remembrance in it of another Sea-Ghost story entitled, I think, "Stand from Under," and written by I don't know whom. *Stand from under* is the cry from aloft when anything is going to be sent down

on deck, and the ghost is aloft on a yard. . . .

You know all about public affairs, Irish churches, and party squabbles. A vast amount of electioneering is going on about here; but it has not hurt us; though Gladstone has been making speeches, north, east, south, and west of us. I hear that C—— is on his way here in the Russia. Gad's Hill must be thrown open. . . .

Your most affectionate

CHARLES DICKENS.

We had often talked together of the addition to his *repertoire* of some scenes from "*Oliver Twist*," and the following letter explains itself:—

GLASGOW, Wednesday, December 16, 1868.

MY DEAR —: . . . And first, as you are curious about the Oliver murder, I will tell you about that trial of the same at which you *ought* to have assisted. There were about a hundred people present in all. I have changed my stage. Besides that back screen which you know so well, there are two large screens of the same color, set off, one on either side, like the "wings" at a theatre. And besides those again, we have a quantity of curtains of the same color, with which to close in any width of room from wall to wall. Consequently, the figure is now completely isolated, and the slightest action becomes much more important. This was used for the first time on the occasion. But behind the stage—the orchestra being very large and built for the accommodation of a numerous chorus—there was ready, on the level of the platform, a very long table, beautifully lighted, with a large staff of men ready to open oysters and set champagne corks flying. Directly I had done, the screens being whisked off by my people, there was disclosed one of the prettiest banquets you can im-

agine; and when all the people came up, and the gay dresses of the ladies were lighted by those powerful lights of mine, the scene was exquisitely pretty; the hall being newly decorated, and very elegantly; and the whole looking like a great bed of flowers and diamonds.

Now, you must know that all this company were, before the wine went round, unmistakably pale, and had horror-stricken faces. Next morning, Harness (Fields knows — Rev. William — did an edition of Shakespeare — old friend of the Kembles and Mrs. Siddons) writing to me about it, and saying it was “a most amazing and terrific thing,” added, “but I am bound to tell you that I had an almost irresistible impulse upon me to *scream*, and that, if any one had cried out, I am certain I should have followed.” He had no idea that on the night P——, the great ladies’ doctor, had taken me aside and said, “My dear Dickens, you may rely upon it that if only one woman cries out when you murder the girl, there will be a contagion of hysteria all over this place.” It is impossible to soften it without spoiling it, and you may suppose that I am rather anxious to discover how it goes on the 5th of January!!! We are afraid to announce it elsewhere, without knowing, except that I have thought it pretty safe to put it up once in Dublin. I asked Mrs. K——, the famous actress, who was at the experiment: “What do *you* say? Do it, or not?” “Why, of course, do it,” she replied. “Having got at such an effect as that, it must be done. But,” rolling her large black eyes very slowly, and speaking very distinctly, “the public have been looking out for a sensation these last fifty years or so, and by Heaven they have got it!” With which words, and a long breath and a long stare, she became speechless. Again, you may suppose that I am a little anxious! I had previously tried it, merely sitting over the fire in a chair, upon two ladies separately, one of whom was G——. They had both

said, “O, good gracious! if you are going to do *that*, it ought to be seen; but it’s awful.” So once again you may suppose I am a little anxious!....

Not a day passes but Dolby and I talk about you both, and recall where we were at the corresponding time of last year. My old likening of Boston to Edinburgh has been constantly revived within these last ten days. There is a certain remarkable similarity of *tone* between the two places. The audiences are curiously alike, except that the Edinburgh audience has a quicker sense of humor and is a little more genial. No disparagement to Boston in this, because I consider an Edinburgh audience perfect.

I trust, my dear Eugenius, that you have recognized yourself in a certain Uncommercial, and also some small reference to a name rather dear to you? As an instance of how strangely something comic springs up in the midst of the direst misery, look to a succeeding Uncommercial, called “A Small Star in the East,” published to-day, by the by. I have described, *with exactness*, the poor places into which I went, and how the people behaved, and what they said. I was wretched, looking on; and yet the boiler-maker and the poor man with the legs filled me with a sense of drollery not to be kept down by any pressure.

The atmosphere of this place, compounded of mists from the highlands and smoke from the town factories, is crushing my eyebrows as I write, and it rains as it never does rain anywhere else, and always does rain here. It is a dreadful place, though much improved and possessing a deal of public spirit. Improvement is beginning to knock the old town of Edinburgh about, here and there; but the Canon-gate and the most picturesque of the horrible courts and wynds are not to be easily spoiled, or made fit for the poor wretches who people them to live in. Edinburgh is so changed as to its notabilities, that I had the only three men left of the Wilson and Jeffrey

time to dine with me there, last Saturday.

I read here to-night and to-morrow, go back to Edinburgh on Friday morning, read there on Saturday morning, and start southward by the mail that same night. After the great experiment of the 5th, — that is to say, on the morning of the 6th, — we are off to Belfast and Dublin. On every alternate Tuesday I am due in London, from wheresoever I may be, to read at St. James's Hall.

I think you will find "Fatal Zero" (by Percy Fitzgerald) a very curious analysis of a mind, as the story advances. A new beginner in A. Y. R. (Hon. Mrs. Clifford, Kinglake's sister), who wrote a story in the series just finished, called "The Abbot's Pool," has just sent me another story. I have a strong impression that, with care, she will step into Mrs. Gaskell's vacant place. W—— is no better, and I have work enough even in that direction.

God bless the woman with the black mittens, for making me laugh so this morning! I take her to be a kind of public-spirited Mrs. Sparsit, and as such take her to my bosom. God bless you both, my dear friends, in this Christmas and New Year time, and in all times, seasons, and places, and send you to Gad's Hill with the next flowers!

Ever your most affectionate,

C. D.

All, who witnessed the reading of Dickens, in the "Oliver Twist" murder scene, unite in testifying to the wonderful effect he produced in it. Old theatrical *habitués* have told me that, since the days of Edmund Kean and Cooper, no mimetic representation had been equal to it. I became so much interested in all I heard about it, that I resolved early in the year 1869 to step across the water (it is only a stride of three thousand miles) and see it done. The following is Dickens's reply to my announcement of the intended voyage: —

A. Y. R. OFFICE, LONDON,
Monday, February 15, 1869.

MY DEAR FIELDS: Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! It is a remarkable instance of magnetic sympathy that before I received your joyfully welcomed announcement of your probable visit to England, I was waiting for the enclosed card to be printed, that I might send you a clear statement of my Readings. I felt almost convinced that you would arrive before the Farewells were over. What do you say to *that*?

The final course of Four Readings in a week, mentioned in the enclosed card, is arranged to come off, on

Monday, June 7th;

Tuesday, June 8th;

Thursday, June 10th; and

Friday, June 11th: last night of all.

We hoped to have finished in May, but cannot clear the country off in sufficient time. I shall probably be about the Lancashire towns in that month. There are to be three morning murders in London not yet announced, but they will be extra the London nights I send you, and will in no wise interfere with them. We are doing most amazingly. In the country the people usually collapse with the murder, and don't fully revive in time for the final piece; in London, where they are much quicker, they are equal to both. It is very hard work; but I have never for a moment lost voice or been unwell; except that my foot occasionally gives me a twinge. We shall have in London on the 2d of March, for the second murder night, probably the greatest assemblage of notabilities of all sorts ever packed together. D—— continues steady in his allegiance to the Stars and Stripes, sends his kindest regard, and is immensely excited by the prospect of seeing you. Gad's Hill is all ablaze on the subject. We are having such wonderfully warm weather that I fear we shall have a backward spring there. You'll excuse east winds, won't you, if they shake the flowers roughly when you first set foot on the lawn? I have only seen it once since Christmas, and

that was from last Saturday to Monday, when I went there for my birthday, and had the Forsters and Wilkie to keep it. I had had ——'s letter four days before, and drank to you both most heartily and lovingly.

I was with M—— a week or two ago. He is quite surprisingly infirm and aged. Could not possibly get on without his second wife to take care of him, which she does to perfection. I went to Cheltenham expressly to do the murder for him, and we put him in the front row, where he sat grimly staring at me. After it was over, he thus delivered himself, on my laughing it off and giving him some wine: "No, Dickens — er — er — I will NOT," with sudden emphasis, — "er — have it — er — put aside. In my — er — best times — er — you remember them my dear boy — er — gone, gone! — no," — with great emphasis again, — "it comes to this — er — TWO MACBETHS!" with extraordinary energy. After which he stood (with his glass in his hand and his old square jaws of its old fierce form) looking defiantly at Dolby as if Dolby had contradicted him; and then trailed off into a weak pale likeness of himself as if his whole appearance had been some clever optical illusion.

I am away to Scotland on Wednesday next, the 17th, to finish there. Ireland is already disposed of, and Manchester and Liverpool will follow within six weeks. "Like lights in a theatre, they are being snuffed out fast," as Carlyle says of the guillotined in his Revolution. I suppose I shall be glad when they are all snuffed out. Any how, I think so *now*.

The N——s have a very pretty house at Kensington. He has quite recovered, and is positively getting fat. I dined with them last Friday at F——'s, having (marvellous to relate!) a spare day in London. The warm weather has greatly spared F——'s bronchitis; but I fear that he is quite unable to bear cold, or even changes of temperature, and that he will suffer exceedingly if east winds obtain. One would say they must at last, for it

has been blowing a tempest from the south and southwest for weeks and weeks.

The safe arrival of my boy's ship in Australia has been telegraphed home, but I have not yet heard from him. His post will be due a week or so hence in London. My next boy is doing very well, I hope, at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Of my seafaring boy's luck in getting a death-vacancy of First Lieutenant, aboard a new ship-of-war on the South American Station, I heard from a friend, a captain in the Navy, when I was at Bath the other day; though we have not yet heard it from himself. Bath (setting aside remembrances of Roderick Random and Humphrey Clinker) looked, I fancied, just as if a cemetery-full of old people had somehow made a successful rise against death, carried the place by assault, and built a city with their grave-stones; in which they were trying to look alive, but with very indifferent success.

C—— is no better, and no worse. M—— and G—— send all manner of loves, and have already represented to me that the red-jacketed post-boys must be turned out for a summer expedition to Canterbury, and that there must be lunches among the corn-fields, walks in Cobham Park, and a thousand other expeditions. Pray give our pretty M—— to understand that a great deal will be expected of her, and that she will have to look her very best, to look as I have drawn her. If your Irish people turn up at Gad's at the same time, as they probably will, they shall be entertained in the yard, with muzzled dogs. I foresee that they will come over, hay-making and hopping, and will recognize their beautiful vagabonds at a glance.

I wish Reverdy Johnson would dine in private and hold his tongue. He overdoes the thing. C—— is trying to get the Pope to subscribe, and to run over to take the chair at his next dinner, on which occasion Victor Emmanuel is to propose C——'s health,

and may all differences among friends be referred to him. With much love always, and in high rapture at the thought of seeing you both here,

Ever your most affectionate,

C. D.

A few weeks later, while on his reading tour, he sent off the following: —

ADELPHI HOTEL, LIVERPOOL,
Friday, April 9, 1869.

MY DEAR FIELDS: The faithful Russia will bring this out to you, as a sort of warrant to take you into loving custody and bring you back on her return trip.

I have been "reading" here all this week, and finish here for good to-night. To-morrow the Mayor, Corporation, and citizens give me a farewell dinner in St. George's Hall. Six hundred and fifty are to dine, and a mighty show of beauty is to be mustered besides. N—— had a great desire to see the sight, and so I suggested him as a friend to be invited. He is over at Manchester now on a visit, and will come here at midday to-morrow, and go back to London with us on Sunday afternoon. On Tuesday I read in London, and on Wednesday start off again. To-night is No. 68 out of one hundred. I am very tired of it, but I could have no such good filip as you among the audience, and that will carry me on gayly to the end. So please to look sharp in the matter of landing on the bosom of the used-up, worn-out, and rotten old Parient.

I rather think that when the 12th of June shall have shaken off these shackles, there *will* be borage on the lawn at Gad's. Your heart's desire in that matter, and in the minor particulars of Cobham Park, Rochester Castle, and Canterbury shall be fulfilled, please God! The red jackets shall turn out again upon the turnpike road, and picnics among the cherry-orchards and hop-gardens shall be heard of in Kent. Then, too, shall the Uncommercial resuscitate (being at present nightly murdered by Mr. W. Sikes) and uplift his voice again.

The chief officer of the Russia (a capital fellow) was at the Reading last night, and Dolby specially charged him with the care of you and yours. We shall be on the borders of Wales, and probably about Hereford, when you arrive. Dolby has insane projects of getting over here to meet you; so amiably hopeful and obviously impracticable, that I encourage him to the utmost. The regular little captain of the Russia, Cook, is just now changed into the Cuba, whence arises disputes of seniority, etc. I wish he had been with you, for I liked him very much when I was his passenger. I like to think of your being in *my* ship!

— and — have been taking it by turns to be "on the point of death," and have been complimenting one another greatly on the fineness of the point attained. My people got a very good impression of —, and thought her a sincere and earnest little woman.

The Russia hauls out into the stream to-day, and I fear her people may be too busy to come to us to-night. But if any of them do, they shall have the warmest of welcomes for your sake. (By the by, a very good party of seamen from the Queen's ship Donegal, lying in the Mersey, have been told off to decorate Saint George's Hall with the ship's bunting. They were all hanging on aloft upside down, holding to the gigantically high roof by nothing, this morning, in the most wonderfully cheerful manner.)

My son Charley has come for the dinner, and Chappell (my Proprietor, as — is n't it Wemmick? — says) is coming to-day, and Lord Dufferin (Mrs. Norton's nephew) is to come and make *the* speech. I don't envy the feelings of my noble friend when he sees the hall. Seriously, it is less adapted to speaking than Westminster Abbey, and is as large. . . .

I hope you will see Fechter in a really clever piece by Wilkie. Also you will see the Academy Exhibition, which will be a very good one; and also we will, please God, see everything and more, and everything else

after that. I begin to doubt and fear on the subject of your having a horror of me after seeing the murder. I don't think a hand moved while I was doing it last night, or an eye looked away. And there was a fixed expression of horror of me, all over the theatre, which could not have been surpassed if I had been going to be hanged to that red velvet table. It is quite a new sensation to be execrated with that unanimity; and I hope it will remain so!

[Is it lawful — would that woman in the black gaiters, green veil, and spectacles, hold it so — to send my love to the pretty M — ?]

Pack up, my dear Fields, and be quick.

Ever your most affectionate,

C. D.

It will be remembered that Dickens broke down entirely during the month of April, being completely worn out with hard work in the Readings. He described to me with graphic earnestness, when we met in May, all the incidents connected with the final crisis, and I shall never forget how he imitated himself during that last Reading, when he nearly fell before the audience. It was a terrible blow to his constitution, and only a man of the greatest strength and will could have survived it. When we arrived in Queenstown, this note was sent on board our steamer.

Loving welcome to England. Hurrah!

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Wednesday, May 5, 1869.

MY DEAR —: I fear you will have been uneasy about me, and will have heard distorted accounts of the stoppage of my Readings. It is a measure of precaution, and not of cure. I was too tired and too jarred by the railway fast express, travelling night and day. No half-measure could be taken; and rest being medically considered essential, we stopped. I became, thank God, myself again, almost as soon as I could rest! I am

good for all country pleasures with you, and am looking forward to Gad's, Rochester Castle, Cobham Park, red jackets, and Canterbury. When you come to London we shall probably be staying at our hotel. You will learn, *here*, where to find us. I yearn to be with you both again!

Love to M —.

Ever your affectionate,

C. D.

I hope this will be put into your hands on board, in Queenstown Harbor.

We met in London a few days after this, and I found him in capital spirits, with such a protracted list of things we were to do together, that, had I followed out the prescribed programme, it would have taken many more months of absence from home than I had proposed to myself. We began our long rambles among the thoroughfares that had undergone important changes since I was last in London, taking in the noble Thames embankments, which I had never seen, and the improvements in the city markets. Dickens had moved up to London for the purpose of showing us about, and had taken rooms only a few streets off from our hotel. Here are two specimens of the welcome little notes which I constantly found on my breakfast-table: —

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, LONDON,
Wednesday, May 19, 1869.

MY DEAR FIELDS: Suppose we give the weather a longer chance, and say Monday instead of Friday. I think we must be safer with that precaution. If Monday will suit you, I propose that we meet here that day, — your ladies and you and I, — and cast ourselves on the stony-hearted streets. If it be bright for St. Paul's, good; if not, we can take some other lion that roars in dull weather. We will dine here at six, and meet here at half past two. So if you should want to go elsewhere after dinner, it can be done, notwithstanding. Let me know in a line what you say.

O the delight of a cold bath this

morning, after those lodging-houses ! And a mild sniffer of punch, on getting into the hotel last night, I found what my friend Mr. Wegg calls, "Mellering, sir, very mellinging."

With kindest regards,
Ever affectionately,
CHARLES DICKENS.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, LONDON,
Tuesday, May 25, 1869.

MY DEAR FIELDS : First, you leave Charing Cross Station, by North Kent railway, on Wednesday, June 2d, at 2.10 for Higham Station, the next station beyond Gravesend. Now, bring your lofty mind back to the previous Saturday, next Saturday. There is only one way of combining Windsor and Richmond. That way will leave us but two hours and a half at Windsor. This would not be long enough to enable us to see the inside of the castle, but would admit of our seeing the outside, the Long Walk, etc. I will assume that such a survey will suffice. That taken for granted, meet me at Waterloo Terminus (Loop Line for Windsor) at 10.35, on Saturday morning.

The rendezvous for Monday evening will be *here at half past eight*. As I don't know Mr. Eytinge's number in Guildford Street, will you kindly undertake to let him know that we are going out with the great Detective ? And will you also give him the time and place for Gad's ?

I shall be here on Friday for a few hours ; meantime at Gad's aforesaid.

With love to the ladies,
Ever faithfully,
C. D.

During my stay in England in that summer of 1869 I made many excursions with Dickens both around the city and into the country. Among the most memorable of these London rambles was a visit to the General Post-Office, by arrangement with the authorities there, a stroll among the cheap theatres and lodging-houses for the poor, a visit to Furnival's Inn and the very room in it where "Pickwick" was

written, and a walk through the thieves' quarter. These two latter expeditions were made on two consecutive nights, under the protection of police detailed for the service. On one of these nights we also visited the lock-up houses, watch-houses, and opium-eating establishments. It was in one of the horrid opium-dens that he gathered the incidents which he has related in the opening pages of "Edwin Drood." In a miserable court we found the haggard old woman blowing at a kind of pipe made of an old penny ink-bottle. The identical words which Dickens puts into the mouth of this wretched creature in "Edwin Drood" we heard her croon as we leaned over the tattered bed on which she was lying. There was something hideous in the way this woman kept repeating, "Ye'll pay up according, deary, won't ye ?" and the Chinamen and Lascars made never-to-be-forgotten pictures in the scene. I watched Dickens intently as he went among these outcasts of London, and saw with what deep sympathy he encountered the sad and suffering in their horrid abodes. At the door of one of the penny lodging-houses (it was growing toward morning, and the raw air almost cut one to the bone), I saw him snatch a little child out of its poor drunken mother's arms, and bear it in, filthy as it was, that it might be warmed and cared for. I noticed that whenever he entered one of these wretched rooms he had a word of cheer for its inmates and that when he left the apartment he always had a pleasant "Good night" or "God bless you" to bestow upon them. I do not think his person was ever recognized in any of these haunts, except in one instance. As we entered a low room in the worst alley we had yet visited, in which were huddled together some forty or fifty half-starved looking wretches, I noticed a man among the crowd whispering to another and pointing out Dickens. Both men regarded him with marked interest all the time he remained in the room, and tried to get as near him,

without observation, as possible. As he turned to go out, one of these men pressed forward and said, "Good night, sir," with much feeling, in reply to Dickens's parting word.

Among other places, we went, a little past midnight, into one of the Casual Wards, which were so graphically described, some years ago, in one of the English magazines by a gentleman who, as a pretended tramp, went in on a reporting expedition. We walked through an avenue of poor tired sleeping forms, all lying flat on the floor, and not one of them raised a head to look at us as we moved thoughtfully up the aisle of sorrowful humanity. I think we counted sixty or seventy prostrate beings, who had come in for a night's shelter, and had lain down worn out with fatigue and hunger. There was one pale young face to which I whispered Dickens's attention, and he stood over it with a look of sympathizing interest not to be easily forgotten. There was much ghastly comicality mingled with the horror in several of the places we visited on those two nights. We were standing in a room half filled with people of both sexes, whom the police accompanying us knew to be thieves. Many of these abandoned persons had served out their terms in jail or prison, and would probably be again sentenced under the law. They were all silent and sullen as we entered the room, until an old woman spoke up with a strong, beery voice: "Good evening, gentlemen. We are all very poor, but strictly honest." At which cheerful apocryphal statement, all the inmates of the room burst into boisterous laughter, and began pelting the imaginative female with epithets uncomplimentary and unsavory. Dickens's quick eye never for a moment ceased to study all these scenes of vice and gloom, and he told me afterwards that, bad as the whole thing was, it had improved infinitely since he first began to study character in these regions of crime and woe.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock on one of the evenings I have men-

tioned we were taken by Dickens's favorite Detective W— into a sort of lock-up house, where persons are brought from the streets who have been engaged in brawls, or detected in the act of thieving, or who have, in short, committed any offence against the laws. Here they are examined for commitment by a sort of presiding officer, who sits all night for that purpose. We looked into some of the cells, and found them nearly filled with wretched-looking objects who had been brought in that night. To this establishment are also brought lost children who are picked up in the streets by the police,—children who have wandered away from their homes, and are not old enough to tell the magistrate where they live. It was well on toward morning, and we were sitting in conversation with one of the officers, when the ponderous door opened and one of these small wanderers was brought in. She was the queerest little figure I ever beheld, and she walked in, holding the police officer by the hand as solemnly and quietly as if she were attending her own obsequies. She was between four and five years old, and had on what was evidently her mother's bonnet,—an enormous production, resembling a sort of straw coal-scuttle, manufactured after the fashion of ten or fifteen years ago. The child had, no doubt, caught up this wonderful headgear in the absence of her parent, and had gone forth in quest of adventure. The officer reported that he had discovered her in the middle of the street, moving ponderingly along, without any regard to the horses and vehicles all about her. When asked where she lived, she mentioned a street which only existed in her own imagination, and she knew only her Christian name. When she was interrogated by the proper authorities, without the slightest apparent discomposure she replied in a steady voice, as she thought proper, to their questions. The magistrate inadvertently repeated a question as to the number of her broth-

ers and sisters, and the child snapped out, "I told ye wunst; can't ye hear?" When asked if she would like anything, she gayly answered, "Candy, cake and *candy*." A messenger was sent out to procure these commodities, which she instantly seized on their arrival and began to devour. She showed no signs of fear, until one of the officers began to untie the huge bonnet and take it off, when she tearfully insisted upon being put into it again. I was greatly impressed by the ingenious efforts of the excellent men in the room to learn from the child where she lived, and who her parents were. Dickens sat looking at the little figure with profound interest, and soon came forward and asked permission to speak with the child. Of course his request was granted, and I don't know when I have enjoyed a conversation more. She made some very smart answers, which convulsed us all with laughter as we stood looking on; and the creator of "Little Nell" and "Paul Dombey" gave her up in despair. He was so much interested in the little vagrant, that he sent a messenger next morning to learn if the rightful owner of the bonnet had been found. Report came back, on a duly printed form, setting forth that the anxious father and mother had applied for the child at three o'clock that morning, and had borne her away in triumph to her home.

It was a warm summer afternoon towards the close of the day, when Dickens went with us to visit the London Post-Office. He said: "I know nothing which could give a stranger a better idea of the size of London than that great institution. The hurry and rush of letters! men up to their chins in letters! nothing but letters everywhere! the air full of letters! — suddenly the clock strikes; not a person is to be seen, *nor* a letter: only one man with a lantern peering about and putting one drop-letter into a box." For two hours we went from room to room, with him as our guide, up stairs and down stairs, observing

the myriad clerks at their various avocations, with letters for the North Pole, for the South Pole, for Egypt and Alaska, Darien and the next street.

The "Blind Man," as he was called, appeared to afford Dickens as much amusement as if he saw his work then for the first time; but this was one of the qualities of his genius; there was inexhaustibility and freshness in everything to which he turned his attention. The ingenuity and loving care shown by the "Blind Man" in deciphering or guessing at the apparently inexplicable addresses on letters and parcels excited his admiration. "What a lesson to all of us," he could not help saying, "to be careful in preparing our letters for the mail!" His own were always directed with such exquisite care, however, that had he been brother to the "Blind Man," and considered it his special work in life to teach others how to save that officer trouble, he could hardly have done better.

Leaving the hurry and bustle of the Post-Office behind us, we strolled out into the streets of London. It was past eight o'clock, but the beauty of the soft June sunset was only then overspreading the misty heavens. Every sound of traffic had died out of those turbulent thoroughfares; now and then a belated figure would hurry past us and disappear, or perhaps in turning the corner would linger to "take a good look" at Charles Dickens. But even these stragglers soon dispersed, leaving us alone in the light of day and the sweet living air to heighten the sensation of a dream. We came through White Friars to the Temple, and thence into the Temple Garden, where our very voices echoed. Dickens pointed up to Talfourd's room, and recalled with tenderness the merry hours they had passed together in the old place. Of course we hunted out Goldsmith's abode, and Dr. Johnson's, saw the site of the Earl of Essex's palace, and the steps by which he was wont to descend to the river, now so far re-

moved. But most interesting of all to us there was "Pip's" room, to which Dickens led us, and the staircase where the convict stumbled up in the dark, and the chimney nearest the river where, although less exposed than in "Pip's" days, we could well understand how "the wind shook the house that night like discharges of cannon, or breakings of a sea." We looked in at the dark old staircase, so dark on that night when "the lamps were blown out, and the lamps on the bridges and the shore were shuddering," and then

went on to take a peep, half shuddering ourselves, at the narrow street where "Pip" by and by found a lodging for the convict. Nothing dark could long survive in our minds on that June night, when the whole scene was so like the airy work of imagination. Past the Temple, past the garden to the river, mistily fair, with a few boats moving upon its surface, the convict's story was forgotten, and we only knew this was Dickens's home, where he had lived and written, lying in the calm light of its fairest mood.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Life of Nathanael Greene, Major-General in the Army of the Revolution. By GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE. Vol. III. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

MR. GREENE here successfully ends a long and arduous labor, and gives us another of those American biographies in which it is so desirable to have American history written. Too great personal interest cannot be imparted to the annals of any people, and without it the story of our own past would be peculiarly dry and meagre. It needs the greatest possible infusion of character and adventure; and for this reason the first and third volumes of Mr. Greene's work are better and far more entertaining than the second. The first dealt very largely with the incidents of General Greene's early life; and when it brought us to the events of his first years as a soldier, it had not yet entered so deeply into public affairs as to remove us often from his presence. But in the second the complicated narrative of the Quartermastership had to be given, and the result was, that while the case was stated with a clearness and candor that ought to be final, the author as well as the reader was too heavily burdened with impersonal details. Now in the third and last volume Mr. Greene recovers the spirit of his first. His style has fresh vigor, and he tells with admirable force the story of his ancestor's splendid Southern campaign,

explaining first the nature of the country fought over, then rapidly yet fully sketching the disastrous attempts of Gates to reconquer the South from the British, and then entering upon the record of those unerring strokes of generalship by which Greene retrieved all that Gates lost, and victoriously ended the struggle by outmanœuvring and outfighting the enemy wherever he met them.

The charm of personal interest is constantly supplied in the brief yet sufficient notices of all those heroic people who appear with such peculiar picturesqueness in this episode of the War for Independence. Morgan, Huger, Williams, Henry Lee, William Washington, Sumter, and Marion are of the many whom our author brings before us, not in the stage costume in which they have so often masqueraded, but in their proper dignity and true dramatic character. The best of these studies, which are all good, is that of Morgan; but it is too long for us to copy here, and we must content ourselves with a single passage from it, relating an incident of Morgan's service in the old French War:—

"The scene was in the valley of the Shenandoah, not many miles from Winchester, and the occasion an ambuscade of French and Indians. Morgan had been sent with an escort of two horsemen to carry a despatch to the commander of the garrison at Winchester. His road lay along

a narrow path formed by a huge precipice, known in that region as the Hanging Rock, which, jutting over a small stream, left no other passage for footman or rider but the scanty space between it and the margin of the watercourse. It was the very spot for an ambuscade, and local traditions told of a fierce battle which had been fought there by the Delawares and Catawbias many years before. A party of French and Indians were now lying among the rocks which commanded the way, peering out unseen, like tigers on the watch for prey. The first to come within their toils were Morgan and his unfortunate escort. How far the associations and nature of the spot excited their suspicions we do not know, for Morgan never told, and his companions did not live to tell. It was their only path, and they rode boldly into it. Their unseen enemy had but to choose his moment and fire. It was the work of an instant; at the first fire the two soldiers dropped dead from their saddles, and Morgan reeled in his with a desperate wound. A bullet had entered the back of his neck, grazed the neck-bone, passed into his mouth near the socket of the jaw-bone, and, knocking out all the teeth on the left side of his face, come out through the left cheek. The blood gushed after it, and though he kept his seat with an iron will, he felt that his strength was already beginning to fail. The wound, he did not doubt, was mortal; he felt that he must die; but he shrank from the thought of being mutilated by the scalping-knife of his savage foe. Such men's thoughts are like instincts in these moments of supreme danger. Morgan's horse, a fleet filly, had stopped short at the sudden alarm, standing motionless with expanded nostril and startled eye. But she was swift of foot, and true to her master's voice. That voice was gone now; but leaning over his saddle-bow, Morgan clasped her neck with his gigantic arms, and as she felt the pressure she started forward at the top of her speed. The enemy saw that he was wounded; saw, too, that they could not reach him with their rifles without injuring the horse, which they were anxious to preserve, and bending all their attention to secure the other horses, and the scalps, which they valued most of all, left him to a single warrior. In later life, Morgan loved to tell how he watched the expression of that Indian's face, as he ran with open mouth by the horse's side, looking every moment to see his victim fall;

how doubt came over it, and then gradual conviction that the horse was too swift for him, and at last, how he hurled his tomahawk with a hand made uncertain by anger and exertion, and seeing that he had missed, turned back with a yell of baffled fury. Fortunately for Morgan, his horse had, with the singular instinct of that half-reasoning animal, turned back towards the fort. When she reached the gate her rider was insensible."

Such was the military school in which the greater part of Greene's officers had been trained. They added great individual weight to his little army; but his qualities of generalship were hardly less brilliantly employed in subordinating and utilizing such friends than in beating the enemy.

With our minds accustomed to the vast scale of modern warfare, the physical proportions of the struggle in the South seem pathetically small. Greene had never four thousand men in the field, and the British never had more. But they had none of his marvellous disadvantages to labor with, and his triumph was not upon the scale of the military numbers engaged, but indefinitely greater. His army was never fully provisioned, and never fairly clothed, and he was too poorly equipped to be able to do more than stand upon the defensive after his hard-won fights. He was not acting, either, in a country entirely friendly. On the contrary, the inhabitants were about equally Whigs and Tories, with a natural leaning towards the stronger and richer side. The British had more constant information than Greene, and were well fed and clothed, where his men suffered with cold and hunger. Their general was also secure of his forces; whereas Greene might wake any morning and find half of his command missing, so loose and vague were the ties of military allegiance amongst the soldiers of freedom. At the same time he was harassed by the action of the local legislatures, which regarded his efforts to supply himself from the country with jealousy, and sometimes frustrated them.

Our author makes an admirable picture of the campaign in these particulars, but the different battle-pieces are painted with singular vividness and force. The third volume more than fulfils the promise of the first; and we hope that Mr. Greene will consider the utility of condensing the story of his ancestor's life, and offering it to the public in some more popular form. An

epitome of these three volumes would achieve a wider recognition than can be expected for them, and such a book would be a service to many readers to whom the present work must remain inaccessible. Every student of American history, however, should possess himself of the "Life of Nathanael Greene" as it now stands written.

A Poet's Bazaar. Pictures of Travel in Germany, Italy, Greece, and the Orient. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

IN 1840 the author journeyed from Copenhagen down through Germany and Austria into Italy, Greece, and Turkey, and his "Bazaar" is stocked with his reminiscences of those lands and their people, and the graceful fancies which travel must suggest to a spirit so peculiarly open and sympathetic. It is in these, of course, rather than in the facts narrated or the information given, that the value of the book lies; it is because the "Bazaar" is full of Andersen, that it is so charming. It abounds in his characteristic descriptions of persons and places, in which the finest effect is attained without elaboration or detail. His impressible mind is immediately attuned, and, entering with his whole soul into the situation, he never fails to bring it vividly before the reader's eye. He never omits anything essential to the *ensemble*, yet he never disturbs the artistic result by overloading his picture. If there were any special school of colorists in literature, as there is in painting, Andersen would be in the foremost ranks of such a school. The color, or what artists call the tone, seems to be the prevailing element in every picture from his pen; and the drawing exists, only so far as it is necessary to bring the colors out in the strongest relief.

Andersen has the happy faculty, in common as we believe with the more prominent writers of Denmark generally, of being able to strike the medium between that aerial lightness of the French, which almost seems too slight to give expression to deeper sentiment or passion, and the massive heaviness, which in German literature so often hides the beautiful under the rubbish of ponderous words and clumsy phrases. There are passages in "A Poet's Bazaar"

which, as they read in the Danish, are both in rhythm and sentiment musical enough to make you question whether there is anything but the rhyme lacking to make them poetry; and in some instances you half unconsciously stop to examine whether they are not actually written in metre. Although this musical rhythm greatly suffers, if it does not entirely disappear, in translation, the real pathos of the narrative and the grace of the style are still apparent in such a passage as this, describing a Roman convent: "They related of one of the sisters, who had sung the sweetest of them all and was palest of them all, that strangers had missed her one Sunday morning; that at the same hour two old men dug her grave in the cloister garden; and the spade sounded, — it struck against the hard stone; the earth was thrown up, and a marble figure, from the olden time, was raised from the earth. A handsome Bacchus, the god of enjoyment, rose to the light of day from that grave, which was to receive one who had never enjoyed life. *The grave also can be ironical.*"

A fair example of Andersen's humor is his description of "a real Danish toothache": "The evenings were somewhat long, but then my teeth began to give some nervous concerts, and it was remarkable how they improved in dexterity. A real Danish toothache is not to be compared to an Italian one. Pain played on the keys of my teeth as if it were a Liszt or a Thalberg. Sometimes it rumbled in the foreground, and then anon in the background, as when two martial bands answer each other, whilst a large front tooth sang the *prima donna's* part with all the trills, roulades, and cadences of torture. There was such harmony and power in the whole, that I at last felt no longer like a human being."

Independent of its own literary value, "The Poet's Bazaar" is a work of more than ordinary interest as affording a key to all the other writings of the same author. On every other page we find sketches of scenes, objects, and persons which we immediately recognize as having furnished the material for the plots, descriptions, and characters in the author's later works. "A Poet's Bazaar" is thus, perhaps, an autobiography in a truer sense than "The Story of my Life."